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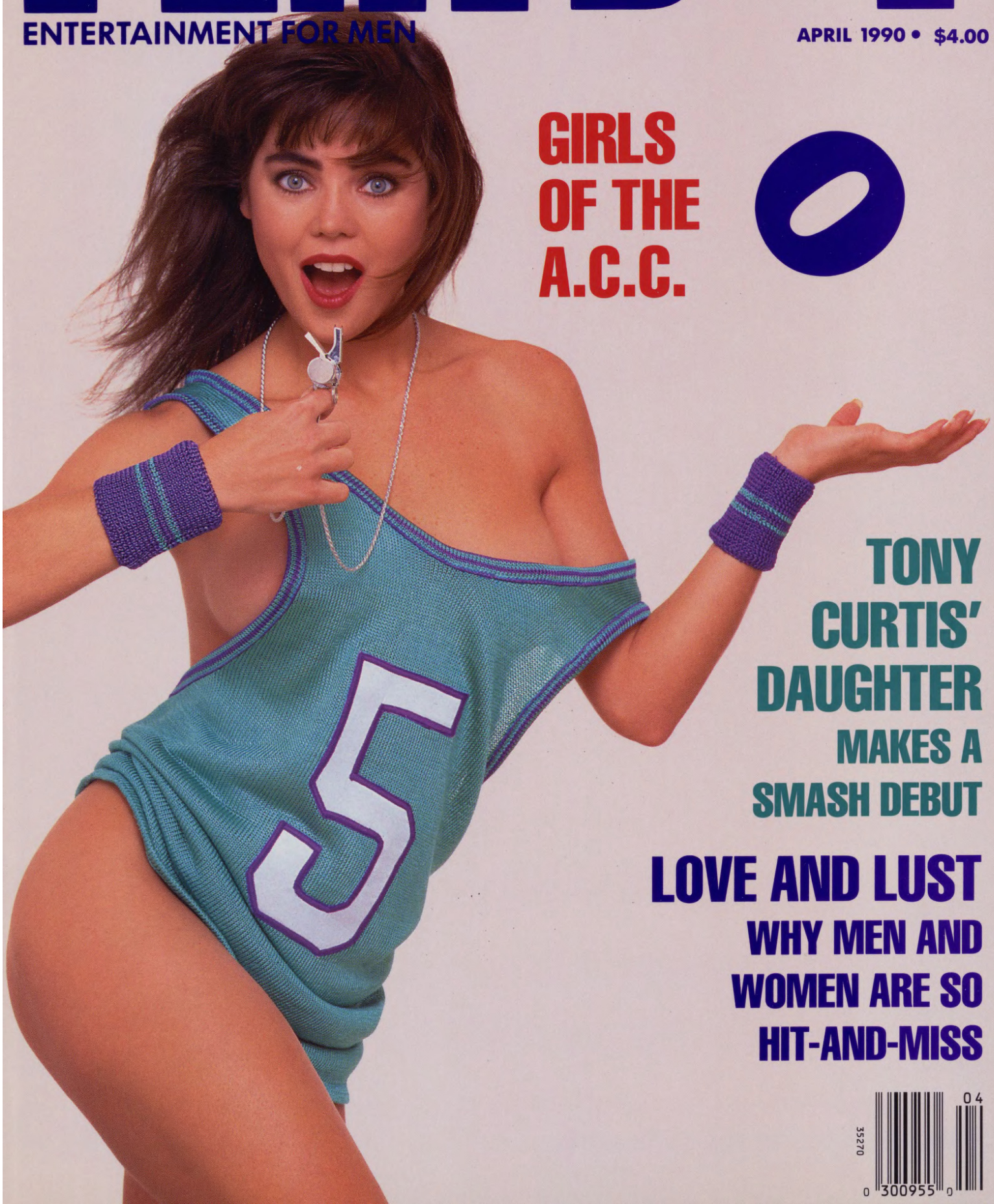

GIRLS OF THE A.C.C.

TONY CURTIS' DAUGHTER MAKES A SMASH DEBUT

LOVE AND LUST

WHY MEN AND WOMEN ARE SO HIT-AND-MISS

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The men never asked, the women never told, and martinis were their passion.

When one look could ignite your heart like a million candles. When one small part of the lips could send it racing beyond recovery. When one soft whisper would set it free. That was passion.

Every couple imagined it. Every couple hoped for it. And every couple lived for it. In everything they did. Not only in love, but in art, music, literature and ideas. To feel passion in some form was to feel life.

After the horrors of the first World War, the object of pursuit in the '20's was to feel something, anything. People were living with abandon. Working, playing, eating and drinking in hopes they would make up for what was lost. If there was one symbol that so aptly described the time, it would have to be the martini. A perfect blend of London Dry Gin and French vermouth. It wasn't meant just for sipping. It was intended for drinking and for feeling.

Today they say that passion has returned. The "Me" generation is long forgotten, and conspicuous love replaced with romance once again.

Coincidentally, the martini has made a return as well. And it's still drank the same way it was sixty years ago.

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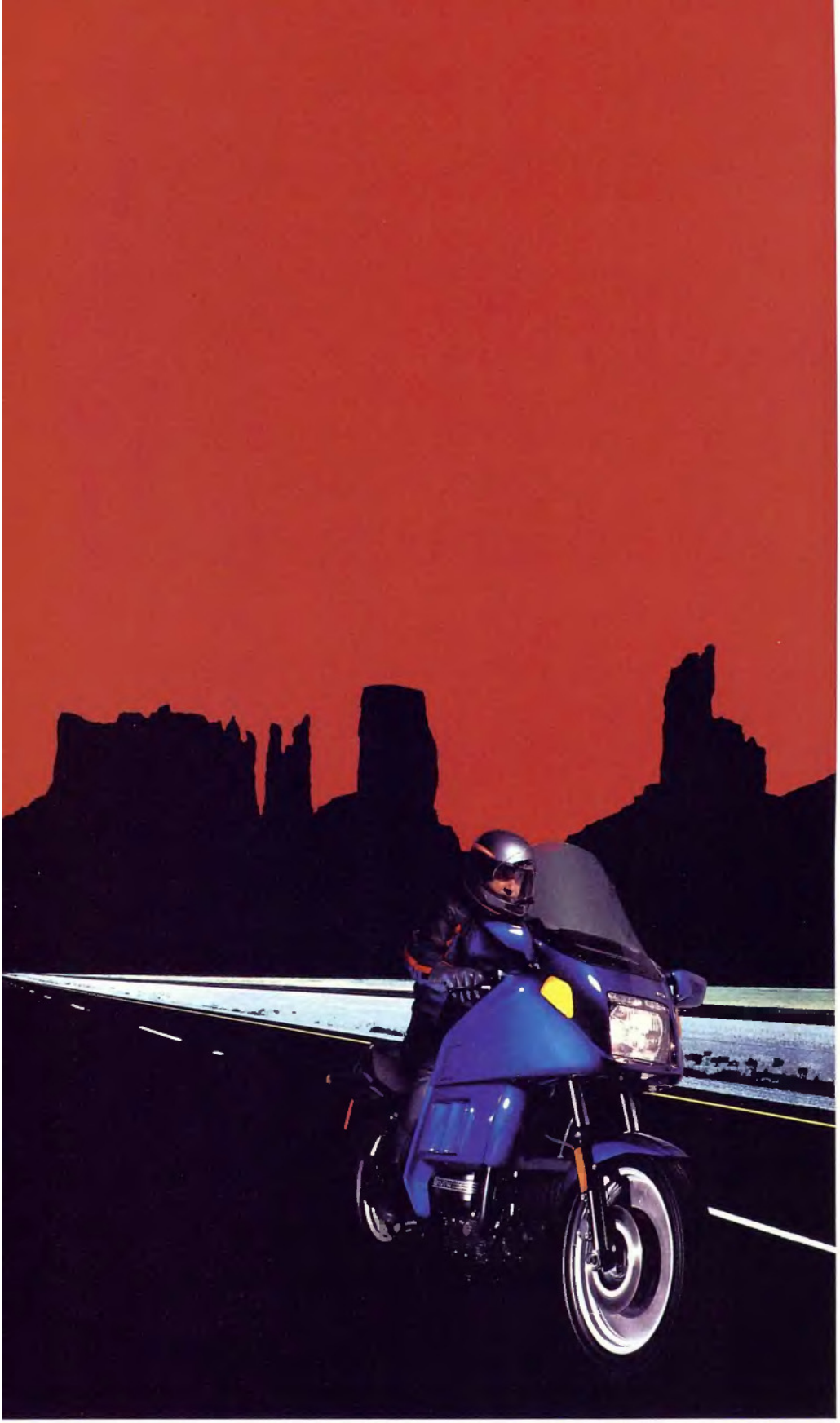

While the masses seek solace in overstuffed chairs, BMW offers a slightly more compelling form of therapy.

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It's found in the heady form of the new K75RT, the first luxury tourer in the 750cc class. A motorcycle as unrepressed as it is responsive.

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So follow the same advice any good doctor might prescribe.

Just sit back. Relax. And change gears for a while.

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CHEAPER THAN A PSYCHIATRIST.

WORTH THE OBSESSION.

SUPPOSEDLY, April is the month for fools. They even get their own day. We say, enough of this foolishness. Flying boldly in the face of fashion, we've decided not to suffer fools gladly this month. In fact, this is our smart issue—everything in it is smart, and that makes us feel pretty smart. First, there's our *Playboy Interview* subject, **Stephen W. Hawking,** the brilliant physicist who penned *A Brief History of Time*, the handy little best seller that makes the creation of the universe comprehensible to liberal-arts majors. Interviewing this extraordinary, funny and sensitive man at England's Cambridge University proved a particular challenge for veteran *Playboy* interviewer **Morgan** (Yasir Arafat, the I.R.A.) **Strong**. Due to a degenerative nerve disease, Hawking cannot speak conventionally but must communicate with a computer-aided voice synthesizer. The resulting exchange bears testimony to the vitality of the human spirit.

Sex on the Brain, an excerpt from the book *The Anatomy of Sex and Power*, by that smarty **Michael Hutchison,** to be published by William Morrow, explores a subject as mysterious as the cosmos—the biochemical differences between men's and women's brains. What does that mean in real life? Well, that men and women behave, uh, you know, differently. For one thing, says playwright **David Mamet** in his opinion piece *In the Company of Men* (illustrated by **Sandra Hendler**), guys innately need to hang out with one another. And in such configurations, what are they known as? Wise guys, of course. Mamet, by the way, has been letting no grass grow under his feet lately. (Does he ever?) *Some Freaks*, a book of his essays, was recently published by Viking, and he's already at work for Grove Press on a collection of his poetry, to be titled *The Blood Chit*.

Actor **James Spader** is so multifaceted—both genteel artiste and rowdy roughneck—that when writer **Jerry Lazar** finally figured out what made him tick, we titled his *Playboy Profile*, *James Spader Made Easy*. Not so easily described is **George Bush's** foreign policy. In *A Fine Eye for Tyrants*, **Robert Scheer** weighs the Administration's conflicting attitudes toward China and Panama. Our Fiction Department checks in with *The Burglar Who Dropped In on Elvis*, a new look at Graceland by **Lawrence Block,** with artwork by **Daniel Torres.**

If you're looking for intelligence, head for college, as we did. Our famous duo of **Davids** (Contributing Photographers **Mecey** and **Chan**) covered, and not so inadvertently uncovered, the Southeast for this month's spectacular photo feature, *Girls of the A.C.C.*, featuring the comeliest coeds from Clemson, Duke, Georgia Tech, North Carolina State, Wake Forest and the Universities of Maryland, North Carolina and Virginia. Of course, if you're really smart, you'll pick the Dream Girl of the A.C.C. and perhaps win a car in our sweepstakes. And while you're on campus, check out Contributing Editor **Kevin Cook's** *Playboy Profile*, *Dale Brown Prays for Bob Knight*. Brown is Louisiana State University's basketball coach/court philosopher and is long on words of wisdom—especially for Indiana's Knight. Also, take a look at the prodigious Cook's other piece this month, *Road Rocking*, the companion to **Alan Wellikoff's** offbeat performance review of *The Cars of Rock & Roll*.

Not to be missed is *Brava, Allegra!*, an eye-stopping pictorial celebrating **Allegra Curtis, Tony's** *other* actress daughter. And *Night Court*'s **John Larroquette,** this month's *20 Questions* subject, shows us how he gets his real late-night kicks. Contributing Editor **David Rensin** did the interview.

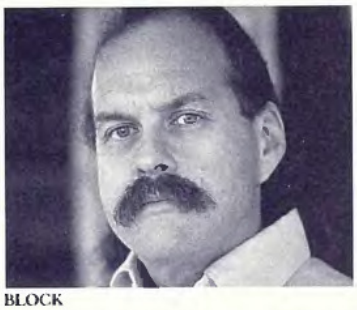
If you want to look smart, we advise that you slip into our *Warming Trends*, by Fashion Editor **Hollis Wayne.** For the record, Wayne counsels: Go with earth and spice tones—say farewell to black and white. As for suits, they'll be double-breasted. Next, check out *Liquid Assets*, in which **John Oldcastle** describes the latest trend in drinking: quality over quantity. Smart tip. Here's another one: For the thrill of the month, turn to this month's Playmate, the enlightening **Lisa Matthews.** And remember, it's all a question of mind over matter.

STRONG

HUTCHISON

MAMET

HENDLER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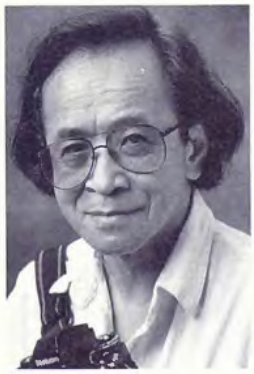
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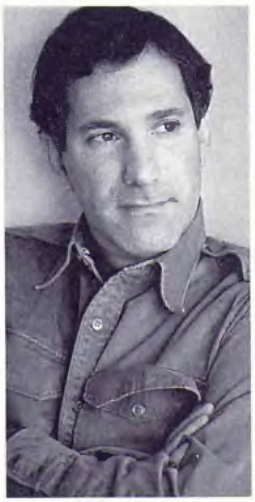
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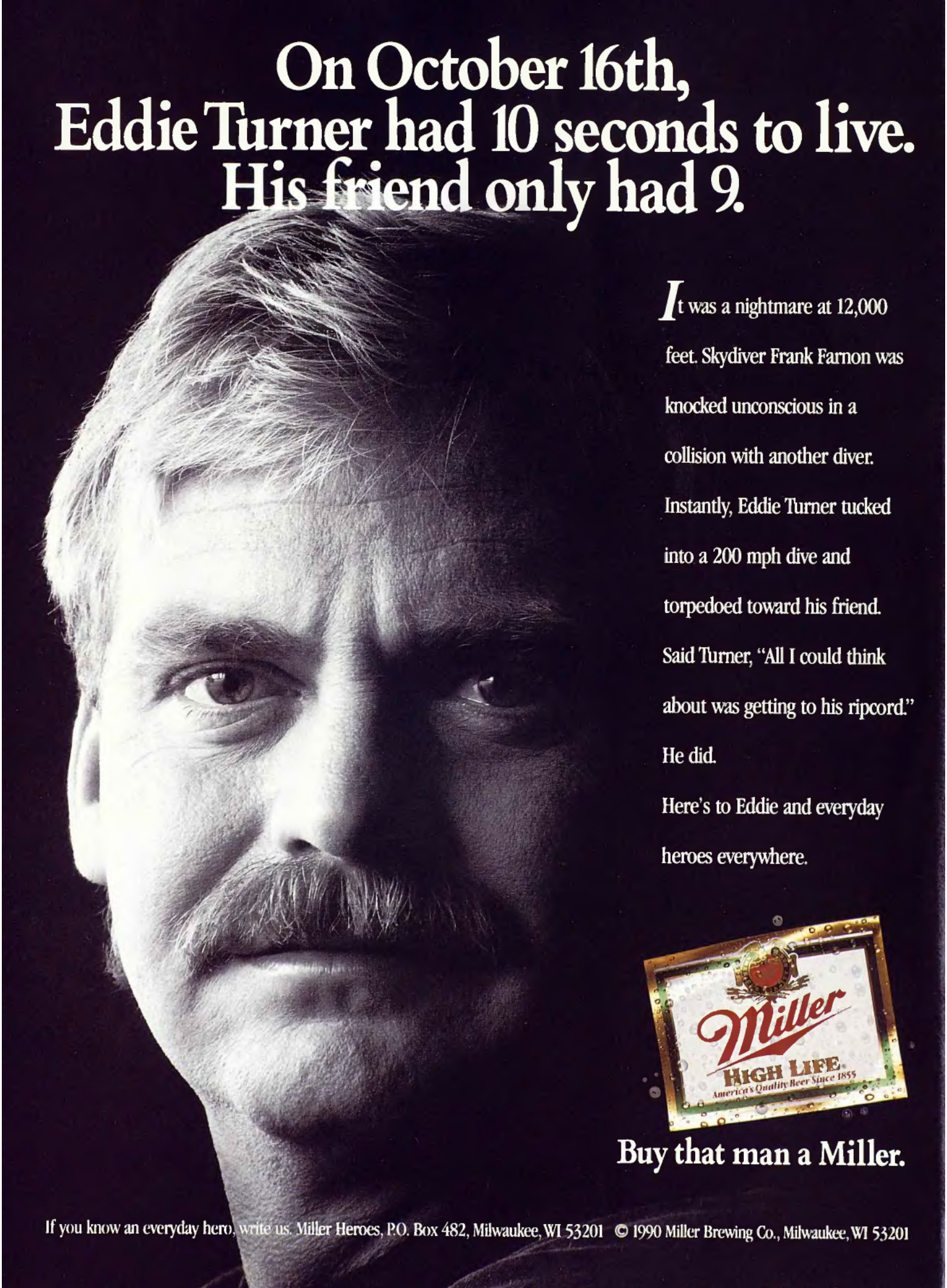
On October 16th, Eddie Turner had 10 seconds to live. His friend only had 9.



It was a nightmare at 12,000 feet. Skydiver Frank Farnon was knocked unconscious in a collision with another diver. Instantly, Eddie Turner tucked into a 200 mph dive and torpedoed toward his friend. Said Turner, "All I could think about was getting to his ripcord." He did.

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PLAYBOY

vol. 37, no. 4—april 1990

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COVER STORY

Playmate Deborah Driggs, last month's centerfold attraction, has a basketball jones and wants the world to know. Our slam-dunking cover was designed by Junior Art Director Kristin Korjenek, styled by Lee Ann Perry and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. Thanks to Rhyner Designs in Chicago for Deborah's jersey, John Victor for hair styling and Pat Tomlinson for make-up. Just for the record, guys, the Rabbit ain't whistling *Dixie*.

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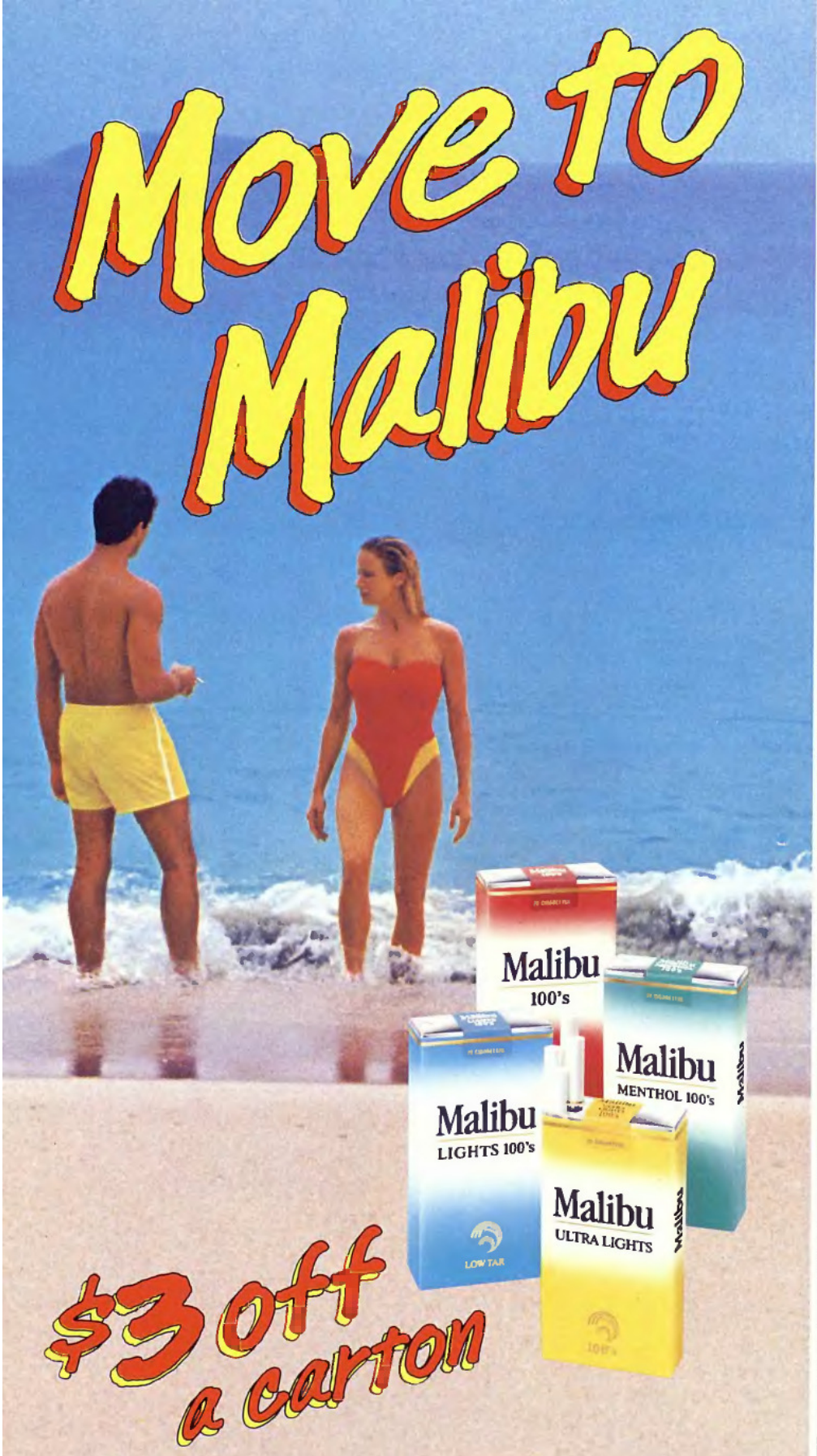

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"THE DECADE OF THE DAD"

As a single father, I would like to compliment Asa Baber on his *Men* column "The Decade of the Dad" in your January issue. It is about time we fathers stand up for our rights in a divorce and seek to inform lawyers and judges that we are mad as hell and won't lie down, roll over and play dead anymore.

Edward L. Nydle
Ottumwa, Iowa

I just read Asa Baber's column in the January issue and I loved it! The war between divorced parents has been going on in a one-sided fashion for too long. I have been caught in the middle, almost exactly as Baber describes in his column. The only way I can suggest driving this point home even further is to have this column reprinted in every women's magazine in the land.

Thanks for getting the word out. Perhaps now, men and their feelings on this subject will have a higher platform and a louder voice.

Michael T. Carr, Publisher
National Lampoon
New York, New York

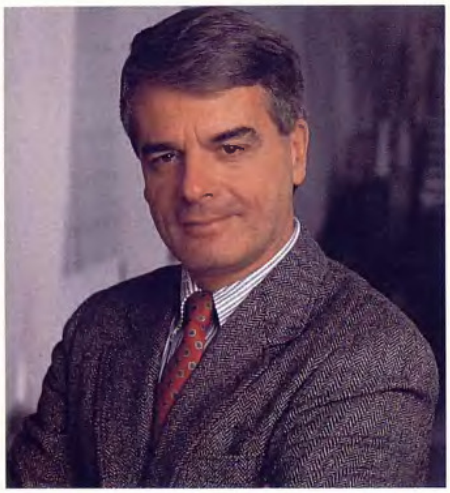
I have enjoyed your magazine for almost 20 years and can say that your January issue really hit close to home. Asa Baber's column "The Decade of the Dad" is excellent! We divorced dads are proud to be parents and are now demanding (not asking for) our rights to continue as such. Please thank Baber for his splendid tribute to our cause.

David W. Cox, Director
F.A.I.R., The National Father's Organization
Milford, Delaware

I'm one of the fathers Asa Baber is talking to and about. When I separated from my wife three years ago, she assured me that she understood my kids' need for me and would never try to come between us. I worked hard to juggle a career and graduate school and still spend weekends with my kids. A year later, out of the clear blue sky, she did a complete turnaround. I won't give up until I have my kids back, but I now know that "presumption of innocence" and "due process" don't apply to fathers.

Douglas L. Scott
Westminster, Colorado

I am a 29-year-old wife and mother of two. My husband, Bill, and I have been



Baber.

married for 11 wonderful years and if I lived to be 100, I could never fill the void in our kids' lives if we ever lost him.

The Father's Bill of Rights should be displayed in every home in America to remind us that the men in our lives are a vital key, from conception on, and have every right to be included in all issues, from abortion to bedspreads in college.

I would be proud to stand beside Baber and fight for the new Equal Rights Amendment, The Father's Bill of Rights.

Dell L. Gideon
Dearborn Heights, Michigan

TOM CRUISE

I've just finished reading your January *Playboy Interview* with Tom Cruise and it's beautiful. I never realized what an extraordinary man he is. The part about how

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hard his mother worked to support him and his sisters actually made me cry.

Deborah Sita
Alexandria, Virginia

Your interview with Tom Cruise is, indeed, pleasurable reading. I was completely amazed that a man so young—and an actor at that—could be so honest, wise, passionate and possess such strong values. He is truly a fine example for all. I especially endorse his statement that a man's definition of his self-worth should not be arrested in his organs below the waist but should be defined by the organs above the waist; namely, his mind.

Shirley Moulton
Grosse Pointe, Michigan

I read with great interest the *Playboy Interview* with Tom Cruise in the January issue. Unfortunately, some of interviewer Robert Scheer's comments, such as describing *Top Gun* as "a paean to blind patriotism" and "That is the history of war—young, callow kids marching off to fairy-tale glory as in *Top Gun*," detract from its credibility.

As a member of the U.S. military, I can see positive aspects in both *Top Gun* and *Born on the Fourth of July*. If nothing else, they are movies with messages that should be taken with a grain of salt.

Born on the Fourth of July is important because it presents another view of lessons we all should learn from Vietnam. Fortunately, we members of the U.S. military, more than our civilian counterparts, spend much time studying those lessons. Believe me, none of us wants to end up like Ron Kovic.

Top Gun's depiction of American *machismo* and swagger is also relevant, though. Like it or not, the U.S. was founded on and has survived due in large part to that fighting spirit.

Patrick M. O'Sullivan
Alexandria, Virginia

RAINY RIVER

In the January *Playboy*, you published an incredible piece, *On the Rainy River*, by Tim O'Brien. I was impressed with O'Brien's courage in telling his story and thought that it is great experiences such as his that make great writers.

You cannot imagine how shocked I was to find out that this piece is *fictional*, not autobiographical. I was even more dismayed by *Playboy*'s failure to note that it is fiction. In this day of simulated news stories, *Playboy* is guilty of furthering the public's distance from real news and real history. Little has been written about those who escaped to Canada, there to suffer anguish as great as that of the Vietnam veteran. Their levels of guilt and confusion were, and must continue to be, overwhelming. While O'Brien eventually went to war, his story, were it true, would add to our historical understanding of those turbulent times. Yes, even as fiction, it achieves much, but not quite as much as it would were it reality. As a reader, I feel cheated because I was not told up front that it's fiction, and I hope *Playboy* will choose a more honest approach in the future.

Andrew H. Zack
Briarwood, New York

We think "Rainy River" is pretty incredible ourselves. The line between fiction and autobiography is often a hazy one—that's why biographers have so much fun.

Tim O'Brien's conclusion to *On the Rainy River* does not do other Vietnam vets justice. By saying he is a coward for serving labels as heroes those who ran from the war. Those four words, "I was a coward," suggest that he is still a coward by not accepting his involvement in the war as the only thing he could have done.

Roy Mink
Cambridge, Idaho

SALUTI, SABRINA!

Loved your photo layout on Italy's Angela Cavagna (*Avanti, Angela!*, *Playboy*, January). But come on, don't let *Playboy* be a tease! We must see at least one photo of

Sabrina Salerno, the other combatant in the battle of the boobs.

Stephen P. Pollinger
Riverdale, New York

Here she is; grazie *to our counterparts at* Playboy *Italy.*

TURNER AND MILKEN

The good guy–bad guy pieces on Ted Turner and Mike Milken (*Triumphant Ted*, by Joshua Hammer, and *Money-Mad Mike*, by Mark Hosenball, *Playboy*, January) prompt two thoughts. While Milken is lambasted as a symbol of mindless Reaganism, Turner is portrayed as a farsighted visionary. Yet neither profile mentions that junk-bond financing *via* Milken kept Turner's Cable News Network afloat. Also, the Milken piece closes by stating that he does not throw lavish parties à la Malcolm Forbes and Saul Steinberg, interpreting this as his "unwillingness to enjoy his wealth." Each person has his or her own way of finding enjoyment. Milken achieves it through his work and philanthropy, dispersing millions of dollars to education and medical research.

Robert Sobel
Massapequa, New York

Thanks for the great profile of Michael Milken, *Money-Mad Mike*, by Mark Hosenball. Two important facts were omitted. One, his salary and bonus: $550,000,000 per year—more than $1,000,000 a day. Second: He is one of two highest-salaried people in history. The other was Big Al Capone. But Al was self-employed!

Byron E. Dillon, D.D.S.
Downey, California

THE RASCALLY RABBIT

I'm a student from the University of Southwestern Louisiana in Lafayette, writing to find out the disguised location of *Playboy*'s Rabbit Head on the cover of the December issue. I have spent hours searching and, to my dismay, haven't been able to discover its whereabouts.

Chris Duplantis
Lafayette, Louisiana

You can't see the Rabbit for the trees, Chris. Check the mistletoe.

JOAN SEVERANCE

Your pictorial of Joan Severance (*Texas Twister*, *Playboy*, January) is simply outstanding. I lived in Europe for many years and first noticed her in European fashion magazines and later in photos by Marco Glaviano. I was mesmerized by her eyes then and still am. I enjoyed her comments about running a country inn; if she runs it like a European guesthouse, I will be there. I agree with her that the French are rude and that women do, at times, have the upper hand. It is nice to hear what a beautiful woman really thinks.

J. W. Sawyer
Orange Beach, Alabama

BIG BUNNY REDUX

I thought you'd like to see the picture enclosed of a Navy VX-4 Evaluator, part of Air Test and Evaluation Squadron Four, popularly known as the Playboy Squad-

ron, flying out of Point Mugu Naval Air Station, California. This jet bears your Rabbit Head trademark on its tail, just like the original Big Bunny DC-9 flown by Hef in the Seventies.

Ensign Wendy White
Point Mugu, California

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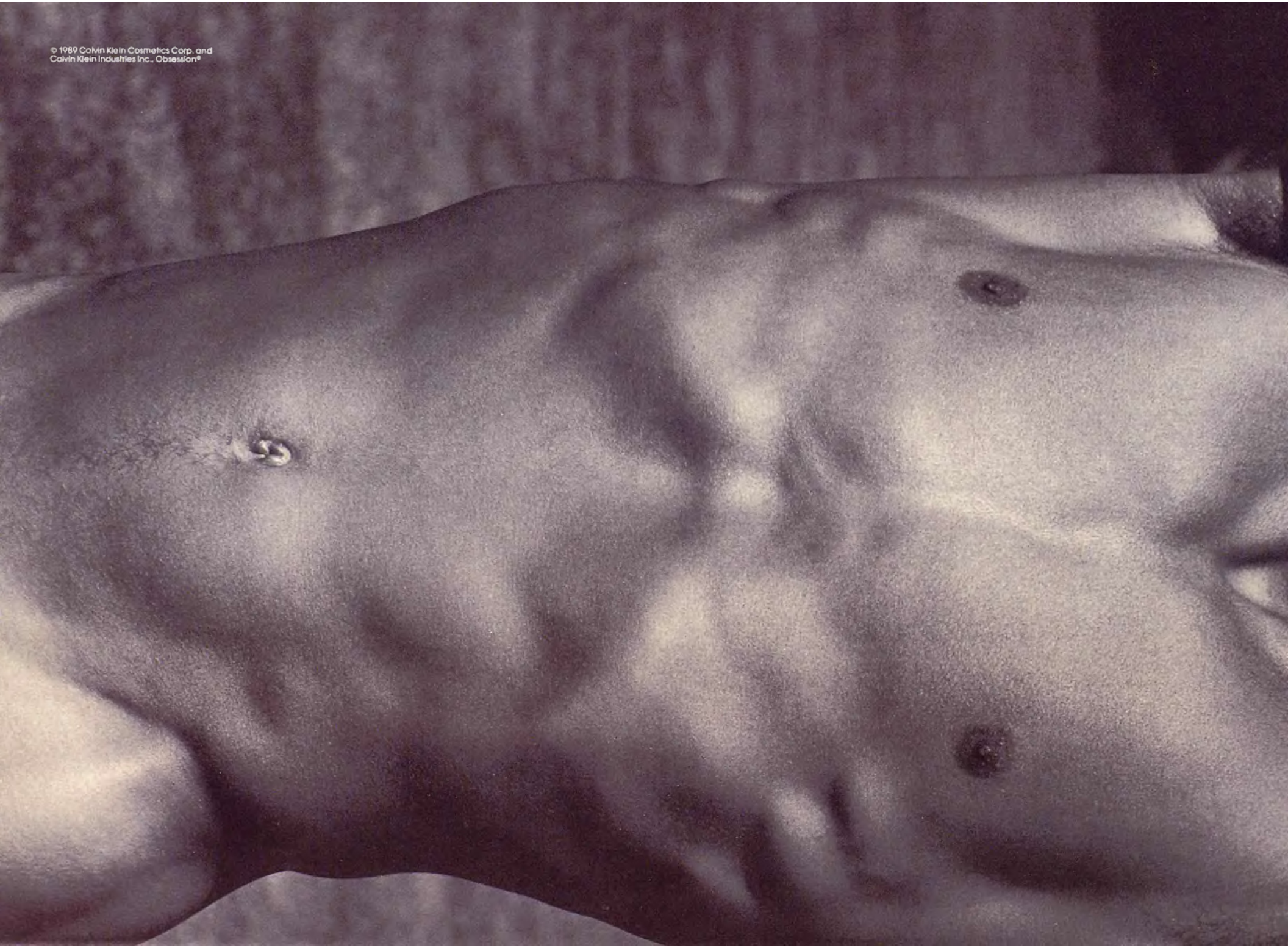
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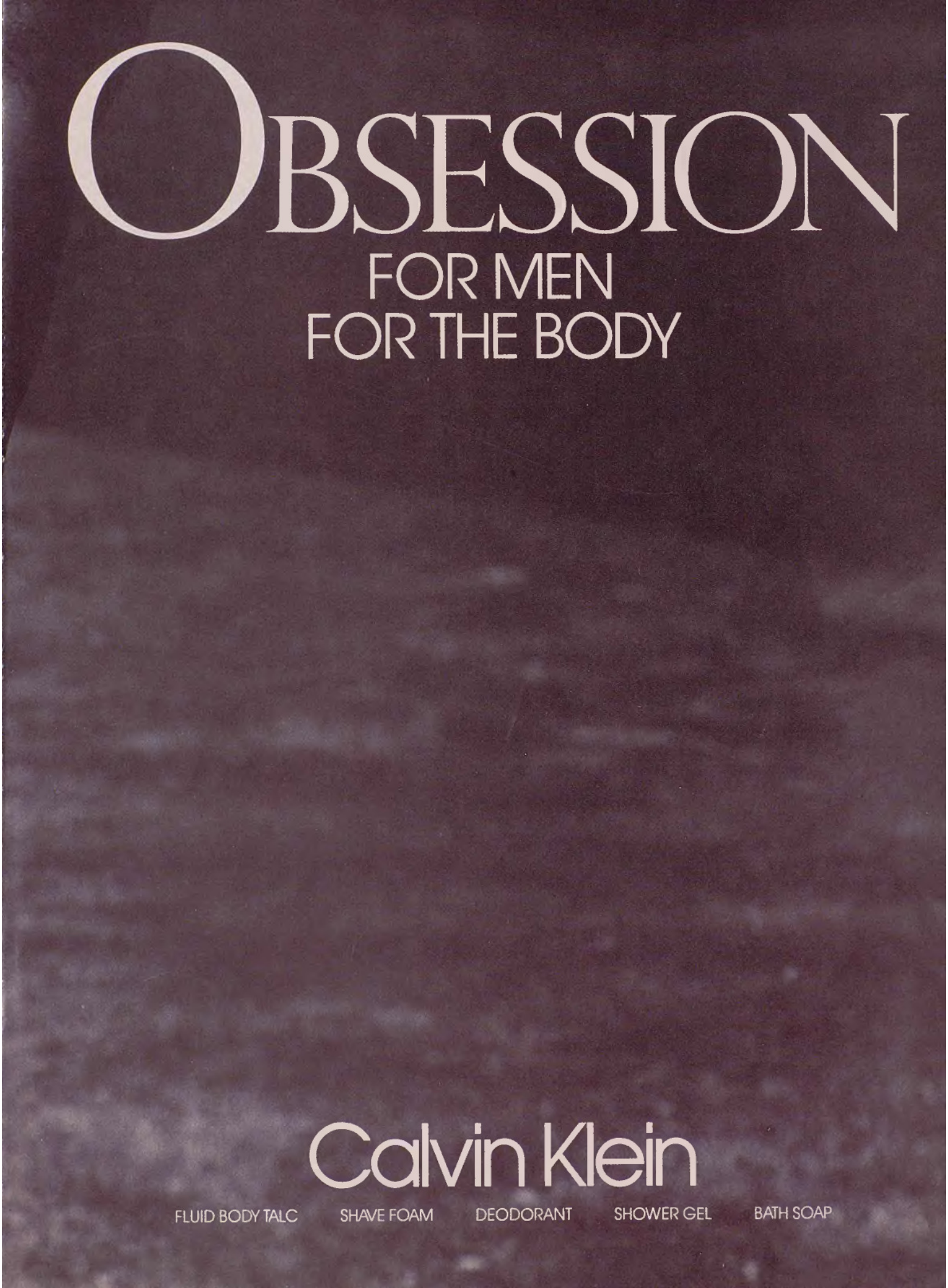
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

SHEMPMANIA

Donaldsonville, Louisiana, is an old steamboat town on the banks of the Mississippi River midway between New Orleans and Baton Rouge. Like many small Southern towns, it hosts an annual festival. Usually, such an event celebrates an aspect of local culture—Cajun music, perhaps, or pecans, crawfish or homemade gumbo. In Donaldsonville, community spirit expresses itself in the annual Shemp Festival. You remember Shemp Howard, a founding member of the Three Stooges, who was replaced by ("Nyuk, nyuk, nyuk") Curly. While, as far as anybody knows, Howard never heard of Donaldsonville, the Shemp Festival marks its sixth run this year, on Saturday, March 17—Shemp's birthday.

"We don't want to say that we like Shemp more than the other Stooges," explains festival founder Kirk Landry, who doubles as Donaldsonville's assistant fire chief, "but he is the most underrated. We decided to throw him a birthday party and it just grew. Of course, some people still show up thinking that it's a shrimp festival, and boy, are they shocked!" he says.

The Shemp Festival parade, a highlight, says Landry, is led by the "grand moron." There's a pie fight and the climax of the festival, the crowning of the pie queen, an honor accorded the snooty socialite who "degenerates into the most drunken, heathenistic slime during the festival," he says, pointing out that bonus points are awarded for trying to bribe senior committeemen with sexual favors.

The antics also include the Hoi-Polloi Ball—where the Donaldsonville elite swig champagne, smoke stogies and view Shemp videos. If you seek that type of pie in the sky, write to Landry at P.O. Box 331, Donaldsonville, Louisiana 70346, or call him at 504-473-1868.

THE MEAL DEAL

We dined recently at a restaurant that shall go unnamed. Just after our waitress slapped the menus onto the table, we demurely bade her to pretty please turn down the sound system an eensy-weensy. You see, we're tired of noshing in echoey caverns that have no soul, where the pricey portions are controlled—probably measured metrically—and the wait staff has attended the Don Rickles School of Charm.

It was just after the waitress advised us to try Valium that we decided to find out whether we can expect relief soon from loud, obnoxious restaurants. Calling the National Restaurant Association, we happily discovered that people are now seeking out more comfortable restaurants that serve honest, home-cooked food and where thoughtful service is the rule.

And—thank God for capitalism—the market has already responded to the new demand. In New York, such genteel spots as Alison on Dominick, Chez Michallet and Roettele A.G. seem to have sprouted up overnight. Los Angelenos can enjoy Chapo, Patino and Indigo. And in Chicago, we've quietly been eating our way through Elbo Room and Terczak's. Our verdict? No Valium required.

VETERINARIAN'S NIGHTMARE

Penises of the Animal Kingdom is a 23" x 35" comparative-anatomy chart from a company called Scientific Novelty. The

poster depicts the male sex organs of a virtual zoo of animal species—from the fingerlike appendage of the porpoise to the giant genitals of the elephant. If, for some very odd reason, you wish to own such a specimen, send ten dollars to P.O. Box 673-P, Bloomington, Indiana 47402.

MARITAL BALLISTICS

Marriage may be the rage these days, but newlyweds are still caught by surprise at the supreme challenges of the first year.

In a nationwide study of 346 newlywed couples, Samuel Pauker, M.D., and Miriam Arond found that although 76.6 percent of those interviewed said they married because they were in love and 91.7 percent said they were happy in their marriages, 38.8 percent said they had at least one big fight a week. Of those, 33 percent said their fights lasted for hours. Fortunately, few (3.5 percent) resulted in physical violence. The favored means of aggression were screaming (42 percent), storming out of the house (15 percent) and violence against property (8.4 percent). Four percent of the respondents had spent at least one full night out of the house.

Fifty-nine percent said that although they discussed things calmly, they usually followed those discussions with a fight. The fights seem to have little to do with sexual arousal, by the way. In fact, nearly half of those studied—men and women—wanted sex more frequently than they were having it, and more than a third were up for more openness and adventurousness in bed. Eleven percent of the husbands and 22 percent of the wives reported a lack of sexual desire.

All told, 41 percent found that marriage was tougher than they had expected and half doubted that their marriages would last. Eight percent were considering separation or divorce and three percent had already had an affair.

Gosh, it's enough to make you want a gal just like the gal that married dear old Dad.

SMART WOMEN, FAT THIGHS?

Professor Stanley M. Garn, a University of Michigan nutritionist, says his research

Reba McEntire—Live (MCA) 400-739

Aerosmith— Pump (Geffen) 388-009

Tracy Chapman— Crossroads (Elektra) 387-951

Melissa Etheridge— Brave And Crazy (Island) 388-090

Billy Joel—Storm Front (Columbia) 387-902

Mötley Crüe—Dr. Feelgood (Elektra) 387-944

Tina Turner—Foreign Affair (Capitol) 387-118

TAKE YOUR PICK OF ANY 8

Dionne Warwick— Greatest Hits (1979-1990) (Arista) 401-679

Ace Frehley—Trouble Walkin' (Al/Megaforce Worldwi) 401-299

.38 Special—Rock & Roll Strategy (A&M) 375-139

Bruce Willis—If It Don't Kill You, It Just Makes You Stronger (Motown) 401-182

Do The Right Thing— Original Sound Track Featuring: Branford Marsalis (Columbia) 401-117

Bros—The Time (Epic) 400-895

Belinda Carlisle— Runaway Horses (RCA) 400-788

Kiri Te Kanawa—Verdi & Puccini Arias (CBS Master.) 343-269

Paul Simon—Negotiations And Love Songs (Warner Bros.) 400-721

Joe Satriani—Flying In A Blue Dream (Relativity) 400-655

Charlie Daniels Band— Simple Man (Epic) 400-523

Young Mc—Stone Cold Rhymin' (Delicious Vinyl) 400-085

Lee Rittenour—Color Rit (GRP) 400-051

Dave Grusin—Migration (GRP) 400-044

Michel Camilo—On Fire (Epic) 389-999

N.R.B.Q.—Wild Weekend (Virgin) 389-882

Biz Markie—The Biz Never Sleeps (Cold Chillin') 389-585

Chaka Khan—Life Is A Dance/The Remix Project (Warner Bros.) 386-052

Barbra Streisand—A Collection: Greatest Hitts ...And More (Columbia) 401-141

Pia Zadora—Pia Z (CBS Associated) 401-703

Ars—Truth In A Structured Form (Imagine) 401-539

Survivor—Greatest Hits (Scott Brothers) 401-521

Loverboy—Big Ones (Columbia) 401-661

Pat Benatar—Best Shots (Chrysalis) 401-646

Eagles—Live (Elektra) 400-713

Electric Light Orchestra —Out Of The Blue (Epic) 400-325

Joe Cocker—Mad Dogs And Englishmen (A&M) 389-783

Tommy Bolin—The Ultimate... (Geffen) 389-486/399-485

The Band—To Kingdom Come ... (Capitol) 388-181

The Best Of The Dregs— Divided We Stand (Arista) 386-979

The Byrds—Fifth Dimension (Columbia) 386-847

Best Of Cher (EMI) 381-509

The Best Of Canned Heat (EMI) 380-832

Bo Diddley Is A Gunslinger (Chess) 379-677

Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young—So Far (Atlantic) 378-745

Big Daddy Kane—It's A Big Daddy Thing (Cold Chillin') 389-460

Molly Hatchet—Lightning Strikes Twice (Capitol) 389-346

Jermaine Jackson—Don't Take It Personal (Arista) 389-171

The D.O.C.—No One Can Do It Better (Ruthless) 389-155

Donny Osmond (Capitol) 382-119

Brahms: Violin Concerto; **Bruch:** Concerto No.1. Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg; Edo De Waart and Minnesota Orch.(Angel) 400-135

The Isley Brothers— Spend The Night (Warner Bros.) 389-148

Maze—Silky Soul (Warner Bros.) 389-098

Philip Bailey—Family Affair (A&M) 388-934

The Best Of Tim Curry (A&M) 388-926

Best Of The Canadian Brass (CBS Masterworks) 401-596

Richard Marx—Repeat Offender (EMI) 380-915

Grateful Dead—Skeletons From The Closet (Warner Bros.) 378-408

Roy Orbison—The All-Time Hits, Vols. 1 & 2 (Columbia Special Prod.) 377-945

The Who—Who's Better, Who's Best (MCA) 376-657

The Very Best of Poco (Epic) 367-623

Humble Pie—Smokin' (A&M) 367-573

Marvin Gaye—Greatest Hits (Motown) 367-565

Jethro Tull—Thick As A Brick (Chrysalis) 367-136

Van Morrison—Saint Dominic's Preview (Warner Bros.) 364-927

Supertramp—Classics Vol. 9 (A&M) 364-471

Styx—Classics Vol. 15 (A&M) 364-448

Alice Cooper—Billion Dollar Babies (Warner Bros.) 363-531

Little Feat—Feats Don't Fail Me Now (Warner Bros.) 363-523

Barry White—The Man Is Back! (A&M) 388-843

Britny Fox—Boys In Heat (Columbia) 388-421

Terence Trent D'Arby— Neither Fish Nor Flesh (Columbia) 389-726

The Wizard Of Oz— Orginal Soundtrack (Columbia Special Prod.) 388-207

Rickie Lee Jones—Flying Cowboys (Geffen) 388-199

Yellowjackets—The Spin (MCA) 388-173

Jethro Tull—Rock Island (Chrysalis) 388-157

10 Years After—About Time (Chrysalis) 388-140

Loudness—Soldier Of Fortune (Alco) 388-082

Taylor Dayne—Can't Fight Fate (Arista) 388-017

Dire Straits—Money For Nothing (Warner Bros.) 375-055

Joan Baez—Speaking Of Dreams (Gold Castle) 401-218

Robert Palmer— Addictions, Volume One (Island) 400-937

Bob Dylan—Highway 61 Revisited (Columbia) 362-285

Grateful Dead— Workingman's Dead (Warner Bros.) 358-887

Yes—Fragile (Atlantic) 351-957

Traffic—The Low Spark Of High Heeled Boys (Island) 351-924

Rolling Stones—Exile On Main Street (Rolling Stones Rec.) 350-652

Van Morrison— Moondance (Warner Bros.) 349-803

Bad Company—10 From 6 (Atlantic) 341-313

A Decade Of Steely Dan (MCA) 341-073

Best Of Kansas® (CBS Assoc.) 327-742

Joe Cocker—Greatest Hits (A&M) 320-911

Elton John—Greatest Hits Volume II (MCA) 319-558

Dino—24/7 (4th & Broadway/Island) 387-415

George Clinton—The Cinderella Theory (Paisley Park) 387-134

Janet Jackson—Rhythm Nation 1814 (A&M) 388-918

Yo-Yo Ma/Stephane Grapelli—Anything Goes. *Mostly Cole Porter Tunes* (CBS) 387-845

Placido Domingo—The Unknown Puccini (CBS Master.) 387-829

Dave Edmunds—Closer To The Flame (Capitol) 387-126

Joe Cocker—One Night Of Sin (Capitol) 387-084

Ziggy Marley & The Melody Makers—One Bright Day (Virgin) 386-987

Jean-Pierre Rampal— Mozart: Flute (CBS Masterworks) 386-458/396-457

Stevie Nicks—The Other Side Of The Mirror (Modern) 381-103

Billy Ocean—Greatest Hits (Jive/RCA) 400-879

DJ Jazzy Jeff & Fresh Prince—And In This Corner (Jive/RCA) 400-838

Elton John—Greatest Hits (MCA) 319-541

Led Zeppelin—Coda (Swan Song) 318-071

The Kinks—The Kink Kronikles (Reprise) 315-093/395-095

The Babys—The Babys Anthology (Chrysalis) 312-256

Creedence Clearwater Revival—20 Greatest Hits (Fantasy) 308-049

The Best Of Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Atlantic) 306-969

Electric Light Orchestra —Greatest Hits (Jet) 300-095

Led Zeppelin IV (Atlantic) 291-435

Boogie Down Productions—Ghetto Music: Blue Print Of Hip Hop (Jive/RCA) 386-193

Babyface—Tender Love (Epic) 386-177

Marshall Crenshaw— Good Evening (Warner Bros.) 386-110

Steve Stevens Atomic Playboys (Warner Bros.) 386-086

Jefferson Airplane (Epic) 385-906

Diana Ross—Working Overtime (Motown) 383-984

Tin Machine (EMI) 383-976

Anderson, Bruford, Wakeman, Howe (Arista) 384-115

Gold & Platinum Volume Six (Realm) 388-355

Pete Townshend—The Iron Man (Atlantic) 385-724

The O'Jays—Serious (EMI) 385-468

Stravinsky: Firebird; Jeu de Cartes. Esa-Pekka Salonen, Philharmonia (CBS Master.) 385-203

Al Green—I Get Joy (A&M) 384-297

Pretenders—The Singles (Sire) 362-541

The Best Of Luther Vandross—The Best Of Love (Epic) 400-473/390-476

Linda Ronstadt—Cry Like A Rainstorm, Howl Like The Wind (Elektra) 389-874

Pat Metheny Group— Letter From Home (Geffen) 383-901

Beastie Boys—Paul's Boutique (Capitol) 383-786

Billy Squier—Hear And Now (Capitol) 383-760

Jackson Browne—World In Motion (Elektra) 383-752

Queen—The Miracle (Capitol) 383-547

Rachmaninoff: Piano Concerto No. 3; Rhapsody On Theme Of Paganini. Vladimir Feltsman; Zubin Mehta, Israel Philharm. (CBS Master.) 383-315

Black Sabbath— Headless Cross (I.R.S.) 383-109

Johnny Mathis—In The Still Of The Night (Columbia) 383-042

Neneh Cherry—Raw Like Sushi (Virgin) 382-994

Donna Summer—Another Place And Time (Atlantic) 382-960

White Lion—Big Game (Atlantic) 382-820

Stevie Ray Vaughan & Double Trouble—In Step (Epic) 382-374

Alice Cooper—Trash (Epic) 382-366

Liza Minnelli—Results (Epic) 382-333

L.L. Cool J—Walking With A Panther (Def Jam / Columbia) 381-988

The Cult—Sonic Temple (Sire/Reprise) 381-798

Wang Chung—The Warmer Side Of Cool (Geffen) 381-764

Grateful Dead—Built To Last (Arista) 388-025

Great White—... Twice Shy (Capitol) 381-178

Patti LaBelle—Be Yourself (MCA) 386-334

Jive Presents ...—Yo! MTV Raps Various Artists (Jive/RCA) 384-263

Bob Dylen—Oh Mercy (Columbia) 389-262

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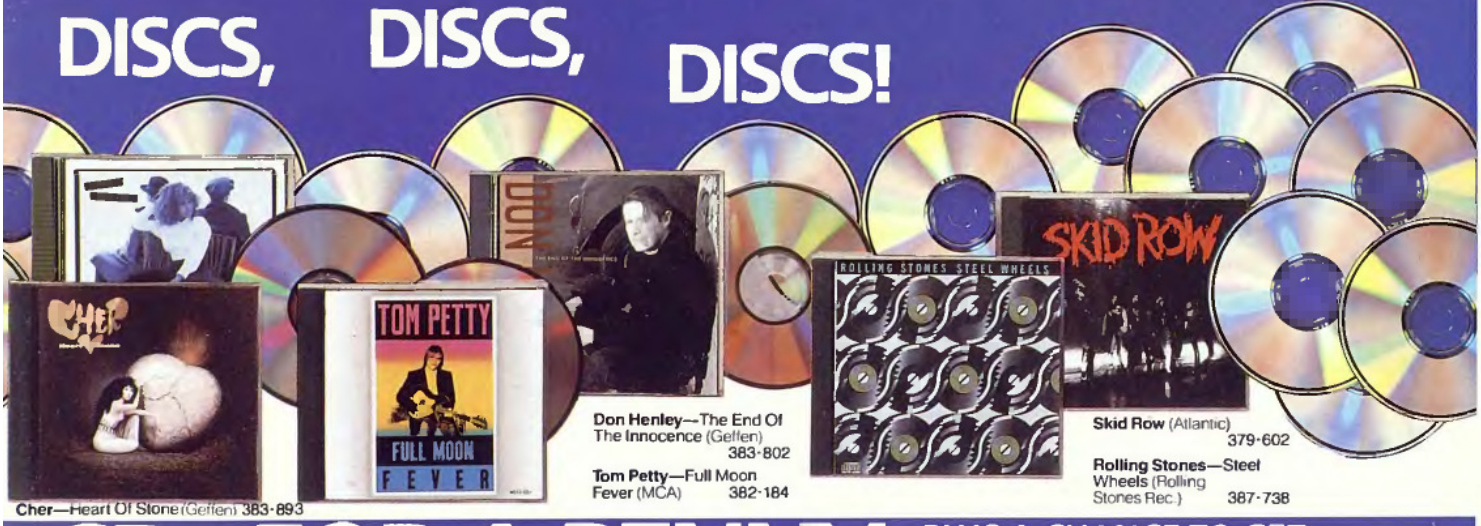

Cher—Heart Of Stone (Geffen) 383-893

Don Henley—The End Of The Innocence (Geffen) 383-802

Tom Petty—Full Moon Fever (MCA) 382-184

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Journey's Greatest Hits (Columbia) 375-279
The Traveling Wilburys—Volume One (Wilbury) 375-089
Gloria Estefan—Cuts Both Ways (Epic) 382-341

Milli Vanilli—Girl You Know It's True (Arista) 379-610
Elton John—Sleeping With The Past (MCA) 387-993
U2—Rattle And Hum (Island) 374-017
Madonna—Like A Prayer (Sire) 379-594

Soul II Soul—Keep On Movin' (Virgin) 386-037
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Van Halen—OU812 (Warner Bros.) 369-371
Fine Young Cannibals—The Raw And The Cooked (I.R.S.) 379-214

Paula Abdul—Forever Your Girl (Virgin) 374-637
Billy Idol—Vital Idol (Chrysalis) 360-107
Jethro Tull—Crest Of A Knave (Chrysalis) 360-040
New Kids On The Block—Hangin' Tough (Columbia) 368-423

On The Cutting Edge

The Stone Roses (Silvertone) 401-653
Paul Carrack—Groove Approved (Chrysalis) 401-257
Camouflage—Methods Of Silence (Atlantic) 400-929
Jonathan Richman (Rounder) 400-861
Erasure—Wild! (Reprise/Sire) 400-820
Jane Siberry—Bound By The Beauty (Reprise) 400-804
The Psychedelic Furs—Book Of Days (Columbia) 400-689
Exene Zervenka—Old Wives Tales (Rhino) 400-622
The Alarm—Change (I.R.S.) 400-465

Nick Lowe—Basher: The Best Of Nick Lowe (Columbia) 400-002
Max Q (Atlantic) 400-077
The Residents—The King And Eye (Enigma) 400-036
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David Byrne—Rei Momo (Sire) 389-494
Ian McCulloch—Candleland (Sire/Reprise) 389-593
Smith—Smithereens 11 (Capitol) 389-387
Red Hot Chili Peppers—Mother's Milk (EMI) 389-205

Big Audio Dynamite—Megatop Phoenix (Columbia) 388-215
Thompson Twins—Big Trash (Warner Bros.) 389-114
Sugarcubes—Here Today, Tomorrow, Next Week (Elektra) 388-900
John Hiatt—Y'all Caught (Geffen) 388-116

Camper Van Beethoven—Key Lime Pie (Virgin) 388-074
Chris Isaak—Heart Shaped World (Reprise) 386-144
Paul Kelly And The Messengers—So Much Water So Close To Home (A&M) 384-321

Squeeze—Frank (A&M) 388-058

Bryan Ferry / Roxy Music—Street Life (Reprise) 384-230
The B-52's—Cosmic Thing (Reprise) 383-877
Lloyd Cole & The Commotions—1984-1989 (Capitol) 383-778
The Cure—Disintegration (Elektra) 382-093
10,000 Maniacs—Blind Man's Zoo (Elektra) 382-077
China Crisis—The Diary of a Hollow Horse (A&M) 381-897
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RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"I found myself in a hotel room in Kuwait with a number of Palestinian journalists. They were glued to the TV, watching *Tom and Jerry* cartoons. No one acknowledged my presence. Finally, after about 20 minutes, one of the journalists turned to me and asked, 'Who are you for? Tom? Or Jerry?'"—DEBORAH AMOS of National Public Radio, asked for a personal experience that captured the essence of the Middle East

FACT OF THE MONTH

The average American 40-year-old married couple has more living parents (2.6) than children (2.2).

RAH, RAH

Percentage of American males who say they are major-league baseball fans, 41; of females, 29.

•

Percentage of males who say they are N.F.L. fans, 58; of females, 32.

BALL-PARK FIGURES

Most expensive hot dog in a major-league baseball park: $2.10 at Shea Stadium, New York City. Least expensive hot dog: one dollar at Riverfront Stadium, Cincinnati.

•

Most expensive bag of peanuts: $1.60 at Shea Stadium. Least expensive: 75 cents at the Houston Astrodome, Riverfront Stadium and Olympic Stadium, Montreal.

•

Most expensive parking: ten dollars at Wrigley Field, Chicago. Least expensive: $2.75 at Riverfront Stadium.

•

Most expensive general admission or bleacher seats: six dollars at Shea Stadium and Fenway Park, Boston. Least expensive: $2.50 at Candlestick Park, San Francisco.

•

Highest total cost for admission, parking and refreshments: $22 at Wrigley Field. Lowest total cost: $11.75 at Riverfront Stadium. But you have to watch the Reds.

BRICKBATS?

Number of articles written about drug abuse in baseball in the Eighties: 6071.

•

Number of stories about contracts and salaries, 2459; about George Steinbrenner, 1592; about the lighting of Wrigley Field, 773.

UNHAPPY RETURNS

Number of tax returns that are audited at random in a three-year period: 50,000.

•

Percentage of business expenses in 1982 ruled invalid by the IRS: 29.

•

Percentage of business tax returns that comply with the tax law: 96.7.

•

Industry least likely to comply with the tax law: transportation, in which a mere 80.7 percent of firms file correctly.

•

Locale with the highest rate of tax evasion: Washington, D.C.

FOUR-WHEELERS

Average number of persons per registered car in the United States, two; in Japan, four; in China, 1374.

SPECIAL SERVICE

Percentage of Americans who say they receive only fair or poor value for the money they spend on doctors' services: 56.

•

Percentage who say their doctors provide good or excellent value: 43.

•

Percentage who rate hospital services as a poor or fair value: 59.

•

Percentage who rate them as a good or excellent value: 38.

shows that wives who are less educated than their husbands tend to be thinner than those whose educations exceed their mates'. What's more, says Professor Garn, the more educated the husband, "the leaner the wife." So far, Garn has found no evidence that a husband's weight is influenced by his wife's educational level.

NO MORE TRICKY DICKS!

John G. Dicks III and M. Kirkland Cox have been fighting it out for the 66th House District seat in Virginia. Cox calls Dicks "soft" on crime. Dicks says Cox is merely a "puppet" of the G.O.P. What's more, Cox says he seeks "stiffer" penalties for drug users and adds that, unlike his opponent, he will stick to the "issues."

Maybe there ought to be a law banning genitalia from the ballot. But it's not likely—not as long as there's a Bush in office.

FAST CAR, PART I

It's called the Carbrella Stealth bra and it's for cars. Made by Innovisions Research in Denver, this front-end protector does more than deflect pebbles. Using a microwave-absorbing composite (similar to that on the B-2 Stealth bomber), this baby is touted to fool any radar gun around.

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FAST CAR, PART II

Suppose you get stopped anyhow. If there's anything more irksome than getting a ticket, it's getting one you don't deserve. With fines increasing and insurance hikes accompanying each ticket, you had better fight it in court. But first take a look at *Beating the Radar Rap*, by Dale Smith and John Tomerlin.

For starters, the authors get you good and mad by citing abuses of speeding laws and studies that show that traffic enforcement has little effect on speed or safety. Then they tell you how to go to court and beat the ticket yourself without the cost of hiring an attorney. Every detail is covered, from reviewing the evidence to anticipating the stock answers state troopers usually use in court. The book tells you how to choose a defense strategy, how to cross-examine your witnesses and pretty much how to sow the seeds of doubt you need to win your case. For further coaching, *Beating the Radar Rap* is paired with the video tape *Radar on Trial*, in which a judge walks you through a hypothetical case. What are the damages? The book and video are $37 from RADAR, 4949 South 25-A, Tipp City, Ohio 45371, 513-667-5472.

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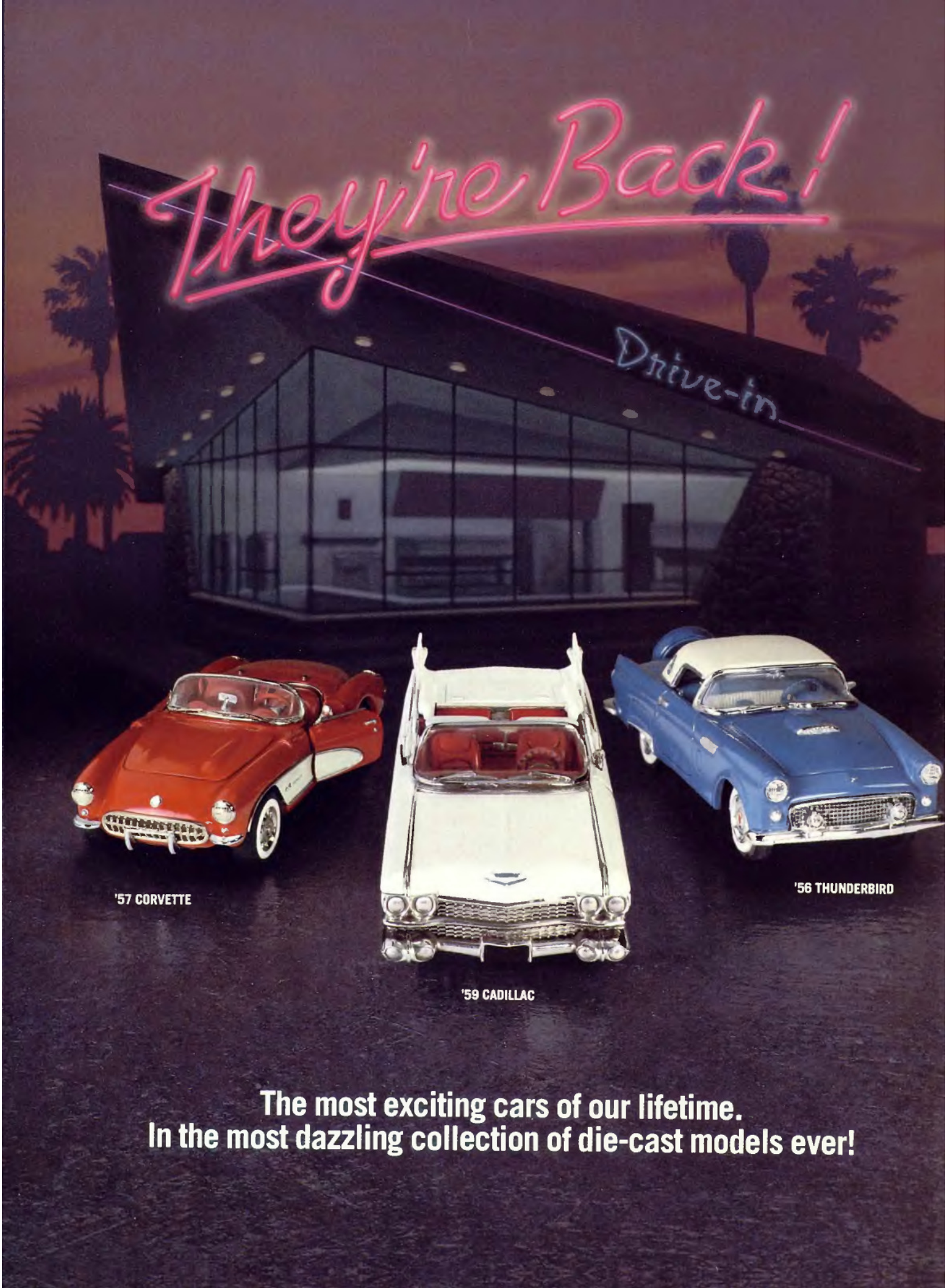

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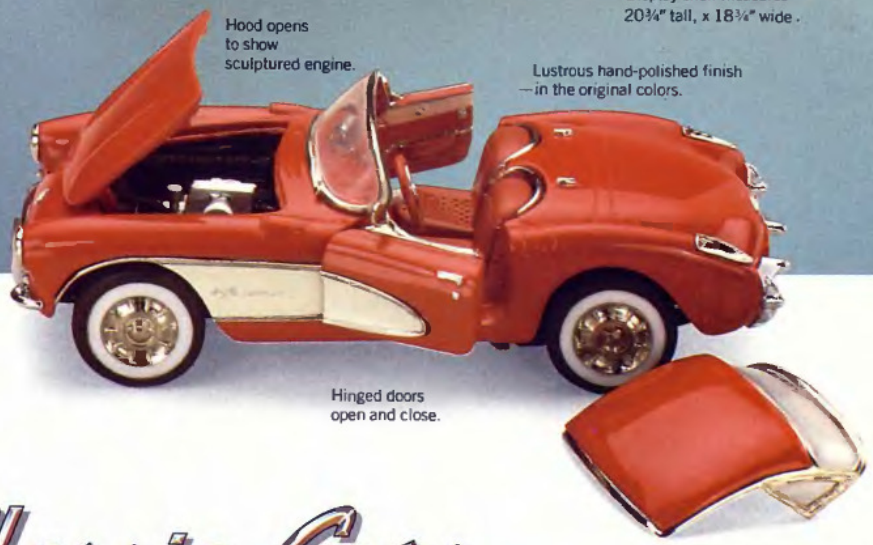
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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

A LARGE BLACK cleaning woman (played with commanding gusto by Firmine Richard) is the impressive heroine of ***Mama, There's a Man in Your Bed*** (Miramax). She sweeps up executive debris in a yogurt-company headquarters, which is how she discovers that the head of the firm (Daniel Auteuil, Yves Montand's slow-witted nephew in *Jean de Florette*) has biiig problems. One of his treacherous colleagues is sleeping with his wife and another is trying to take control of the company by poisoning a batch of yogurt. Before his crises end, the boss is sleeping over at the cleaning lady's place—where she's trying to make ends meet with five kids by five previous husbands. Romance blooms, believe it or not, between the white tycoon and his black savior, who knows she's too good for him. "Men need us," she informs him, and suggests he take a walk. Which is not quite the finale of *Mama*, an engaging but not consistently credible French comedy by writer-director Coline Serreau, who pushes a good thing about 20 minutes too long. Serreau is the same enterprising young woman who made *3 Men and a Cradle* in French before it was remade as *Three Men and a Baby* (with Leonard Nimoy directing), a huge English-language hit. An American remake of *Mama*, with Serreau at the helm, is already under way. ¥¥¥

•

A quote from Swiss director Alain Tanner: "I have lost interest in the beautiful script, the well-done, well-planned script—it annoys me." OK. But film audiences may well be annoyed with the meandering formlessness of Tanner's ***A Flame in My Heart*** (Roxie). The scenario is credited to actress Myriam Mézières, who also stars in the piece as an insatiable sexpot with obsessions to burn. After she's rid of an insistent lout named Johnny (Aziz Kabouche, who looks like a terrorist), she picks up a horny journalist named Pierre (Benoît Régent) in the subway and soon falls mindlessly in love with him. When he leaves on a trip, she quits work (as an actress rehearsing Racine), eats cereal, stares into space and masturbates. Later, she can't see why Pierre should object to her performances behind glass in a live sex show in which she fakes orgasms with a stuffed baboon. Male and female nudity abound in *A Flame in My Heart*, filmed in grainy black and white, in French, with only intellectual pretension to justify its dreary sexuality. ¥½

•

The easy-does-it showstopper of ***Men Don't Leave*** (Warner) may be coltish Joan Cusack, livening things up in a secondary role exactly as she did in *Broadcast News* and *Working Girl*. Here, Joan plays the rather sexy medic who lives upstairs from the Baltimore apartment where Jessica

Mama (Richard), *Man* (Auteuil) in *Bed*.

Career choices, cinema style: the cleaning lady, the medic, *The Cook, the Thief*, et al.

Lange, a recent widow, is trying to make a go of things with her two young sons. Of particular interest to Cusack is the teenager (Chris O'Donnell), whom she invites for dinner and eventually to bed, teaches him all she needs him to know and asks him to move in with her. As a doting mom, Lange is appalled. He's just a kid! Watching Jessica do what she does so well is supposedly the point of *Men*, a gritty but predictable soap opera about the young widow's way back to normalcy after her bereavement. She's helped, of course, by ambition, need and a persistent musician (Arliss Howard) who is as polite as possible with a woman not quite ready for another man. A certain breezy sexuality shouldn't be a surprise from writer-director Paul Brickman, who made *Risky Business*. Could be he even intended Cusack to sneak in and steal the picture. ¥¥¥

•

The British continue to come on strong with subversive sex and nudity. In director Peter Greenaway's ***The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover*** (Miramax), the title roles are played, respectively, by Richard Bohringer, Michael Gambon, Helen Mirren and Alan Howard, all of them misbehaving in and around a lavish cosmopolitan restaurant called Le Hollandais. In this place, it's appropriate "that all things should be eaten, if only experimentally," according to Greenaway, who also made the period comedy *The Draughtsman's Contract*, one of the bawdier exports of 1982. Gambon plays the depraved restaurateur whose errant wife (Mirren) makes out all over the place—from the ladies' toilet to the pantry to the meat cooler—with a quiet male patron (Howard) who initially appears to prefer a good book to a good boff. Before the host winds up literally eating his rival (well done and handsomely served, with vegetables), the movie dwells on copulation, regurgitation, defecation and other taboo aspects of carnality. Greenaway rubs your nose in the muck, albeit with high style, and gives visual aid to his obsessions like no film artist since Fellini. Nice work, if you can take it. ¥¥½

•

What's this? A Wall Street stock trader portrayed as a homicidal psychopath who kills for thrills after hours? Must be a sign of the times. Ron Silver, an unbeatable Broadway and film actor, plays the part for all it's worth, bringing some well-tempered menace to ***Blue Steel*** (MGM/UA). Jamie Lee Curtis, once again a damsel under duress, handles herself well as the lady cop whose accidental encounter with the maniac draws her into his frightful schemes. Although *Steel*'s hard-edged suspense is marred by plot holes that occasionally evoke giggles where there ought to be gasps, you won't nod off, because writer-director Kathryn Bigelow knows how to put whiplash snap into an action thriller, even when her screenplay (with collaborator Eric Red) doesn't always rise to the occasion. Maybe next time. ¥¥½

•

The hero of ***The Laserman*** (Original Cinema) is a young Chinese-American scientist named Arthur Weiss (Marc Hayashi). His mother (Joan Copeland) is Jewish but likes to think Chinese. Arthur's real problems begin when he blows up an assistant during his experiments with laser technology. Then the New York police and some gangsters begin to show interest. Made by writer-producer-director Peter Wang, who also made a promising 1986 comedy called *A Great Wall*, *Laserman* is also promising. He's not quite there yet, but his cockeyed comic thriller is fresh, personal and decidedly different. ¥¥½

•

Originally made in 1969 and shelved for lack of interest, writer-director Michael Roemer's ***The Plot Against Harry*** (New Yorker) resurfaced to find appreciative audiences at last year's Toronto and New York film festivals. This genial comedy, filmed in black and white, is the appealing story of a Jewish numbers racketeer (played with dry good humor by Martin Priest, and where has *he* been all our lives?) who gets out of prison to find his old operation defunct. Friends have muscled in on his territory, his ex-wife scorns him, he has a daughter he hardly knows, they tell him his heart's bad and he's subpoenaed to

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testify before a crime-busting Congressional committee. Moving from catered *bar mitzvahs* to swimming pools, from subway slumming parties to a lingerie showroom, *Plot Against Harry* spells out a tightly detailed, amusing and compassionate picture of Jewish life in New York that more ambitious films might envy. Roemer's professional and semipro actors—virtually all unknowns—do a fine job in a somewhat dated satire that still wriggles with timeless truth. ¥¥¥

•

Movie insiders refer to director Jane Campion's first feature, ***Sweetie*** (Avenue), as "the crowning achievement of the new Australian modernism," or the second wave of worthy flicks from down under. Translation: Brace yourself for a far-out film about two sisters, Kay (Karen Colston) and Dawn (Genevieve Lemon). The latter is also known as Sweetie, the heroine of the title, who's a plump, somewhat demented would-be entertainer (stepping off the back of a chair she overturns seems to be her principal talent). When Sweetie's left behind on a family junket, she greets her home-coming folks by barking like a dog. She also paints her naked body black and climbs a tree. This is *not* your everyday avant-garde movie, though *Sweetie* is madly original, arresting and off center. ¥¥

•

Based on a Russian novel by Ivan Turgenev, ***Torrents of Spring*** (Millimeter) is the kind of international free-for-all that moves from languid to full stop. Polish-born director Jerzy Skolimowski's cast seems as confused as the film maker himself. Timothy Hutton sleepwalks through the central role as an elderly Russki aristocrat, remembering in flashback (with a passable accent) his lost loves. These include gorgeous Valeria Golino (remember her in *Rain Man?*) as an Italian shopkeeper's daughter he betrothes but betrays and Nastassja Kinski in an unappealing blonde wig as the young matron he casually seduces. *Spring* is as pretty as can be, but Hutton looks bored with it all—maybe because it's boring. ¥

•

There's standard detective fare in ***The Last of the Finest*** (Orion), all about drugs and tainted money and a disgraced lawman fighting through official bullshit to prove his case. With Brian Dennehy, who's never dull, starred as the lawman under director John Mackenzie, a canny Scot who directed Bob Hoskins in *The Long Good Friday*, fine acting and fast pacing help make the most of *The Finest*. ¥¥

•

Casting Molly Ringwald in a romantic comedy opposite English musical star Robert Lindsay, with distinguished stage actor John Gielgud as backup, must have sounded like a good idea. The people who put together ***Strike It Rich*** (Millimeter) should have thought twice. There's not half enough for Lindsay to do as a greedy accountant who gets the gambling bug while honeymooning on the Riviera. Also, the magnificent Gielgud looks lost, and Ringwald has some distance to go before graduating from tinselly teenaged pap to this brand of sophisticated fluff. ¥

July: Cruising for an Oscar?

BRUCE'S BETS

Having batted zero in last year's Oscar predictions, I'm once more into the breach. If I'm wrong, sue me.

BEST PICTURE: *Born on the Fourth of July*. Good intentions will win. My pick, not my preference.

BEST DIRECTOR: Bruce Beresford for *Driving Miss Daisy*. No double whammy for Oliver Stone, but watch for upsets.

BEST ACTRESS: Jessica Tandy for *Driving Miss Daisy*. Overdue.

BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS: Lena Olin for *Enemies, a Love Story*. Dying pays but may also work for Julia Roberts of *Steel Magnolias*.

BEST ACTOR: Daniel Day-Lewis, of *My Left Foot*, should carry it despite stiff competition from *Fourth of July*'s Tom Cruise.

BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR: Danny Aiello for *Do the Right Thing*.

Those are my Oscar picks. My favorite films, in alphabetical order:

The Adventures of Baron Munchausen: Among the decade's top-ten flops; enchanting fantasy, even so.

Do the Right Thing: Spike Lee's best, an angry, controversial comedy.

Driving Miss Daisy: Great work by Tandy and Morgan Freeman.

A Dry White Season: Sutherland and Brando and anti-apartheid power.

Enemies, a Love Story: After the Holocaust, passion.

The Fabulous Baker Boys: Special mostly because of Michelle Pfeiffer.

Henry V: Kenneth Branagh dares to buck Olivier and wins gloriously.

My Left Foot: As a handicapped Irish genius, Day-Lewis dazzles.

Roger & Me: Michael Moore does Flint in a biting docucomedy.

sex, lies, and videotape: An erotic original—a hot new director's new way of looking at Yuppie love.

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Always (Listed only) Spielberg's folly? Tracy and Dunne did it better. ¥¥

Blue Steel (See review) Jamie Lee in jeopardy, with Ron Silver. ¥¥½

Born on the Fourth of July (Reviewed 3/90) Cruise's Oscar bid. ¥¥¥½

Camille Claudel (2/90) Adjani as sculptress going mad. ¥¥½

Cinema Paradiso (2/90) How the movies affect a small Italian village. ¥¥¥

The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover (See review) Pretty hot stuff, and not only in the kitchen. ¥¥½

Driving Miss Daisy (2/90) Jessica Tandy and Morgan Freeman, both fabulous. ¥¥¥¥

Enemies, a Love Story (3/90) After the Holocaust, polygamy, in an arresting New York story by Paul Mazursky. ¥¥¥¥½

The Fabulous Baker Boys (1/90) They back the divine Miss Pfeiffer. ¥¥¥¥

A Flame in My Heart (See review) Slow-burning sex and nudity, in French. ¥½

Glory (3/90) Civil War heroics featuring a fine black Infantry regiment. ¥¥

Heart Condition (3/90) Denzel Washington's better in *Glory*. ¥

Henry V (1/90) Shakespeare vividly replayed by Kenneth Branagh. ¥¥¥½

The Laserman (See review) Fun, high-tech Chinese-American mystery. ¥¥½

The Last of the Finest (See review) A detective by Dennehy, and that's it. ¥¥

The Little Mermaid (2/90) Animated kid stuff, about as good as it gets. ¥¥¥¥

Mama, There's a Man in Your Bed (See review) Black, white and French. ¥¥¥

Men Don't Leave (See review) Soft stuff, but Lange's still on a roll. ¥¥¥

Mountains of the Moon (3/90) Finding the source of the Nile in a high, wide and handsome African adventure. ¥¥¥¥

Music Box (2/89) More of Jessica Lange, as a frenzied Chicago lawyer. ¥¥¥½

My Left Foot (12/89) Daniel Day-Lewis in a breath-taking job of acting. ¥¥¥¥

The Plot Against Harry (See review) Newly revived, and well worth it. ¥¥¥

Roger & Me (3/90) Michael Moore gives the business to Flint, Michigan. ¥¥¥¥

Stanley & Iris (3/90) Robert De Niro getting literate with Jane Fonda. ¥¥½

Strike It Rich (See review) Lots of wrong moves on the Riviera. ¥

Sweetie (See review) Weird sisters in avant-garde Australian fluff. ¥¥

Torrents of Spring (See review) See Turgenev spin in his grave. ¥

Valmont (2/90) No *Dangerous Liaisons*, but still gorgeous to behold. ¥¥¥

The War of the Roses (3/90) Until-death-do-us-part marital comedy. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥¥ Outstanding
¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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Farmington Hills, MI

VIDEOSYNCRASIES

Kovacs!: Before there was video, there was TV—and Ernie Kovacs, the medium's most ingenious pioneer. Here's 85 minutes of the mustachioed legend's best bits, including the Nairobi Trio and those Dutch Masters cigar commercials (Rhino).

Elvis Stories: Vid tabloid reports on the King the *Enquirer* would die for—i.e., Elvis transmits messages through beef patties, Elvis and John Lennon were the same guy, Elvis possesses body of hairdresser. Sophomoric but funny (Rhino).

Earth Dreaming: Rich vid collage blending images of geographic and human landscapes—i.e., desert sands rippling through a nude woman's abdomen—set to New Age music. Good background for weird parties (New Era Media).

SHORT TAKES

Best Oh-Go-Away Video: *Give Love: Leo Buscaglia in Niagara Falls*; **Second-Best Oh-Go-Away Video:** *Meet the Raisins!*; **Best Video Success Story:** *Decoys and Duck Calls: Two Secrets for Success*; **Windiest Kidvid Title:** *One Fish Two Fish Red Fish Blue Fish* and *Oh, the Thinks You Can Think!* and *The Foot Book*; **Most Honest Golf Tape:** *Golf: I Hate This Game*; **Filthiest Sounding Golf Tape:** *Mastering the Long Putter*; **Best Thrill-a-Minute Video:** *Construction Clean-up*; **Best It's-a-Living Video:** *Fixin' Venison.*

Satchmo: Superb docuvid tracing the life of jazz hornblower Louis Armstrong. Tons of play-it-again clips and interviews with diehard fans, among them Tony Bennett and Wynton Marsalis. A keeper (CMV).

Steve Barrett's Ivy League Tour: Columbia alum Barrett toured the Ivies with camcorder in hand and came back with this two-hour gem. Informal and informative (Campus Video).

Count Out Cholesterol: A 75-minute "video house call" by health guru Dr. Art Ulene, in which the good doc offers a 30-day diet plan designed to knock out the fat and goose up the fiber. Includes helpful 96-page booklet (Feeling Fine).

Improve Your Lovemaking: Two guys and a girl dry-hump thin air and call it exercising. Not sexy but sometimes enlightening: Host insists men can achieve multiple orgasms by strengthening the pubococcygeus muscle. Good luck (Video Fitness).

BRUCE ON VIDEO

our movie critic goes to the tape

Never mind which movie is about to win the Oscar. Which major movies of decades ago *didn't* win, and why? Sometimes it was bad luck, sometimes the Academy's bad judgment. But here are a few also-rans or never-rans that you shouldn't miss:

The African Queen: Not even nominated in 1951(!). Oh, well, Humphrey Bogart got the Best Actor prize, and *A Streetcar Named Desire* didn't win, either. What did? *An American in Paris*. Hmmm.

Born Yesterday: Judy Holliday's 1950 Oscar-winning portrayal of the classic dumb blonde didn't help her movie win, but the competition was tough that year—*Sunset Boulevard* and the Academy's worthy choice, *All About Eve*.

Darling: Named Best Actress in 1965, Julie Christie was girl of the year as a trendy model graduating to misery in the jet set, while *the* picture award went to—talk about corn—*The Sound of Music*.

High Noon: Gary Cooper, Best Actor of 1952, starred in this still-legendary Western, which lost out in the top-picture race to *The Greatest Show on Earth*, a less memorable epic about circus life.

Network: In 1976, both Faye Dunaway and the late Peter Finch earned top awards in Paddy Chayefsky's tough, prophetic drama about TV news as entertainment. But *Rocky* took home the Oscar, leading to worse sequels. Two other times in Oscar history—Jane Fonda and Jon Voight in *Coming Home* (1976), Henry Fonda and Katharine Hepburn in *On Golden Pond* (1981)—winning actors couldn't carry their picture to victory.

—BRUCE WILLIAMSON

GUEST SHOT

Smoky-voiced actress Sally Kellerman married producer husband Jonathan Krane for love, of course—but his giant video collection was a pretty nifty incentive. "We like nothing better than crawling into bed on a Saturday afternoon to watch videos," she says. "We watch almost *anything*." Kellerman/Krane favorites include *The Philadelphia Story*, William Hurt flicks, *Jagged Edge*, Barry Levinson's *Tin Men* and *Rain Man*, the James Dean catalog and *The Farmer's Daughter* with Loretta Young. "And I still watch anything with Marlon Brando. He changed the face of acting—and the smoldering sexuality didn't hurt, either." What does Kellerman recommend from her *own* body of work? "*M*A*S*H* got me an Oscar nomination, but I think my best performance so far has been in *Last of the Red Hot Lovers*." Speaking of which, what comes *after* those Saturday-afternoon matinees?

—LAURA FISSINGER

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
FEELING FAMILIAL	***Parenthood*** (Steve Martin finds that fotherhood isn't pretty—but Mory Steenburgen makes up for it); ***Uncle Buck*** (John Candy baby-sits brats from hell; better than it sounds); ***Honey, I Shrunk the Kids*** (inventor/dad Rick Moranis tests Mom's patience and Disney's F/X lab).
FEELING INTENSE	***Roe vs. Wade*** (Holly Hunter and Amy Madigan bring the controversy to life; outstanding); ***Lethal Weapon 2*** (Mad Max in *Back to the Huxtables*—Gibson and Glover gun for Sun City thugs); ***Eddie and the Cruisers II: Eddie Lives*** (until the records don't sell; Michael Paré rocks).
WANT AN ODD COUPLE	***The Ghost and Mrs. Muir*** (salty sea spook Rex Harrison woos Gene Tierney); ***See You in the Morning*** (divorced Gotham shrink Jeff Bridges tries again with Alice Krige); ***Lost in America*** (Albert Brooks and Julie Hagerty drop out of society, then wish they hadn't; still halds up).
WANT SOME BOUNCE	***NBA Awesome Endings*** (an at-the-buzzer heart-attack compendium); ***NBA Superstars*** (MTV meets N.B.A.; hoopsters leap ond lunge ta, among others', Janet Jackson's beat); ***Great Moments in College Basketball*** (from "Pistol" Pete Moravich to "Magic" Earvin Johnson and "Just Plain Larry" Bird).

THE HARDWARE CORNER

Laser Fair: One of the gripes some people have had with laser disc players is price. With the LD-870, Pioneer brings the cost down to $500. This video-only model plays both 12-inch and eight-inch discs.

Remote Possibility: Confused by those universal remotes—the ones that simultaneously control your TV, VCR, stereo and cable with dozens of buttons? Now Technics solves the problem with its SH-R700 (about $220)—a ten-key remote that could turn out to be the ultimate clutter cutter.

—MAURY LEVY

The hottest hits...the biggest stars...

THE SOUNDS OF THE '70s

The time: the 1970s. The place: anywhere you could dance, hang out and have fun. The feeling: meeting old friends on Friday night, falling in love, going to concerts, living in jeans and T-shirts. The music: hot, hot, HOT! The good-time beat of Creedence Clearwater Revival. The bittersweet sound of James Taylor. The raw power of Joe Cocker. The pulsating drive of Santana. One super artist...one powerhouse hit after another. Sly and the Family Stone's "Thank You"...Rod Stewart's classic "Tonight's the Night"...Ike and Tina Turner's "Proud Mary"...

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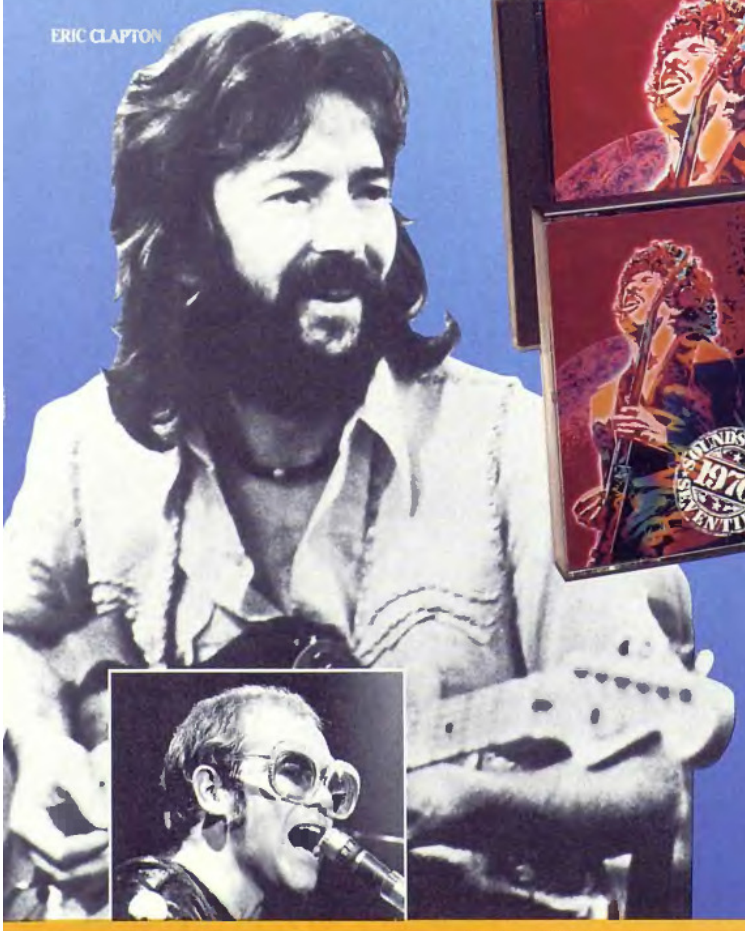
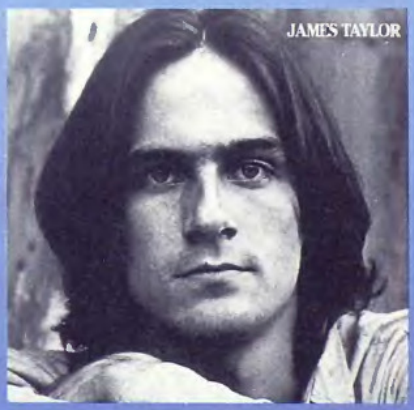
- **Lonely Days** Bee Gees
- **Domino** Van Morrison
- **Black Magic Woman** Santana
- **Up around the Bend** Creedence Clearwater Revival
- **After Midnight** Eric Clapton
- **He Ain't Heavy** The Hollies
- **Ride Captain Ride** Blues Image
- **Thank You (Falettinme Be Mice Elf Agin)** Sly and the Family Stone
- **Green-Eyed Lady** Sugarloaf
- **The Letter** Joe Cocker
- **ABC** The Jackson Five
- **War** Edwin Starr
- **Love on a Two-Way Street** The Moments
- **Uncle John's Band** The Grateful Dead
- **Spirit in the Sky** Norman Greenbaum
- **The Rapper** The Jaggerz





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MUSIC

CHARLES M. YOUNG

ONE OF THE people who defined middle-of-the-road pop in the Eighties, Phil Collins, is signaling that he wishes to be taken seriously as a social commentator with . . . ***But Seriously*** (Atlantic). The problem is that great commentary names names and pins blame, while great songs usually leave room for the listener to find his own meaning. The songwriter runs the risk of being either didactic or wimpy. Collins opts for wimpy. That he more or less declares himself against poverty, racism and the situation in Northern Ireland means less than whom he would hold responsible for those evils or what solutions he would propose for them. But "Oh Lord, is there nothing more anybody can do?" sings Collins in *Another Day in Paradise*, voicing the album's apparent theme of impotence in the face of adversity. Given his worthy work for Amnesty International and other groups that have effected change, this sentiment seems to run counter to Collins' own experience. As for the music, it sounds like every other Collins record.

Quincy Jones has been so successful in so many areas that it might be fun to see him fail miserably at something. Unfortunately for all of us envy-heads, ***Back on the Block*** (Qwest/Warner) doesn't provide that occasion. A meld of rap, funk, pop, bebop, Brazilian and African styles interpreted by a vast array of guest stars, the music contrasts and complements itself in often breath-taking ways. The theme is Jones's return to the streets, and he opens by defiantly rapping his credentials, being joined by Big Daddy Kane and Ice T. Like all great rap, however, there is joy and humor, not just brag, here, and ultimately, the message becomes love and reconciliation as everyone from Ella Fitzgerald to Bobby McFerrin has a moment. Just the album a kinder and gentler nation could use.

NELSON GEORGE

Reggie and Cino-Vincent Calloway were the creative mainstays of Midnight Star, one of the top African-American self-contained bands in the mid-Eighties. After exiting Midnight Star, the Calloways wrote and produced a trio of number-one black singles (Natalie Cole's *Jump Start*, LeVert's *Casanova*, Gladys Knight & the Pips' *Love Overboard*) and made a major reputation for themselves. Now, under the name Calloway, these Cincinnati-based musicians have issued ***All the Way*** (Solar/Epic). It isn't great art, but it's beautifully made black pop with vintage Motown-type cuts, techno-funk jams and tasty ballads. There's not a bad cut here, though Calloway might have taken a few more chances.

In contrast, taking chances is what Marc Anthony Thompson is all about. His ***Watts Paris*** (Reprise) is an eclectic, funk-based collection of meditations on what's inside his head. Born in the U.S. but a regular traveler to England and Continental Europe, Thompson reflects sensibilities shaped by influences as varied as Ezra Pound and Ricky Ricardo. Thompson is best when he's angry, ripping into Paul Simon's *Graceland* album on *Monkey* and lampooning U.K. star Kate Bush in *Kate's Bush*. Thompson, in the mold of Prince and Terence Trent D'Arby, is trying to stretch the limits of funk without totally losing its rootsy edge, which reflects some of the extramusical conflicts going on in America's black community.

Cheer up, Collins.

Phil gets serious,
Quincy gets back and
some books get it.

DAVE MARSH

It's the Nineties, and we're digging up roots wherever we find them. So Warren Zevon finally puts his youthful study with Robert Craft and Igor Stravinsky to use in his tales of everyday native Californian despair. On ***Transverse City*** (Virgin), that means adding elements of swirling dissonance to his usual rowdy rock. The result, especially on such freeway-terror tales as *Down in the Mall* and *Run Straight Down*, is arty in the sense that musical erudition is displayed with as much sardonic humor as Zevon has ever displayed. And because the vehicle for all that noise is post–Neil Young blues guitar.

The roots of that guitar style are contained in ***Muddy Waters: The Chess Box*** (Chess MCA), a three-disc set that tracks the career of the great singer/guitarist/songwriter/bandleader from the late Forties, when he virtually invented Chicago blues, to the early Seventies, by which time he'd virtually perfected it. Listening to this soaring, despairing, rollicking, visionary music is its own reward, as it has been for the past four decades and will continue to be for many more. This is the greatest boxed set any American label has issued.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

The three Jungle Brothers are young (19, 20, 21) Afrocentrists from Afro–New York. After 1988's *Straight Out the Jungle* moved 200,000 copies on a local label, Warners coughed up for the right to market ***Done by the Forces of Nature;*** and if it never breaks beyond rap radio, the company could recoup on street and MTV exposure alone. Such are the economics of

GUEST SHOT

SINGER/SONGWRITER ***John Eddie*** *still feels passionate about those who taught him his trade. Currently prepping LP number three, Eddie found inspiration this month in Rod Stewart's boxed set, "Storyteller."*

"Rod Stewart is sorely underrated as a singer *and* as a songwriter. *Maggie May* is one of the best songs of the Seventies, but the proof of his greatness as a singer lies in how he makes *other* people's songs sound like the bone truth of his own life. Critics have usually slammed him—first for the disco stuff like *Da Ya Think I'm Sexy?*, which simply reflected the musical style of the times and, second, for his flashy lifestyle and girlfriends. But that only certifies him as a bona fide working-class hero. A *real* working-class kid who hits money and fame *is* going to go Hollywood and marry the actress. As for the new tracks on *Storyteller*, Tom Waits's *Downtown Train* is spectacular—I never thought I'd hear *anyone* do a Waits song I liked better than Waits's version. I'm a lifelong Stewart fan, and *Storyteller* just reminded me why."

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FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Phil Collins *. . . But Seriously*	2	6	7	5	3
Billy Joel *Storm Front*	6	7	6	4	8
Quincy Jones *Back on the Block*	7	8	8	6	8
3rd Bass *The Cactus Album*	9	5	7	9	8
Warren Zevon *Transverse City*	7	6	7	8	8

YOU CAN TELL A BOOK BY ITS COVER DEPARTMENT: Surely, **Jimmy Buffett** has had experience with ticket scalpers at his concerts; but at a book-signing party? Fans, 2500 strong, began to line up the night before he was scheduled to appear at Atlanta's Renaissance Book Store. When the store ran out of books, some fans sold their autographed copies on the street for as much as $60. Let's hear it for American enterprise!

REELING AND ROCKING: **John Lydon** is lending his voice to a horror movie, *Hardware*. . . . **Arthur Baker** will be the music supervisor on the **Quincy Jones** film bio. . . . **Robert Townsend,** who directed *Hollywood Shuffle*, is making a movie about the music business. *The Five Heartbeats* will tell the story of the early-Sixties practice of having white artists "cover" the songs of black groups. . . . As **Breathless Mahoney** in *Dick Tracy*, **Madonna** will sing the songs of Broadway composer **Stephen Sondheim**. . . . **Bette Midler,** besides playing **Woody Allen's** wife in an upcoming Disney movie, will co-star with **Cher** in *Angry Housewives*, a musical comedy about fed-up homemakers who change their lives by forming a punk band. . . . A film bio is in the works on the life of the late singer/songwriter **Jim Croce,** who died in a plane crash in 1973. . . . Director **Richard Lester,** who was responsible for both *A Hard Day's Night* and *Help!*, had to be persuaded by **Paul McCartney** personally to do McCartney's concert film. Why? Because such films haven't been making a killing at the box office lately. In addition to concert footage, the movie will feature **Beatles** stuff and news clips from the Sixties. . . . The Directors' Guild is paying tribute to music videos with the American debut of *USSR & R: Rock on a Red Horse*. More than 100 rock videos were screened.

NEWSBREAKS: The **Beach Boys** were reportedly not too happy about an ABC-TV Movie of the Week adapted from **Steven Gaines's** 1984 Beach Boys bio, *Heroes and Villains*, to air in late spring. Early music over which the Boys no longer have control will be featured in the movie, as will **Dennis Wilson's** relationship with mass murderer **Charles Manson.** . . . Look for a **Tears for Fears** concert tour with a ten-piece band sometime this spring. . . . **Natalie Cole** is shooting a TV pilot for a weekly music/variety show called *Big Break*. The syndicated show is slated for a September debut. . . . In May, the 40th anniversary of **Elektra** records will be celebrated with the release of a double album featuring the label's current artists (the **Georgia Satellites,** the **Meters** and **Faster Pussycat,** to name a few) covering early hits such as *You're So Vain* and *Werewolves of London*. . . . **Danny Sugarman, Jim Morrison's** biographer, is working on a book about **Guns n' Roses,** and the band, according to Sugarman, fears that he, as a former drug addict, will judge any of them with drug problems too harshly. . . . An eclectic group of rockers including **Jon Anderson, Toni Childs, Grace Jones, Stewart Copeland, Michael Bolton** and **Susanna Hoffs** have joined forces on the *Requiem for the Americas* LP, a tribute in song and story to Native Americans. Proceeds from the album will go to the Save the Children Foundation. . . . A PBS special scheduled for this spring called *Spike & Co.: Do It a Cappella* should be wonderful. The show, shot in Brooklyn, marks director **Spike Lee's** first TV special. Some of the *a cappella* groups included are the **Persuasions, Mint Juleps, Ladysmith Black Mambazo, Take 6** and **Sweet Honey in the Rock. Debbie Allen** is Spike's co-host. . . . Finally, we're sure **Elvis** is gone, but the Graceland postmark lives on. Elvis' home in Memphis now has its own postal station.

—BARBARA NELLIS

hip-hop these days, and let's hope the artists get a share, because these high school grads have their own sound and vision. Imagine De La Soul's shambling weirdness played casual rather than arch. Drawling funkily through sentient narratives and rallying cries that retain a surprising gentleness even when they predict judgment day or deny that Columbus discovered America, the J.B.s bring the old black-music ideal of positivity to rap—an almost utopian musical rendition of life that'll probably make white people nervous anyway.

But not two 22-year-old white Afrocentrist sympathizers whose style is a good deal more militant than the J.B.s. Although 3rd Bass came up in the same street-and-project culture that shaped its black brothers, its desire to reach the hardcore rap community with ***The Cactus Album*** (Def Jam) goes up against rap's newly entrenched ethos of racial solidarity. No lovers of self-hatred, 3rd Bass has the guts to dis Nation of Islam as well as white-supremacist dogma; and a pussy song called *The Oval Office* ("Lunch became *filet* of sole with tongue / Oval Office work is never done") made me wonder whether "Prime Minister" Pete Nice took a John Donne seminar at Columbia.

VIC GARBARINI

A new anthology and a newly revised biography of Bob Marley are such a treat that this month, I've forgone my record reviews to talk about them.

Reading my colleague Dave Marsh's ***The Heart of Rock & Soul*** (Plume) made me feel as though I were listening to the music instead of just reading about it. His insights about "the 1001 greatest singles ever made" mirror both the sweet mystery of the music and its indelible impact on our lives. His literary jukebox radiates the joy and the redemption the author found so purely in the music that it doesn't matter if I agree with his choices or not—even disagreeing with him is fun. At the core of this book is Marsh's realization that, in spite of many critics' pretensions, great music is usually intelligent without necessarily being intellectual. The Crystals may have more to say than David Bowie.

Meanwhile, Timothy White's ***Catch a Fire*** (Henry Holt), "The Life of Bob Marley," is probably as close as rock journalism comes to transcendent literature. White's ability to move the reader so deeply into the core of the Jamaican spiritual and cultural matrix from which Marley emerged is both astonishing and eerie. The new revised and enlarged edition now looks at the darker side of the Marley saga, documenting the rivalries and the violence that have haunted his legacy. But new light also abounds, especially in the person of Marley's son Ziggy, who is carrying on the family's musical tradition. It's a good story in the hands of a talented storyteller.

1970.

1971.

1973.

1975.

1980.

1987.

1990.

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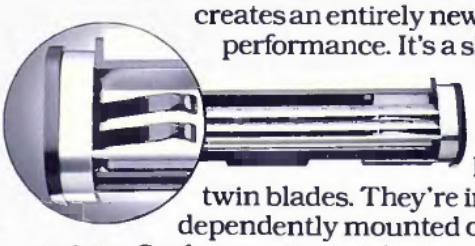

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

WITH BASEBALL SEASON coming at us as fast as a Nolan Ryan fastball, the essential volume to get you through the summer is ***The Whole Baseball Catalogue*** (Fireside), edited by John Thorn and Bob Carroll with David Reuther. This compendium of Everything You Always Wanted to Know About America's Game covers all the bases, the field, the stadium and various countries around the world where baseball is played. You can check out the history of the glove, locate lights for your little-league field, obtain audio-highlight tapes from every game of the past 60 years, equip your computer with baseball software or get a job in the major leagues (probably selling peanuts).

A completely enjoyable and engrossing lesson in baseball history is taught in ***If I Never Get Back*** (Crown), by Darryl Brock. In this novel, a contemporary newspaper reporter is mysteriously transported back to 1896, where he plays for the Cincinnati Red Stockings during their championship season. Brock sends his hero across 19th Century America, drinking with Mark Twain, having a not-so-Victorian love affair and getting involved with a grave-robbing scheme. It's a wild and woolly romp, punctuated by several episodes that strain credulity; but Brock's careful research gives the baseball scenes such vivid excitement that you can forgive a few excesses.

No fictional flourishes are needed to embellish ***The Westies*** (Putnam), by T. J. English, subtitled "Inside the Hell's Kitchen Irish Mob." This is an investigative story about contract killers for the Mafia that will shock even the most hardened reader. English details how a bunch of small-time New York Irish punks became a major force in the Mob through sheer viciousness. They specialized in making their victims "do a Houdini" by hacking the bodies into pieces and dispersing them, often into the East River. This book should be required reading before any discussion of the death penalty.

Happily, make-believe bad guys can be more fun to read about. ***The Horse Latitudes*** (Morrow), a stunning first novel by Robert Ferrigno, explores the Southern California beach territory with *noir* shadings that invite comparison to Raymond Chandler. A search for a beautiful missing wife, a gory murder and nasty illegal business dealings are made riveting by tense, realistic dialog, a well-paced plot and a complicated mixture of motivations and emotions that drive this story to a breath-taking climax. *The Horse Latitudes* is an extraordinary tale of obsessive love and treachery, of people at fascinating moral extremes.

The prolific Robert Campbell is back with his third La-La Land novel, ***Sweet La-La Land*** (Poseidon), and his portrayal of teen prostitution in Los Angeles in this one is far from a pretty picture. But his hard-boiled detective story is relieved by a sardonic sense of humor.

Whole Baseball Catalogue: a sure hit.

Playing ball, mixing it up with Mafia contract killers and detectives.

Robert Elegant's ***Pacific Destiny*** (Crown) and Carlo Gébler's ***Driving Through Cuba*** (Simon & Schuster) suggest the starkly contrasting modes through which journalists interpret the world for us. Elegant, a former foreign correspondent for *Newsweek* and the *Los Angeles Times*, makes a panoramic sweep of Asian societies with statistics and historical data in the style of John Gunther. He offers a bleak forecast of American decline and Asian economic and political dominance in the 21st Century. Gébler is a novelist who simply gives us a nonstop personal commentary as he drives the length of Cuba with his wife and daughter, keeping an eye out for the fabled 1957 Eldorado Brougham. His often mundane and sometimes touching encounters with ordinary citizens and bureaucrats are all recorded in nonjudgmental fashion. But the accretion of these details provides a sense of daily life in Cuba and an understanding of the country's problems that is lost in newspaper reports.

Although various people have compared Michael Peterson's ***A Time of War*** (Pocket Books) to Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead* and to Herman Wouk's *The Winds of War*, I think they miss the point. The Vietnam war was unlike any conflict previously fought in history, and Peterson has managed to capture its unique mixture of horror and bravery on a large scale. This novel takes you not only into the mud and the jungle with the men who improvised a new guerrilla fighting style but also behind the lines where the generals juggled political demands against battle-front realities, through the streets of a corrupt Saigon and on to Washington, D.C., where L. B. J. was trying to save his Presidency.

John M. Del Vecchio has already made a monumental contribution to the literature of the Vietnam war with his first novel, *The 13th Valley*. He was in the process of writing another book about veterans of the war, including Vietnamese and Cambodians, when, as he puts it, "the Cambodian section took on a life of its own." The result is ***For the Sake of All Living Things*** (Bantam), a novel that explores the tragedy of the Cambodian holocaust with greater clarity and emotional impact than anything written before.

Finally, for the families of the thousands of men who fought in Southeast Asia and who are still struggling to adjust comes ***Recovering from the War*** (Viking/Penguin), by Patience H. C. Mason. Written by the wife of a Vietnam vet, this is a knowledgeable and empathetic self-help guide for families of men disabled by post-traumatic-stress disorder and other afflictions of the war. Count among its merits the best explanation I have read of why the effects on soldiers of this war were so different from those of other wars.

BOOK BAG

The Book of Waves (Arpel), with text by Drew Kampion, subtitled "Form and Beauty on the Ocean": This is a surfer's wet dream. The most gorgeous and dramatic photographs of water in motion ever taken, all in one book.

Music Man (Norton), by Justine Picardie and Dorothy Wade: The life and times of Atlantic Records' founder and music-industry mogul Ahmet Ertegun is a rags-to-riches romp through the record business that reads like a Michener epic.

Give Those Nymphs Some Hooters! (Andrews and McMeel), by G. B. Trudeau: No one is safe from the barbed pen of Garry Trudeau. This collection of recent *Doonesbury* strips lampoons Donald Trump, the plight of AIDS victims and the tobacco industry, among others.

Southern Shores (Sentinel), by Roger Bansemer: A pleasant journey, in the author's sketches and text, around the coast lines of Florida and the Southeastern Seaboard. Nice for the coffee table.

The Paris Review Anthology (Norton), edited by George A. Plimpton: Since 1953, *The Paris Review* has been publishing at the edge of literature's envelope. Here are 178 entries—poems, essays, short stories—that could form an anthology of our post-modern age.

SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

I have some serious advice for the people in all those cities that are begging, clawing, weeping, panting and conniving to get an N.F.L. team or an N.B.A. team because they believe that a pro franchise will make them superior to all those cities that have only coffee shops and elk hunting. Don't get one. Be happy you never had one. Buy a gun and shoot a city father instead of an elk, if that will do it.

Why? Mainly because the sports section of your local newspaper will never be the same again.

It has been proved over and over that once a city gets a pro football or basketball team, the sports editor of the local newspaper becomes demented and hardly ever runs stories about anything else.

College football and college basketball are the sports that suffer the most when a city gets a pro team. Suddenly, these sports, which used to be the biggest things in town—and still are, if you ask any intelligent, educated, tasteful reader—will be demoted to page 12.

Meanwhile, the first 11 pages of the daily sports section will be given over to stories about agents, lawyers, salary disputes, substance abusers, medial collateral ligaments, trade rumors, the wit and wisdom of general managers and Brent Musburger.

As far as I can tell, there are three reasons why this has become so over the past 20 years.

1. The sports editor, who used to be from the old home town, now comes from another part of the country and wouldn't know news if it crawled inside his shirt.

2. The sports editor thinks the pro team must surely be the most important thing in town, because his managing editor, who also wouldn't know news if it crawled inside his shirt, has learned the name of a quarterback in the N.F.C. East.

3. The sports editor went to a college that never won a football or basketball game during his five years on campus.

You don't have to take my word for any of this. Pick up the sports section of any daily paper in any N.F.L. or N.B.A. city on any given day, and look at the banner headline, the top story.

Let's say it's a day when Alabama's Bear Bryant and Notre Dame's Four Horsemen have all risen from the dead.

The banner sports story in *The Dallas Morning News* will be:

"MOST COWBOYS SHOP IN SUBURBS."

The banner sports story in *The Denver Post* will be:

THE WOES WHEN PROS COME TO TOWN

"ELWAY TO CHANGE TAX ACCOUNTANTS."

The banner sports story in the *Houston Chronicle* will be:

"SURVEY SHOWS MORE OILERS THAN ROCKETS LEAVE GROCERY CARTS IN PARKING LOTS."

The banner sports story in the New York *Daily News* will be:

"KNICKS YEP, NETS NOPE."

Let's say it's a day when the University of Miami campus has been burned to the ground by crazed Catholics, Penn State's Joe Paterno has resigned to become head coach at Juilliard and Indiana's Bobby Knight has turned down an appointment to the U.S. Supreme Court.

The banner sports story in *The Washington Post* will be:

"REDSKINS LINEBACKER TRADES IN CHRYSLER LE BARON FOR TOYOTA CRESSIDA."

The banner sports story in *The Atlanta Journal* will be:

"FALCONS WIFE DEFENDS FROZEN WAFFLES."

The banner sports story in *The Boston Globe* will be:

"SIX CELTICS HAVE SAME ZIP CODE."

The banner sports story in the *Los Angeles Times* will be:

"LAKERS AGENT CONCERNED ABOUT THIRD-QUARTER EARNINGS."

Let's say it's the day Knute Rockne has been found alive and well and living in Argentina, Duke has replaced Northwestern as a member of the Big Ten and Barry Switzer has become executive director of the N.C.A.A.

The banner sports story in the *San Francisco Chronicle* will be:

"49ERS KICKING TEAM PREFERS WHITE WINE."

The banner sports story in the *Detroit Free Press* will be:

"PISTONS AGENT CONCERNED ABOUT THIRD-QUARTER EARNINGS."

The banner sports story in *The Philadelphia Inquirer* will be:

"76ERS HAVE NO SPECIAL PLANS FOR EASTER."

The banner sports story in the *Chicago Tribune* will be:

"DITKA TO CHEW MORE GUM IN PRE-SEASON."

Aside from ruining the sports sections of newspapers, there are a few other reasons a city should not want a pro football or pro basketball team within 200 miles of its borders.

1. All that business about how it will be good for the economy is a lie. It will be good for the economy of only one person—the owner.

2. The lovely old historic, ivy-covered stadium that holds the annual Mango Bowl will be torn down and replaced by a ghetto, while the new stadium the owner demands will be hideously ugly and located 40 miles north of the airport, which is already 40 miles north of the city.

3. The Omni Summit l'Atrium that will be built for basketball so Jack Nicholson will have a comfortable place to sit if he ever comes to town will not be a cure for the crime wars in the downtown area. But the Omni Summit l'Atrium will shine like a beacon among the riots, muggings and shootings.

4. Too many people around town will start to wear helmets with propellers on them.

5. Too many presumably grown-up individuals will begin to use "we" in reference to the teams.

6. More bumper stickers will say, I'D RATHER BE THE LID ON A BEIRUT GARBAGE CAN THAN A DALLAS COWBOY.

All cities without pro teams are to be envied. They are exotic and scenic. See your local travel agent about a vacation to one of them.

New: Sports scores by Playboy. *Dial* ***1-900-740-5500*** *for up-to-the-minute scores and information about man's second-favorite leisure activity; 75 cents per minute.*

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MEN

By ASA BABER

Met a woman at a cocktail party last night," Bart said, laughing. Bart is an attorney in Chicago and has been a good friend of mine for years. "When I heard she was a writer, I mentioned your name. Man, did she get angry! She's never met you, but she hates you, hates *Playboy*, hates the *Men* column. 'Asa Baber is a womanizer and a schmuck,' she said. I asked her how she could know that about you without knowing you personally. She said she had it from an unimpeachable source."

"Did you ask her if she was a manizer and a schmuckette?" I said, laughing.

"Those aren't words, are they?" Bart asked. "I wish we had the right words to talk to women like her."

"We just started," I said.

"Manizer and schmuckette?"

"Don't knock them," I said. "We need them."

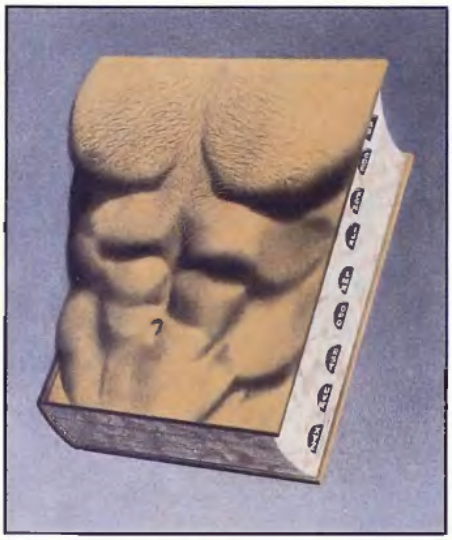
"Be my guest, Ace," Bart said, chuckling. "But watch your ass at cocktail parties. And if you see that lady, better duck."

"I keep my back to the wall at all times," I said. And as I put down the phone, I began making notes for this column.

"But I've gotta use words when I talk to you," says a character named Sweeney in one of T. S. Eliot's poems. Sweeney is right. Without words, we have no communication and no self-defense. But as men at the end of the 20th Century, we find ourselves and our language impoverished. What can we say when we are criticized and attacked just for being male? How can we handle the prejudice we encounter? The fact is that we are often speechless. Part of the reason for that lies in our paltry vocabulary. Women have a lot of words in their critical quiver. We have few.

So the time has come: We need to create words, to change words, even to banish some if we are going to survive the current sexual debate. Being at a loss for words is a particularly male condition, and the fury that we feel when we are stymied is often enormous.

That is not healthy for any of us. So here goes, Battling Baber's first efforts at *The Real Man's Dictionary*. I know, I know, it's not alphabetical. Hey, us guys are never that neat anyway.



THE REAL MAN'S DICTIONARY

THE REAL MAN'S DICTIONARY

manizer: a promiscuous woman; any woman who prefers the constant company of men and is uncomfortable with members of her own sex; a nymphomaniac; a prick tease; a constant flirt.

schmuckette: a really gross broad who bashes men a lot and then claims she's for equal rights (Roseanne Barr's picture is next to this one); the female counterpart to the schmuck, with all the attributes of one.

femfascist: a woman (or a man) who glories in the excesses of feminism and likes trashing men; those feminists who are doctrinaire, severe and man-hating.

femsymp: any male who takes up the feminist struggle exclusively and ignores the problems of his fellow men (often found in academic and literary circles, as well as on TV morning talk shows); the teacher's pet run rampant.

femstats: feminist statistics, often gathered in a strange and cavalier fashion and quoted liberally; statistics that are used to supposedly prove the unequal status of women and the triumph of men in this culture.

femrhet: feminist rhetoric; the old arguments that we have heard for 25 years that are clichés by now, even though they are untrue ("Women are more sensitive than men"; "Men start war"; "Women are nurturing, men are brutal"; etc.).

perverse discrimination: a term to describe the practice of those feminists who worship the idea of reverse discrimination and who explain that as men, we do not deserve employment until they think the time and the numbers are right (see Baber's Second Law of Econometrics, which argues that any feminist who tells you you are economically privileged and should give up your job for her sake has a minimum of twice your net worth and makes three times your salary annually).

Unselective Service: Battling Baber's proposed universal-draft law that requires young women as well as young men to register for a possible military draft, thus eliminating one of the most sexist pieces of legislation in existence.

masculinist: any person who is interested in the establishment and protection of men's rights in this culture; a man who is not ashamed of his masculinity; a woman who appreciates masculinity and enjoys the differences between the sexes.

visitation: an obsolete term that should be stricken from the language. It used to refer to the permission given by a divorce court for a parent—usually the father—to "visit" his children after the loss of child custody; but to call a father a visitor is an insult to him and to his kids, and as men, we reject the term. Those of us who are fathers are fathers of our children forever, and no court can negate that status, try as it may.

Steinemize: for a woman, especially a feminist, to engage in extremely hypocritical behavior (for example, for a feminist spokeswoman to have an affair with former pro football player Jim Brown [as he reports in his recently published autobiography], while she argues publicly that women do not need men, especially vigorous and masculine men). Example: "She really Steinemized during that meeting, didn't she?" or "I want to believe her, but I think she's Steinemizing."

contested abortion: should become a legitimate legal term; applied by a would-be father to the action that occurs when the woman he has impregnated refuses to consult with him after he has asked her to bear their child; the opposite of *uncontested abortion* (the decision to abort arrived at by mutual consent between the mother and the father).

As I read what I have just written, I recognize how primitive and crude this list is. But for me, anyway, it is an exciting beginning. To be able to invent our own language and then use it in our own defense? Sweeney would be proud of us.

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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

Pity the poor infant. Born perfect into the world from imperfect parents. At the height of his intelligence, he is completely ignorant, helpless, dependent on whatever maniac has charge of him at any given moment. And each of these moments is crucial, each shapes the interior landscape of the pitiful infant's psyche. He doesn't even know that he is not the entire universe. He doesn't even know he is a separate human being. He thinks his parents are simply extensions of himself. Luckily, he is resilient, and learns.

You were an infant once. Your parents, being human, probably made several million mistakes with you. But you managed to pull through, to acquire language and defenses and the ability to cope with all sorts of weirdness.

Now you're probably a dad. Judging by the commercials I see on TV these days, everyone is this wonderful, warm, soft-focus dad, brimming with love and wisdom. Do you feel like that?

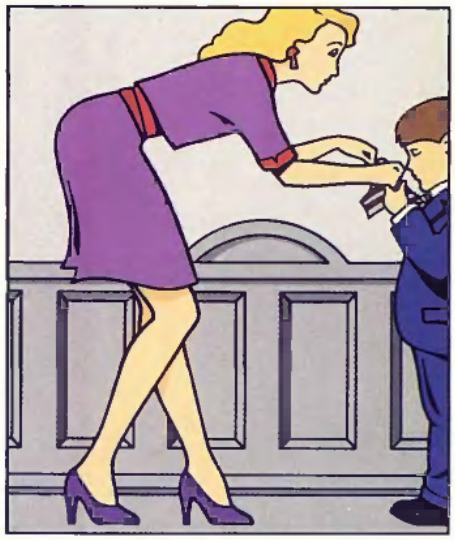
No, I didn't, either. I had a colicky baby, a baby who cried all the time, a baby who made me feel helpless and scared and frustrated and resentful and, OK, occasionally frighteningly angry.

But now he is a young almost-adult and people cluster around, asking me how I did it. They look at me and see a mass of neuroses and miseries. Then they look at him and see a healthy, well-adjusted, strong, kind and compassionate kid who has already managed to have a healthier relationship in the past two years than I have had in my entire life. And they shake their heads in wonderment and say, "How did you do it? What are your secrets?"

Listen, they're not secrets, I'm proud to tell. Some of my methods happened by blind luck that turned out right. But the most important thing I've had is self-knowledge. I knew I'd had royally fucked-up parents, parents who could have written a best-selling textbook called *How to Raise a Child So That She Has No Self-Esteem at All*, "The Parents' Guide to Twisting Your Kid's Psyche." But they never acknowledged that they were screwed up.

If you know you're crazy, or incompetent, or merely somewhat odd, it is very important to inform your kids of that fact.

As I've said, a kid thinks he's the center of the universe. He thinks that everything that happens is *about him*. This does not make him feel like a miniature Idi Amin; it makes him feel that everything is his fault.



CHILDHOOD IS POWERFUL

You, his parent, are the most important thing in the world to him. You are his entire emotional security. If you've had a lousy day at work and are in a bad mood, he thinks that he has done something terrible and that you may leave him. If you've had such a lousy day that you bite off his head for spilling his milk on the floor, he is consumed with guilt and feels like the most wretched, evil creature who ever lived.

And if, heaven forbid, one of his parents leaves, he is convinced that it is simply because he is a monster.

Therefore, it is essential that you undermine your own authority and tell him the truth. "Listen, kid, I know I'm being a ratbag, but I'm a fucked-up person and I've had a pisser of a day. I'm sorry" is music to a child's ears. You've let him off that scary hook.

And if a parent leaves, the child *must* be informed, in so many words, that it has nothing to do with him. "Mommy still loves you; it's just that she can't stand the sight of me anymore" is infinitely more reassuring than "Oh, Mommy will be back sometime soon."

By undermining your own authority, I don't mean abdicating it. A kid must have discipline; he has to know there are limits. Nothing is more repulsive than an out-of-control toddler upturning all the bowls of potato chips at a cocktail party while his parents sit smiling serenely, saying, "Oh, Malcolm is *so* lively today."

But limits should be logical and carefully thought out. It is sadistic to impose discipline just to show that you're the boss. You're the boss, don't worry about that; your child's welfare must be your only criterion.

And be consistent about that or your child will be a wreck. If you only occasionally punish him for crossing the street, he'll not know what to do; he'll end up being scared of you. He wants desperately to know what to expect.

Whenever possible, leave your kid alone. No, not physically alone, just let him have his way. I came upon this realization by chance, since I was a distracted, overworked single parent with very little time or inclination for policing. I never made him do his homework. I never imposed a dress code. I told him he couldn't swear in front of his grandparents and left it at that. Now he is a self-motivated paragon. He does his homework, he is incessantly groomed, he is polite. And he doesn't take drugs. He doesn't approve of them. If you're not standing over him with a whip, he won't have to rebel.

Speaking of which, let him. When I was eight and I told my mother that when she ordered me to do the dishes, I felt rebellious, she beat the shit out of me. "I'll rebellious *you*!" she screamed, smashing her fist so hard on our glass table that it broke.

I think she should have made me do those fucking dishes, but I also think she should have let me hate her for it.

A kid has very strong feelings. He can feel murderous at the slamming of a door. He can become elated by the brightness of the day. Give him the dignity he deserves and acknowledge his absolute right to have feelings.

If you don't, he'll hate you. But the hatred of parents is unacceptable to a small child's psyche, so he'll take the anger and turn it against himself. Hell, I'm your child, and I'm a maniac. Let him stamp his little feet and turn blue, then make him do what you told him to.

If you have a daughter, tell her when she's about eight or nine that you're not going to marry her when she grows up. I'm serious; she'll be heartbroken but enormously relieved. Be nice about it.

Whenever possible, put yourself in your kid's place. Try to feel what he feels. Along with love, empathy cures all evil.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I have a difficult problem. I love the Old World style of romance, with midnight cruises, candlelit dinners and dancing until dawn. Unfortunately, I am trying to sail my significant other around the moonlit bay on a college student's income. While I can think of a great many romantic surprises, very few of them come easily from a pauper's wallet, and there are only so many times one can go to the zoo or take a merry-go-round ride. Does the *Advisor* have any thoughts on how one of limited resources can offer a hopelessly romantic rendezvous to his love without having to increase his debt? While you're on the topic, any ideas for romantic actions (such as sending flowers or leaving notes) would also be helpful. Sometimes I wonder if I should scrap my chivalrous and gentlemanly ideals and just go out for pizza like everyone else.—J. I., Richmond, Virginia.

So how did you learn about midnight cruises—on a high school student's income? Our first word of advice: Never let a grand gesture substitute for a small one. Does the good feeling of a romantic evening come from the setting or from your partner? Learn to show your feelings in ways that don't require crowds or cover charges. If you want to dance all night, find an empty field, a full moon and a boom box. We recently read "ISD: Inhibited Sexual Desire," a book on sex therapy that suggests a series of small, specific steps toward increasing the pleasure of intimate exchanges. One of the suggestions was to make a list of 12 acts that show you care for your partner. Or, better yet, ask her to come up with a list of things that delight her. Some of the examples: "Ask about my day; give me a hug when you get home from work; call during the day; bring me flowers or a little gift; send me a card or leave me a little note saying something positive; fold the laundry; rub my neck; make a dinner or a dessert I really like; ask me what restaurant or movie I want to go to; bring me a cup of coffee to drink while I get ready for work; play with the kids when I get a phone call or when one of my friends drops by; tell me I look pretty or attractive." This was a list for couples suffering inhibited desire; it's what you have to look forward to after college. You can come up with a list for your needs. Can't afford a restaurant? Meet her for lunch with a huge loaf of French bread, some cheese and salami, maybe some grapes. Read her poetry by candlelight (and we do not suggest "Paul Revere's Ride"). Find a book you like at the library and ask her to read it. If she has a test, and you don't, ask what you can do to help (neck rubs—it's never too early to learn good habits). Take a pizza to her or to some isolated spot on campus. The sex therapists suggest doing four items from your partner's list every day, whether or not your partner does similar gestures in return. Special is not synonymous with expensive. If you can't afford a moonlight cruise, rent the movie. Got it?

Please help a guy who has an awful time keeping his ties clean. By the end of the day, I always manage to have a spot—usually right in the center of my tie. I try to rub out the stain with soap and water, but that only makes matters worse. So many good ties have gone right into the garbage. Any tips?—K. M., Orlando, Florida.

Try gently blotting a stain instead of rubbing it. Rubbing will cause the breaking of surface threads, often resulting in a white spot that may look worse than the original stain. Take your soiled ties immediately to a dry cleaner, pointing out any stains to him. Letting ties sit for more than a week may cause the stains to become more deeply set, making them more difficult or even impossible to remove. For preventive maintenance, try one of the protective sprays (Tie Guard or Scotchguard). Take a little care and there should be no reason to throw out another good silk tie.

Would you approve of the following method of oral sex? To go down safely and comfortably with none of the usual inhibitions, tear off a square sheet of plastic food wrap and lay it on the pubic mound. Proceed as usual. Enjoy all the buzzing, suction and tongue probing without objectionable tastes, odors or risk of AIDS, while making it so safe she will love and trust you forever. (I assume that viruses do not permeate plastic film.) Do you go for it?—D. G., Costa Mesa, California.

Not really. You might as well wear a plastic garbage bag over your head.

Your article *¡Arriba España!* (*Playboy*, December) has inspired me and my lover to schedule a trip to Spain. Since we are enthusiastic but amateur wine buffs, can you suggest some *vinos* in various price ranges that we might enjoy?—A. H., Oak Park, Illinois.

Por cierto. *You can even sample some of them before you go. The moderately priced wines of Miguel Torres, who has introduced many modern techniques to the Penedés region near Barcelona, represent excellent value and are the most widely available in the U.S. At the high end of the scale are the vintages of Bodegas Vega Sicilia, arguably Spain's most costly and prestigious, from the Ribera del Duero region. Best known in the midrange are the wines from the Rioja district. We recently attended a tasting of Rioja* reserva *and* gran reserva *reds, with vintages ranging from 1973 to 1985. We particularly enjoyed the Beronia Reserva 1982, which retails for about ten dollars in the U.S., the 1981 Reserva Marqués del Puerto ($10.50), Bodegas Montecillo's Viña Monty 1981 Gran Reserva ($11) and the Conde de Valdemar Gran Reserva 1975 ($14).*

You're probably familiar with Spanish cava *(sparkling wines) such as Freixenet or Codorniu. When sampling* tapas, *be sure to order a well-chilled* fino *sherry (Tio Pepe and La Ina are popular brands), and after dinner, a glass of brandy won't be amiss. We like Domecq's supersmooth Carlos I (ask for Carlos Primero) from Jerez or the cognac-style Miguel Torres from Catalonia.* ¡Buen viaje!

Recently, I found a copy of *The Tao of Sex*. The ancient Taoists, who were sticklers for health and longevity, thought that beneficial sexual intercourse depended on the proper temperature of the vagina. They believed that a hot vagina promoted a man's health and rejuvenation. And they were adamant that a cold vagina spelled trouble for a man. My question: Is there any possible medical basis for this quaint notion? Are women with cold vaginas hazardous to my health? If so, pray tell, how might I find this out beforehand?—M. W., Tucson, Arizona.

Cold vaginas? Maybe Taoist women never moved during sex, and the only way to tell if they were alive was to check their temperature. However, outside the realm of sex with a cadaver, there is a simple explanation. The more time a man spends on foreplay and the arousal of his partner, the more likely it is that the blood supply to her vagina will increase (doctors call this vasocongestion). Hence the higher temperature. Friction doesn't hurt, either. The more aroused his partner, the more likely that the man will enjoy vigorous lovemaking. This adds up to health in any book.

Since I am an avid video-tape time shifter of daytime dramas (better known as soap operas—the most beautiful women on television grace *Loving*, *The Young and the Restless*, *Days of Our Lives*, *One Life to Live* and *Guiding Light*, so I make no excuses), I give my VCR a workout for at

least 20 hours each week by recording and playing back my favorite shows. I am concerned about wear and tear on my precious video-tape heads and wonder how often I should discard recycled tapes. Am I correct in assuming that I should change tapes each month (after at least 200 hours of recording), or should I use brand-new tapes after two weeks? Although I ditch a tape after seeing noticeable dropouts, I still entertain the thought that using a video tape beyond its usable limits may trash my VCR's life span.—O. J., Columbia, South Carolina.

A video tape that's used regularly should provide about 500 plays, so you may be chucking your tapes prematurely. When you do notice a snowy or grainy effect on some of them, it's time to have your unit cleaned by a professional.

I'd like to share a type of lovemaking I discovered while giving my girlfriend a back rub. She was lying on her stomach and I was kneeling astride her just behind her rear end. We were both nude. I soon found that by leaning forward, my growing penis would find a happy home nestled between her lovely ass cheeks, toward the top of her buttocks. I was massaging her using a skin cream for a lubricant. Without a moment's hesitation, I lubed my penis and my girlfriend's rear end as well. Thrusting between the top of her cheeks felt great on the underside of my penis, but it didn't seem like enough stimulation to bring me to orgasm. So with a little more lubrication, I simply placed my right hand on top of my penis, pressing it snugly against my lover. Now I was thrusting my penis from my wrist to my finger tips, while still massaging my girlfriend with my free hand. This soon brought me to a wonderful climax. She loved the whole experience. I have always had a stronger sex drive than my girlfriend. She also complains of soreness after intercourse. This method of lovemaking solves both problems. There is no penetration; hence, no chance of soreness. Also, if she's not in the mood for sex, chances are good that she will be in the mood for a back rub. Thought you'd be interested.—R. T., Boston, Massachusetts.

Take what you've learned from this and turn your girlfriend over. A front rub (i.e., tender loving attention), plus a little lubricant, may take care of the soreness. If you make the sex better for your partner, she may come to desire it.

Before I go car-care crazy, please tell me if the widely advertised polymer coatings and protectants for car seats, dashboard and tires are worth my time and investment. A friend who is a mechanic tells me that once they're applied, a surface actually becomes addicted to them and will require regular applications to avoid cracking. Is that true?—T. K., Aliquippa, Pennsylvania.

According to our friends in the polymer-protectant industry, water-based sealers don't cause surfaces to become addicted to the product, but monthly applications are recommended for continuous shine and protection. It's a funny thing about these protectants, though. They're rated safe for application to almost any material that would not be harmed by tap water. So if you're hesitant about spreading this stuff all over your car's insides and you're not looking for the glossy protective coating, you can get things pretty clean with plain water.

I am a 27-year-old man with a relatively sparse dating history. The past four or five girls with whom I had any sort of relationship all were on the rebound from other relationships or were fooling around on their boyfriends. Basically, they just used me as a sexual outlet to vent their frustrations. While I realize that there are worse things that could happen to me, I'm tired of being the backdoor man. I am in the market for a quality relationship that could possibly lead to marriage. Where do I go to meet quality girls? I have tried bars, health clubs, churches, parties and even a couple of blind dates, all to no avail. Any advice?—A. J., Newark, New Jersey.

Sure. If you are willing to wait, you could buy a baby girl, have her raised in a convent and delivered to you on her 21st birthday. Or you could decide to live in the 20th Century. Why describe the girls you meet, and not yourself, as on the rebound? Face it; everyone has sexual baggage. Most relationships are transitional. If you want to change the script so that dating leads to more serious things, you will probably have to change your behavior. Don't be afraid to advertise up front: It is perfectly acceptable for a guy to announce that he is looking only for a mate, not a date. She may be the next woman you go out with, or the tenth. Persevere.

What do the Roman numerals on tape cassettes stand for?—L. R., Portland, Oregon.

The Roman numerals are part of a standard code established by the International Electrotechnical Commission and welcomed by the audio industry, since numbers are sexier than clumsy words such as ferric oxide. The code gives you information about the tapes' magnetic formulation, recording bias and equalization. For example, a type I tape uses a ferric-oxide coating, a normal bias and a 120-microsecond equalization. Type II indicates a chromium-dioxide coating, a high bias and a 70-microsecond equalization. Type IV (there is no type III) uses a pure iron coating that requires the highest bias and a 70-microsecond equalization. As a rule, the higher the number, the better and more expensive the tape.

I recently was in my psychotherapist's office and had to go to the bathroom across the hall. As I opened the door, I could see through the mirror over the vanity that there was a woman occupying the desired space and she made her presence known to me. Being in the single world, I'm anxious to meet new women, under almost any circumstance. As I left the doctor's office, I saw her in the waiting room, and she was quite attractive. So here's my question: What do you say to a lady you meet under such circumstances? She obviously wasn't eager to have any dialog with me over the incident. I know this sounds bizarre, and maybe it's even a bit kinky, but I was very attracted to her with just that brief glimpse of her face. Any suggestions for an opening line? Something that won't dampen my chances of meeting the mother of my future children?—G. R., Aspen, Colorado.

Just remember the old advice: Never eat at a place called Doc's; never play cards with your mom; and don't date anyone who has the same shrink you do. Did we get that right?

A few weeks ago, I bought a 100-percent-silk shirt. The label reads WASHABLE SILK. I always thought silk had to be dry-cleaned. Does this mean that I can throw my shirt into the washing machine?—E. G., Oneonta, New York.

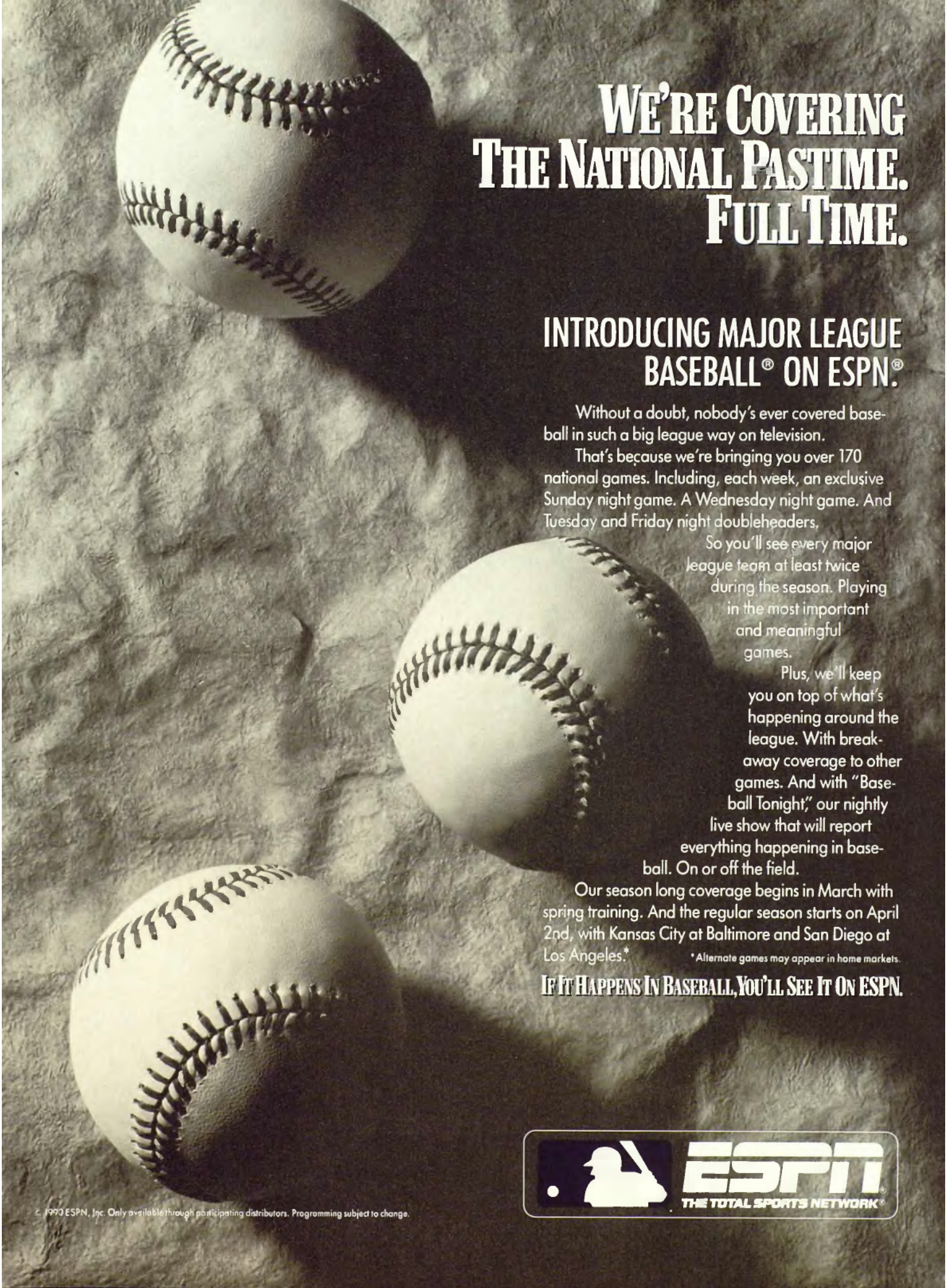
Throw it in! Washable-silk garments have become very popular over the past few seasons. You're right; traditionally, silk had to be dry-cleaned. However, manufacturers have now developed a finishing procedure that makes silk washable. In fact, if you take your shirt to a dry cleaner, it should be wet-cleaned, since dry-cleaning can cause excessive bleeding. To clean your shirt at home, wash it in cool water with like-colored fabrics on the shortest wash cycle—one to two minutes—to prevent bleeding. Machine dry on a delicate cycle or hang dry. Remember, only silks labeled WASHABLE *can be wet-cleaned. Do not attempt to wash silk garments that specify* DRY-CLEAN ONLY, *or you may weaken the fibers and the dye may bleed.*

Do uncircumcised men have trouble wearing condoms? Mine tend to break a lot. Are there any special instructions I should follow?—D. L., Detroit, Michigan.

According to an article in Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality, *uncircumcised men should retract their foreskin while putting on a condom. The condom will fit better and is less likely to come off during intercourse. Another word of advice: To prevent breakage, squeeze the air from the tip of the condom as you put it on.*

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

Dial The Playboy Advisor on the Air and hear Playmates answer questions. Or record your own question! Call ***1-900-740-3311;*** *two dollars per minute.*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NARC, NARC

By John Dentinger

On September 9, 1989, *The Washington Post* reported that an ABC/*Washington Post* poll had found that 62 percent of Americans would be willing to give up "a few of the freedoms we have in this country if it meant we could greatly reduce the amount of illegal drug use." And 52 percent of Americans were frightened enough of drugs to be willing to "allow police to search without a court order the houses of people suspected of selling drugs, even if the houses of people like you are sometimes searched by mistake."

The following accounts should cause those Americans to reconsider.

When Jeffrey Miles, 24, had a caller on March 26, 1987, it wasn't the Avon lady. It was Jeffersontown, Kentucky, police officer John Rucker, who was looking for a suspected drug dealer. Rucker shot and killed Miles; later, he found out that he had been sent to the wrong house—Miles had not been wanted by the police.

On the night of March 12, 1988, Tommie C. Dubose, 56, was shot and killed by San Diego police who had burst into his living room looking for drugs. The police had obtained a search warrant based on a tip that drugs were sold at the house. People who had known Dubose, a civilian instructor at a nearby naval station, said that he had been strongly opposed to drugs. No drugs were found.

In a joint DEA/local-police drug raid in Lubbock, Texas, officers broke into an apartment looking for a drug dealer. When they awakened an elderly woman, they realized they were at the wrong address. They then went to a neighboring apartment and kicked in the door, waking a sleeping family with two small children. The police handcuffed the parents in front of the children before they realized that once again, they were at the wrong place.

In San Diego, too, the drug man always knocks twice. On March 8, 1987, at two A.M., George Taylor, 44, was sleeping on a living-room couch when police smashed a window and "lowered their guns on me, threw me to the floor and stepped on my neck," said Taylor, who had undergone spinal surgery a year earlier. It was the second week in a row that the police had broken into Taylor's home by mistake.

According to a $2,500,000 lawsuit by John Rickman of Winchester, Virginia, in May 1988, police mistakenly invaded a house where he was doing construction work. Rickman says that the police did not identify themselves, that they struck him, kicked him, pressed a gun barrel to his neck and threatened to shoot him.

When Alicia Jones went to her door one summer evening in 1988, she suddenly found herself on the floor with a gun pointed at her head. A Los Angeles County sheriff's deputy held her down while officers searched her Compton-area apartment, apparently for cocaine. They eventually realized that they were searching the wrong apartment, but "I didn't even get an apology," Jones said.

In Dallas, six officers and a supervisor made a nighttime drug raid on the house of Vickie Marie Johnson. They broke the door down and handcuffed Johnson, who said they were in the house for an hour before they asked her for identification and discovered that they were in the wrong house. Then one of the officers, evidently loath to waste a trip, arrested her for an outstanding traffic ticket—one that she had taken care of days earlier. When Johnson returned home five hours later, she found that burglars had gone through the smashed front door and

stolen most of her clothes and jewelry.

On May 10, 1988, police from a three-city strike force in the San Francisco area raided the wrong apartment and, according to Bok Hwan Kim's lawyer, "struck, tackled, handcuffed and arrested" Kim, then "proceeded to search and ransack" his apartment and "terrorize" his wife, mother-in-law and three daughters.

In June 1988, in Plaquemines Parish, Louisiana, sheriff's deputies went to the home of Glen Williamson at two A.M., handcuffed him and searched the house for drugs. When Williamson pointed out that the warrant was for a Glen Williams, a deputy simply added "on" to the name on the warrant and arrested Williamson. Before charges were dropped, Williamson spent a night in jail and had to post a $25,000 bond for his release.

Robert H. O'Neill of Dorchester, Massachusetts, filed a $25,200,000 suit against Boston and several police officers alleging that police dragged him naked from his bed and forced him, at gunpoint, to lie face down on his bedroom floor while they searched for drugs. They were in the wrong apartment.

Following a yearlong investigation that included surveillance and wire taps, state police drove over a fence onto the property of Francisco Gonzalez and officers swarmed into the home with guns drawn. The correct suspect lived in a house behind the raided property. According to a Federal judge, "While the court recognizes that mistakes occur in any context, there exists a factual question whether there was gross negligence in this case in failing to notice that the Gonzalez home had been misidentified."

In July 1988, police raided the North Miami home of Baptist pastor Carlton Preston, taking his three young children from the house and handcuffing him in his yard in front of news cameras. No drugs were found. Police said that a confidential informant had tipped them off and they insisted they had the correct house.

Roger Guydon, 57, of South Los Angeles, says that police vandalized his home and terrorized him and his girlfriend for half an hour. They entered the house, pointed guns at Guydon's head and screamed, "Flatten out, goddamn it! Get down now!" When he was lying with his nose in the carpet, one of the officers screamed an obscenity at him and kicked him—hard—in the ribs. According to Guydon, "The more they searched, the more frustrated they got and the more destructive they became." No drugs were found. One officer told reporters that he still believed drugs were sold there and that "the home didn't look that much worse when we came out than when we arrived."

Eight narcotics officers in Bossier City, Louisiana, used a battering-ram to break into the house of Charles Willis. He, his wife and five-year-old son were kept in the living room during a futile four-hour search for the drug ecstasy. Mrs. Willis and her son underwent treatment for recurring nightmares after the incident. The police admitted that they had searched the wrong house. Five narcotics agents were reassigned as a result of the botched raid.

About midnight, April 17, 1987, Federal drug agents and Scottsdale, Arizona, police kicked down the door to the apartment of Stephanie Swengel. "The wood stripping from around the door flew across the room and the lock was torn out of the wall," said Swengel. "They didn't show us a search warrant or anything." She and her roommate were held at gunpoint for about ten minutes before one of the agents asked the number of the apartment and found that they were in the wrong place.

"Two police officers, who had the wrong address, smashed in her door and held her at gunpoint."

On August 18, 1986, Reba Canada, a licensed practical nurse, was home sick from work and talking on the phone with her husband, Mike. Two Knoxville, Tennessee, police officers, who had the wrong address, smashed in her door and held her at gunpoint. Mike Canada said that when he tried to call his wife back, a narcotics agent answered. "He told me to calm my wife down," Canada said. "Can you imagine, they kick in my door, point a gun in her face and they want me to calm her down?"

At five A.M. on February 22, 1986, about 12 percent of the police force of the entire Washington, D.C., area was executing drug-related search warrants for Jamaican drug dealers. The operation was not quite the surprise police had hoped; at one house, officers were greeted by a resident who asked, "Oh, is this the Jamaican raid thing?" They did manage to surprise some households, however, by serving warrants at the wrong addresses. "It was like the Allied troops at Normandy," Ewan Brown, 45, an employee of *The Washington Post*, said of shotgun-carrying police, who had charged through the front door of his house. A cursory search led an officer to acknowledge that they were in the wrong house, but the search continued for two hours, leaving the house in shambles. Thomas Timberman was awakened by men with shotguns who told him to go to the door of his tenant, a senior officer of the State Department. The men had knocked the door off its frame and told Timberman to repair it. The warrant was for next door, but officers did not explain or apologize. By the time a retired police lieutenant, James Bigelow, 58, ran down the stairs to answer his door, plain-clothes officers had knocked it in with a sledge hammer. They held their guns on him and his wife and told them to freeze. Bigelow, the brother of a former deputy police chief and the father of a police officer, said the officers "ransacked" the upstairs before leaving empty-handed.

Based on a tip by a confidential informant, 13 officers from the DEA and the Cochise County, Arizona, Special Response Team, dressed in militarylike uniforms and wielding weapons, burst into the home of Richard Bergquist in search of marijuana plants. At the time of the raid, only Bergquist's two minor children were present. The agents destroyed photographic equipment and ceramic artworks and threatened to shoot the children's dogs. No marijuana was found and a U.S. district court judge ordered the county, its sheriff and 14 deputies to pay damages..

In two cases of Keystone karma, Terri Tillman-Brown of Sacramento, California, and Veronica Williams of Washington, D.C., called police to complain of drug dealers near their homes. They got results. Police raided the women's own homes and Williams' house was ransacked.

There are anecdotes aplenty, but statistics? For obvious reasons, no state or Federal agency keeps track of these errors.

Now would those 52 percent of Americans who don't object to warrantless searches like to reconsider?

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN TODDLERS

Turn your tyke into a battle-ready Christian crusader with his own Full Armour of God play set, listed by a religious mail-order firm as an "excellent

teaching tool based on 'Ephesians' 6:11–17." Each of the seven pieces of play-safe plastic armor comes printed with a scriptural verse. When fully outfitted with armor, helmet, sword and shield, Junior looks ready to convert the hell out of any neighborhood infidels. Retail, $29.95—reduced to $19.88.

ORAL ARGUMENT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Victims of heart attacks and other emergencies are being asked to do their own breathing under revised procedures for cardiopulmonary resuscitation. In response to AIDS fears, new guidelines from the American Heart Association recommend that laymen performing C.P.R. skip the mouth-to-mouth and concentrate on chest compression to keep the heart pumping. The A.H.A. notes that no case of AIDS transmission by mouth contact has ever been recorded but says there exists a "theoretical risk."*

ONE-SHOT SYRINGE

BALTIMORE—*Researchers at Johns Hopkins University have invented a disposable syringe that works for only one injection. Its barrel contains a disk made of a special plastic in which the flow hole swells closed shortly after it gets wet with the liquid being injected. The purpose is to prevent the spread of AIDS and hepatitis B through the sharing of needles.*

BUMPER CROPPER

From Reason *magazine comes word that the new sex-education text adopted by the Beaufort County, South Carolina, school board contains very little information about sex. Instead of discussing reproduction, sexual abuse and contraception, the manual has students making bumper stickers that read,* CONTROL YOUR URGIN; BE A VIRGIN *and* DON'T BE A LOUSE. WAIT FOR YOUR SPOUSE.

MINORS' OFFENSES

MESA, ARIZONA—*Thanks to a new state child-abuse law, Arizona's largest school district now feels obligated to give police the names of sexually active students. A sponsor of the legislation has complained that no such reporting requirement was intended, but a police spokesman in the Phoenix suburb of Mesa says, "Our interpretation of the law is that the school district must report all sexual activity among students, and then it is up to the police to determine if it is a situation in which there is reasonable grounds to believe a minor has been abused." That would include the case of a couple of 15-year-olds kissing and fondling each other under the bleachers, he says. The idea appalls local educators, who believe such a policy will scare students away from any school counseling that doesn't guarantee confidentiality.*

MERCURIAL HIGH

HILO, HAWAII—*Hawaiian pot may give users an unexpected kick. Researchers at the University of Hawaii are finding high mercury levels in the marijuana grown in Hawaii's fertile volcanic soil. Heavy dope smokers risk mercury intoxication, which causes tremors, irritability, anxiety, insomnia, forgetfulness and paranoia.*

COCAINE AND CORONARIES

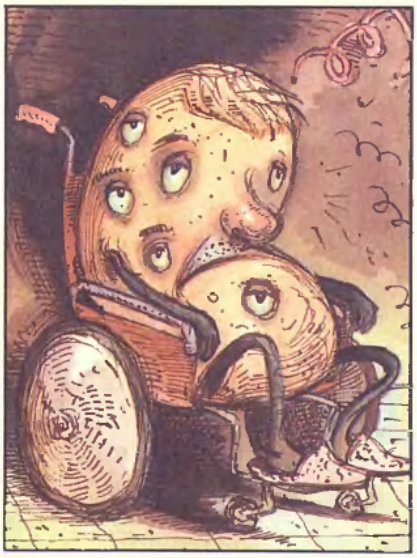
BOSTON—*Doctors who have studied the effect of using weak cocaine solutions for topical anesthesia conclude that ingesting even smaller amounts of coke can temporarily choke off the flow of blood to the heart. According to one doctor, although the medical use of cocaine as an anesthetic is safe, "in all probability, a much larger dose would in some people cause a very profound fall in blood flow," resulting in a heart attack.*

PERISH THE THOUGHT

Finally, an explanation for the fundamentalist mind-set. Researchers are finding evidence to support the theory that the more some people think about their death, the more moralistic judgmental people become. For example, in experiments in which subjects were asked to set bail for hypothetical prostitutes, high bails were set by those who were morally opposed to prostitution, but higher bails came from those who were morally opposed to prostitution and who had been primed to think about their death. Researchers believe that if a person violates another's moral standards, the validity of those standards are threatened; only by punishing transgressors are the standards defended.

SOCIAL COST OF COUCH POTATOES

LOS ANGELES—*A mathematician at The Rand Corporation recently issued some depressing news: Even people who are apparently doing nothing wrong are a drain*



on society—if they are apparently doing nothing. Couch potatoes work less and pay fewer taxes yet require more medical services, insurance benefits and disability payments. One couch potato can cost society $1900 more a year than one active person.

READER

ANIMAL RIGHTS

I am amazed at the arrogance of those who feel that increasing the human life span is worth any cost, even if it means the pain and suffering of other creatures (*The Playboy Forum*, December). I sympathize with those who feel that they or their loved ones might benefit from animal research—my family has certainly not been immune to disease and pain over the past few years. But there will always be disease and death in this world and I think it lessens all humanity when we treat other creatures with cruelty.

Chela Landau
Los Angeles, California

Thank you for being one of the few members of the press that respect our rights as *humans* to make our own decisions regarding what we wear and what we eat.

(Name and address withheld by request)

The Japanese do not conduct wide-scale animal experiments, but they do traditionally have much healthier diets than Americans—and they have the highest life expectancy in the world.

As a physician, I am frustrated by the continuing availability of funds for animal experiments, while funds for educating the public about preventing diseases before they strike are virtually nonexistent. Those who continue to eat high-fat foods should not comfort themselves with the myth that animal experiments are powerful enough to save them from heart disease or cancer. Lifestyle changes will.

Dr. Neal D. Barnard, President
Physicians Committee for Responsible Medicine
Washington, D.C.

The point of most animal-rights activity is to ensure humane treatment for all creatures—not to stop reasonable research.

Greenfaith is a nonsectarian group concerned about all rights and environmental issues that affect mankind and the animal kingdom. It is not necessary to choose one over the other; we are all part of the same creation, from a scientific or spiritual perspective.

Harrison F. Meeske, Director
Greenfaith
Great Neck, New York

FOR THE RECORD

MEMO TO: AMERICAN FAMILY ASSOCIATION

Columnist Gary Stein of the Fort Lauderdale *Sun-Sentinel*, on the exploits of the Florida A.F.A.:

I have trouble with people who give themselves a self-righteous name, and then try to decide what is proper for everybody else to watch and read.

And if the moral commandos find something that offends them—which includes just about everything, including a Freddy Krueger doll you wanted nuked—they want to make sure other people can't make up their own minds. . . .

I just thought I'd submit a list of the questions I have about all of this:

How do you decide what is offensive? I want all the criteria.

How many people do you have looking at potentially offensive things, and how can I get a job like that?

What makes you think your family values are better than anybody else's family values?

Have your people seen more dirty movies and read more skin magazines than I'll ever get around to in my life?

Is narrow-mindedness mandatory before someone can join your group?

Who asked for you people, anyway?

If one of your people finds something a little dirty or kinky, do you sit around in a group and look at it again, just so you can make sure? Just curious.

Thank God that *Playboy* has the wisdom to see the animal-rights movement clearly. Due to animal research, our daughter Charlotte, who suffers from a congenital heart-and-lung defect, has bought time. She is not cured, but her quality of life is better than it would have been had not the surgical technique performed on her been perfected on animals. While we wait and pray, the doctors learn more from having animals available for research.

Animal-rights activists are fighting for the rights of research animals of which more than 90 percent are rats and other rodents. It strikes me that those activists are pro-rat and anti-people. They should be ashamed of themselves and walk one day in the shoes of parents who are struggling desperately to hold on to their child. Their insensitivity is insulting and cruel.

I appreciate everything that research animals have contributed to science and medicine; I am comfortable with the regulations and laws in effect regarding their care and use.

Carrie Evert
Northern Illinois Chapter Chairperson
Incurably Ill for Animal Research
Great Lakes, Illinois

ABORTION

Missouri's "life begins at conception" law has already had unforeseen consequences. As you reported in "Habeas Fetus" ("Newsfront," *The Playboy Forum*, December), a lawsuit has been filed against Missouri's attorney general and others for imprisoning a pregnant woman. The charge: unlawful imprisonment of a fetus. But that's not the only legal complication. One attorney declared that if life begins at conception, everyone should have nine months added to his or her age—which has implications for voting, collecting Social Security, drinking, driver's licenses, mandatory retirement, welfare payments, etc. I think that the Missouri judges are going to have a mess on their hands.

R. Campbell
Houston, Texas

RESPONSE

Pro-lifers and pro-choicers are so busy fighting one another that they are losing sight of the real objective. Both sides should be doing everything they can for birth-control education, research and assistance programs for the people who need them the most. We must all help eliminate the cause of the conflict—unwanted pregnancy—instead of arguing over the result.

Richard J. Rothwell
Waterbury, Connecticut

DRUG WARS

Mike Royko seems to be one of the few columnists with the good sense and the guts to speak out against the tactics used in the war on drugs (*The Playboy Forum*, January). Recently, an eight-year-old boy reported his mother to the police because he saw her smoking marijuana. It's a kinder, gentler nation, all right—one that breeds little storm troopers to rat on their parents.

The U.S. has stubbornly clung to its ineffective drug-war tactics and there is little reason to believe that it will wise up. It is ironic that the murders of judges and politicians in Colombia could have been prevented if the U.S. had declared cocaine importation legal but taxable. We got Al Capone because he evaded taxes; we could get the Medellín leaders the same way.

This letter is anonymous. Twenty-five years of pot-smoking has had an effect on me—it has made me paranoid about my employer's conducting urine tests and the Government's arresting me. Crazy, huh?

(Name and address
withheld by request)

Drug smugglers and dealers are not the only ones making money from the sale of illegal drugs. Many of those fighting the war on drugs are making a living, too. What would happen if drugs were legalized? Could we end up with a faltering economy?

Chuck Lolko
Rockledge, Florida

Unfortunately, the United States' policy toward drug legalization is not going to change while public opinion is against it. How many politicians will run on a pro-legalization platform? Change enough minds in the voting public and William Bennett and President Bush will turn around fast enough.

M. J. Musial
Green Bay, Wisconsin

RELIGIOUS SANCTIMONY

As a Christian and a member of the Baptist Church for 40 years, I am deeply saddened and even appalled that the only reasonably accurate and unbiased account of the Reverends Donald Wildmon's, Pat Robertson's and Dr. James C. Dobson's activities is published in *Playboy* magazine. *Playboy* may be the only place a dissenting opinion can reach other Christians. *The Playboy Forum* has characterized the influence of those preachers as being akin to McCarthyism; I would characterize it as a resurgence of the Dark Ages, with its inquisitions, witch trials and crusades. If we do not expose these new knights of the cross for who and what they are, they will succeed.

I cherish the right to practice my religion in peace. But I will not support any person who would limit the personal freedoms granted all of us, Christian or not, by the First Amendment. Advocates of religious tyranny have hidden behind the Christian banner far too often.

D. K. Ferguson
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

I love what Donald Wildmon is doing ("Religious Sanctimony," *The Playboy Forum*, December). If he succeeds in his goal of blocking all the television programing that the people of America want, it just may force Americans into libraries and back to books. Can you imagine the intellectual revolution that that might cause?

Terence B. McCormick
Macomb, Illinois

There are many aspects of American society that I don't approve of; some I even believe are sinful. However, if I cannot induce change by my example, I will not try to *force* change.

Steven Foster
Lithonia, Georgia

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*Make your voice heard on issues of the day. Dial The Playboy Mailbox, **1-900-740-3311**, and leave your comments; two dollars per minute.*

SODOMY CIRCUS

LINCOLNTON, NORTH CAROLINA—How serious a crime is sodomy? In North Carolina, a judge sentenced William Fry to ten years in prison after Fry admitted on the stand that his girlfriend had performed fellatio on him. In contrast, on the same day, the same judge sentenced a murderer to a five-year sentence and an arsonist to an eight-year sentence. In North Carolina, you can kill 'em and burn 'em, but for God's sake, don't let your genitals touch the mouth of another person.

The 122-year-old state law calls oral sex a crime against nature with mankind. It originally called for as much as a 60-year sentence; the ten-year sentence Fry received is the maximum allowed. Fry has served 19 months in prison while his lawyers appealed—in October, the state supreme court refused to review the case.

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI—Last month, we reported on the case of William Henry Pittman, Jr., a man who was sent to jail for video-taping sexual acts with prostitutes. It looks as though he may have some company soon. Continuing the investigation of the kiss-and-tell escort service, a grand jury indicted 12 men on counts of unnatural intercourse—that "detestable and abominable crime against nature" in which one's penis touches the lips of a woman's mouth. The law carries a maximum ten-year sentence. Three of those indicted are lawyers. Wanna make a bet this one goes to the Supreme Court?

DOES THE FIRST AMENDMENT CAUSE TEEN SUICIDE?

and other curiosities from The First Amendment in Crisis, a colloquium presented by the Playboy Foundation

On November 1, 1989, the Playboy Foundation celebrated the tenth anniversary of the Hugh M. Hefner First Amendment Awards by assembling a distinguished panel to discuss the issues that threaten democratic freedom in America. Christie Hefner introduced the colloquium, which was moderated by former Senator Lowell P. Weicker, Jr. The following are excerpts from the panel.

HEFNER: What makes America remarkable is not its free economic market place but its market place of ideas. At a time when there is a world-wide movement for freedom, it is appropriate for us to think about the legacy of the Bill of Rights and to think about the First Amendment as the cornerstone of that legacy and as the cornerstone on which we build all of our evolutionary social and political change.

WEICKER: I can't think of anything more important to our nation than the First Amendment, and yet because we can't feel it, we can't eat it, we can't see it and we can't drive it, some people think that it can't be worth much. But to understand America is to understand the Constitution and its ten amendments and to understand the greatness that they impart to a nation that is strong not because of its numbers (there are nations greater in number than ours) and not because of its resources (there are nations greater in resources than ours) but a nation that is great by virtue of the ideals and the spirit embodied in the Constitution and the Bill of Rights.

THE RISING TIDE OF CENSORSHIP

KROPP: For seven years, People for the American Way has been monitoring censorship in the public schools. Every year, in every region of the country, there are more censorship attempts—and more censorship successes—not fewer. And the would-be censors aren't just the few right-wing leaders who grabbed the national pulpit before disappearing or losing their credibility. No, censorship continues because those preachers spread the seeds of discontent.

Although I think that Americans are basically a tolerant people, it seems that the only people who do want to get involved and who are making headway are the intolerant ones.

HOW MANY TREES DOES IT TAKE TO CENSOR A BOOK?

KRUG: I'm afraid that tolerance is declining in this country—at a substantial and frightening degree. Years ago, people would say, "Live and let live"; they're not willing to do that today. They want material that offends them—sometimes for the strangest reason—to be eliminated. For example, recently, some people in Laytonville, California, a logging community, demanded that *The Lorax*, a children's book by Dr. Seuss, be removed from the second-grade curriculum. Why? Because the Lorax tries to protect the foliage on the trees for the animals and birds to live in—and the slant was too pro-environment for the logging community. We had a major battle, but we won.

We've also had an incredible increase in the number of attacks on books dealing with witchcraft, Satanism, demons, the supernatural. I'm not talking about far-out material, I'm talking about E. L. Konigsburg's *Jennifer, Hecate, Macbeth, William McKinley and Me, Elizabeth*, a fourth-grade book; I'm talking about Shakespeare's *Macbeth*; I'm talking about anything Stephen King writes. I'm talking about the fact that dozens of school systems last October banned Halloween: Teachers were neither to mention it nor to display any artwork relating to it, because Halloween supposedly advocates Devil worship. A school superintendent in Florida commented, "If we cannot teach and promote religion in the public schools, then we cannot promote Devil worship. We have to be careful about the separation of church and state."

Judith Krug, director of the Office for Intellectual Freedom, American Library Association Executive director, Freedom to Read Foundation

THE GOOD OLD BOYS AND NETWORK TV

ROSENBLATT: The press is really inseparable from the First Amendment. And when crises arise, they are often subtle—but subtle crises can destroy the press just as sensationally as a demagog can. For example, successful libel suits can impose the beginning of prior restraint on publications. Also, there is a cozy relationship between the business and the editorial sides of too many publications. The various media conglomerates that represent so many aspects of the media force the print side to keep a corner of its eye on the other elements of the company and to worry, "Do we really want to criticize that movie; do we really want to take such a strong pro-environment stance?" And, finally, journalists, largely due to television, are now just as famous as the Senator or the President on whom they're supposed to be keeping an alert and critical watch. They, therefore, have a collegial feeling about those who are running the show. Why, then, would they want to blow the whistle or seem impolite?

ABORTION AND TOLERANCE

HALPERIN: I think what we are finding through the abortion debate is that people want to decide the issue for themselves. They're saying, "Even if I believe that you should not have an abortion, I don't want the Government to make the choice." They are *not* saying, "Let's have the rules enacted that I believe in."

My hope is that that belief will carry over to what books we read, what movies we see and how we express ourselves.

DOES THE FIRST AMENDMENT CAUSE TEEN SUICIDE?

KROPP: The religious right went from paranoia to power. How? Because they played on fear. The world is changing and many people feel that the problems are spinning out of control. What Ronald Reagan and the religious right did was to seem to provide easy answers—through censorship, through challenges to sex education. Parents are scared to death that their child is going to get AIDS or be a victim of teenage pregnancy, so when Phyllis Schlafly or someone like her says that sex education doesn't discourage sex but rather *encourages* sex, then people say maybe if we just get rid of sex ed, kids won't know about sex and we won't have a problem. Donald Wildmon sees television as the bad guy. He thinks it's so bad that we can link all the country's problems to it.

There was an incident in New York in which some people charted when *Death of a Salesman* was introduced into the high school curriculum along with the incidence of teenage suicide and said, "See, since *Death of a Salesman* was put in the curriculum, teenage suicide has increased." For some people, this kind of thinking has an appeal. And the right

Arthur Kropp, national president, People for the American Way

wing has been able to do so well because it has taken the fears that people have and framed them in a way that makes them bearable. We need to grab the microphone and stop letting the right frame the debate. We need to pose the issues to the American people in concrete ways, so that we're actually debating the *issues*—not the extraneous smoke screens that are so attractive to people because they are easy to understand.

ROSENBLATT: I always wondered why *King Lear* was on the list of censors. I suppose there must have been a terrifically steep increase in teenage ingratitude.

SHOULD THE STATE ISSUE FOOD STAMPS FOR THE SOUL?

HALPERIN: We currently face a very serious crisis on the issue of separation of church and state. One of the things that we've learned about the constitutional amendments is that everyone is for them—until they get in the way of an

Morton H. Halperin, director, American Civil Liberties Union, Washington, D.C. Director, Center for National Security Studies

issue they think is important. Then it's, "We can't let this constitutional stuff stand in the way of what we think is a most important issue." And here's a classic example: The Senate of the United States, by an overwhelming vote, with no dissent, passed a Child Care Bill that provides vouchers for people to use for a religious education for their children. If that bill is upheld, it will revolutionize our view of the separation of church and state. Most of the liberal community took the position that if that's the price of child care, let's do it and let the Supreme Court decide whether or not it is constitutional. I tremble that Congress believes that it should punt that issue to the Supreme Court. One change in the Justices or a slight change in Sandra Day O'Connor's view and we will essentially put an end to the notion that the Government cannot support religion.

THE TRUTH IN PRINT

KRUG: People are not only concerned and fearful and feeling helpless but, in the school setting, they truly believe that anything that comes out of an authority figure's mouth goes directly into the child's head and remains there unmodified forevermore. There are also people who believe that anything that is in print is the truth. I get telephone calls and letters more times than I want to even think about from people who demand that the American Library Association remove whatever it is because it *is not the truth*.

TO TELL THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE, BLOODY CONFUSING TRUTH

ROSENBLATT: The idea that truth would ever come from a single source is anathema to Americans. Just look at the construction of the Constitution, which went from being a perfectly nice stable building to being a very unattractive building; it became a sloppy piece of architecture when amendments were added to it. It always struck me as absolutely the essential idea of what truth is to Americans; that is, something sloppy and confused, something that needs continuous rehearsal, and airing, and accommodates a variety of opinion. One of the fascinating things about the abortion issue is how it was misrepresented when it first became a problem as being purely a political issue and not a collision of almost all value systems. It's an intellectual issue, as well as a biological, philosophical and legal one. But Americans thrive on confusion. We always have. We've been designed to welcome confusion. There is a confusion of realms. There is a confusion of peoples. There is a confusion of language. And a confusion of religions.

Roger Rosenblatt, editor at large, *Life* magazine

'CAUSE THE BIBLE TELLS ME SO

HALPERIN: A growing portion of the population of this country rejects the very notion that pluralism and pluralistic debate is the path to the truth. A growing number of Americans are willing to believe that there is one truth that is written down in a particular book and that to expose their children to something else violates their fundamental values. When we say to people that it's OK for your child to be open to doubt and to look at things from a variety of ways, their response is that that is all wrong, that that is the path to damnation and that salvation comes from recognizing that there is one truth written in a particular place and that children should not be exposed to the opposite.

BEWARE THE PUPPETMASTER

KRUG: The issue is definitely being posed as, Who is going to control the children? Are we going to teach them *what* to think or *how* to think? I picked up a publication from Focus on the Family, Dr. James Dobson's organization, which asked, "Who is going to control the children? How are we going to institute that control?" If we raise a generation of individuals who can't think, who have to be told what to think, it's the death sentence for our constitutional republic.

FORUM

EMPLOYER, YOU'RE NO JAMES BOND

By Karen Nussbaum

There's a new kind of spying going on these days: high-tech spying a.k.a. monitoring. And it's not being used on foreign enemies in trench coats—it's being used on private employees.

PC Week magazine recently published an ad for Norton-Lambert's networking software that boasts, "Close-Up/LAN brings you a level of control never before possible. It connects PCs on your network, giving you the versatility to instantly share screens and keyboards. You monitor her for a while without interfering with her work. In fact, Sue won't even know you are there! . . . All from the comfort of your chair."

Management, understandably, has concerns about the quality and quantity of their employees' work, and under some circumstances, monitoring might be a useful tool. But too many bosses are going too far. Surveillance has taken the place of supervision.

The most celebrated case of high-tech spying is that of an airlines reservation clerk who received a phone call from an obnoxious customer. After handling the call courteously, the employee complained about the caller to a co-worker. Management, unbeknown to the woman or her co-worker, was monitoring the conversation and reprimanded the clerk for her remarks—then sent her to the company psychiatrist when she complained. Ultimately, she was fired.

In that case, monitoring was an excuse to check not the work—which was exemplary—but the worker.

And that case is not unique. Elsewhere, companies monitor how often their employees visit the bathroom and how long they're there, their work speed and productivity (even going so far as to post daily or hourly checks for all employees to see). Nurses are monitored by means of a box on their belt that tracks the amount of time used for each procedure with a patient. Truck drivers are monitored by means of a computer tape on their truck's engine that tells how many stops the driver made and where. Hotel maids punch a code into the phone when they enter a room to clean and punch another code when they leave, thus providing a detailed log of their speed and a record of their movements for the entire day.

The computer screen of a data processor in New York periodically flashes, "You're not working as fast as the person next to you."

A journalist reports that as she was writing a story on her computer, her screen flashed, "I don't like the lead," a supervisor butting in on a first draft.

Meanwhile, a senior vice president of BankAmerica boasts, "I measure everything that moves."

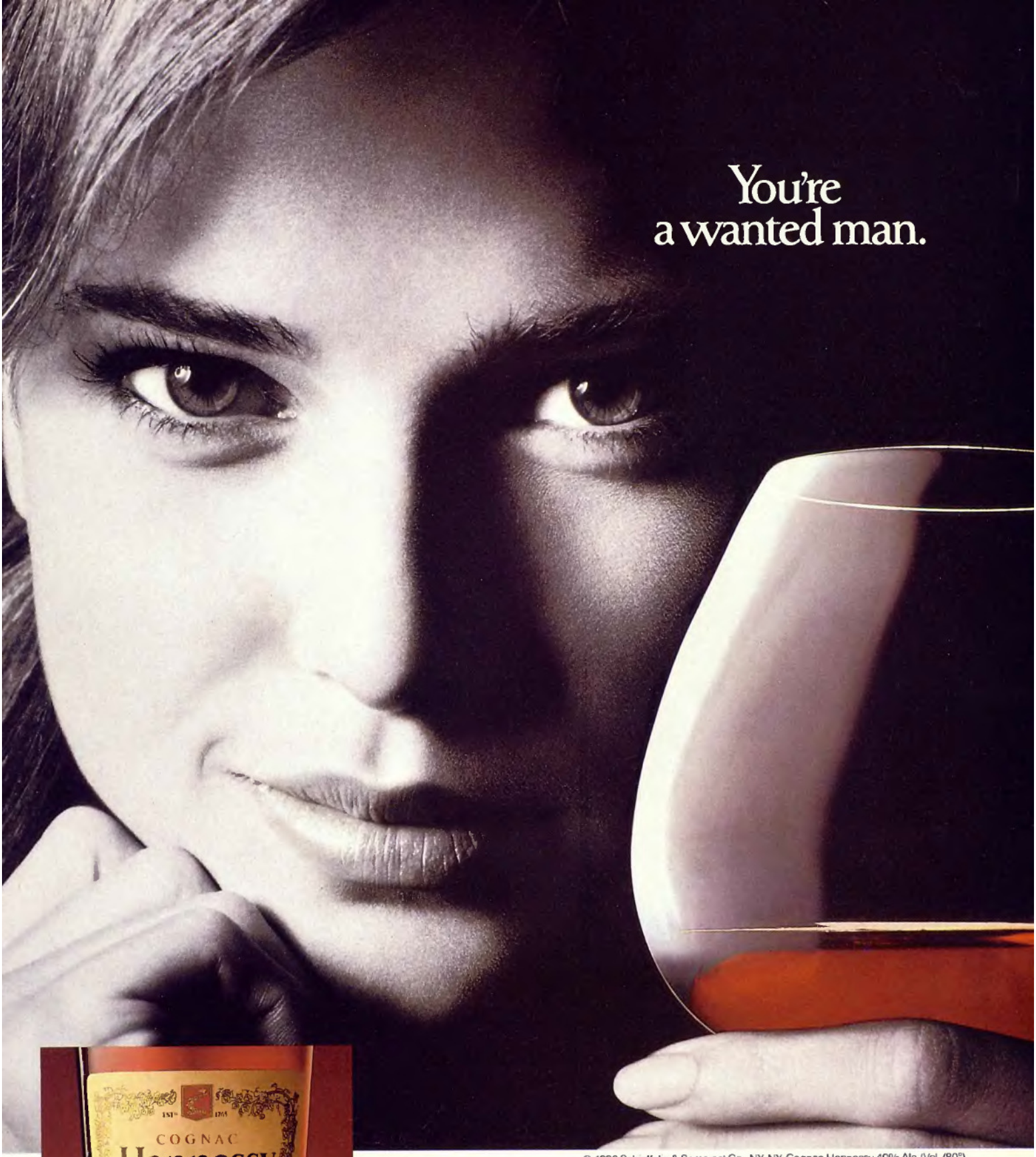
Management says that workers appreciate the feedback. I've never heard *workers* claim that they do.

Congress' Office of Technology Assessment published a report in 1987 stating, "There are strong arguments that the present extent of computer-based monitoring is only a preview of growing technological capabilities for monitoring, surveillance and worker testing on the job. If this is the case, then there may be a need for a new balance between workers' rights to privacy or autonomy in the workplace and management requirements for information."

The OTA is right. Previously, monitoring inspired stress and fear; now it inspires action. Workers are filing privacy suits against their employers in unprecedented numbers, and legislation at the state and Federal levels seeks to curb monitoring abuses. Hundreds of monitored workers are calling my organization's hotline for solutions to monitoring problems.

Monitoring is bad management, bad labor relations and bad news. Let's take it out of the office and put it back into the spy books.

Karen Nussbaum is executive director of 9to5, National Association of Working Women, and president of District 925, Service Employees Union.



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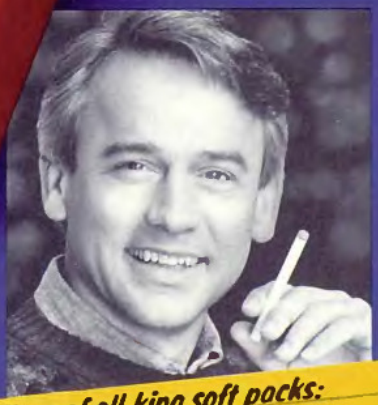

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A FINE EYE FOR TYRANTS

why george bush jumped into panama while he jammed with the red chinese

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Two days before the U.S. invasion of Panama in December, the Bush Administration got caught red-handed in a brazen lie about its toadying courtship of Red China. Not only had George Bush's two top national-security aides just toasted the unrepentant Chinese leaders but they had secretly done the same thing in July, when the blood of Tiananmen Square was still fresh.

Is it possible that diverting attention from this sorry episode was the real reason for the Panama invasion? If so, it worked: Democracy in Panama, with its 2,000,000 people, became the story that buried the scandal of Bush's betrayal of China, with one billion people struggling for freedom.

The American press is such an easy mark. Whenever it picks up the scent of something important, it's enough to throw it off with a bone—some new *hot news!* What could be better than an invasion? When the Reagan Administration got into a tight spot after the killing of U.S. Marines stupidly stationed in Lebanon, Reagan took the heat off by invading Grenada. Bush, confronted with the revelation that he had sent his top advisors to Beijing just one month after cutting off relations with that country, followed immediately with the invasion of Panama.

Suddenly, the TV anchors were in place to report breathlessly on State Department and Pentagon briefings about success in a game that had no intrinsic importance other than that the Administration had chosen to play it. Panama dictators on the CIA payroll, such as Noriega, will come and go; drugs and the waters of the canal will continue to flow. But the excitement of going to "war" wiped out any impulse to follow up the White House's admission that it implicitly condoned the massacre of prodemocracy students in the world's most populous nation.

Yes, condoned. On his second trip, in December, National Security Advisor Brent Scowcroft toasted the Chinese leaders, saying that the United States wanted to bring "new impetus and vigor" to their relationship. These words, approved by Bush himself, contradicted the policy of "tough" U.S. sanctions levied after the Tiananmen Square massacre.

As it was, Bush had been slow to respond to the outrage Americans felt over the massacre. Finally, with great public fanfare, he ordered a halt to "high-level exchanges" and imposed diplomatic and economic sanctions. But he set about undermining the diplomatic break before the ink was dry by secretly dispatching his boys to China. The message was clear to the old men in Beijing: Bush didn't *mean* it when he said the U.S. condemned their slaughter.

Five months later, Scowcroft and another former business colleague of Henry Kissinger's, Deputy Secretary of State Lawrence Eagleburger, were back in Beijing. They were there to criticize not the Chinese leaders but any critics who might question China's indifference to human rights.

"In both of our societies, there are voices of those who seek to redirect or frustrate our cooperation," Scowcroft said, adding, "We both must take bold measures to overcome these negative forces."

Did he mean the Chinese students and others in the U.S. who were still protesting the continuing repressions in Beijing? It gives one pause to think that Bush vetoed a bill to extend indefinitely the visas of 30,000 Chinese students studying here. Bush, who would go to war to rescue Panamanians from a repressive government, apparently preferred to send these Chinese students home to certain repression and possible death. It was a blatant act of pandering to the Chinese leadership and it was left to Congress to pressure Bush into temporarily staying the deportations. (This, at the same time that Romanian Nadia Comaneci was given political asylum—not to escape the horrors of Bucharest but to follow a boyfriend to south Florida.)

Up to that point, the Scowcroft-Bush China policy was morally bankrupt. But it wasn't yet known to be a lie. That came with the revelation that Scowcroft's trip in December to murmur reassurances to the gang in Beijing was not his first. When CNN broke that story, Bush disingenuously insisted that the July Scowcroft trip had represented "contacts" rather than "exchanges."

> Q.: Mr. President, we now find out that last summer, when we thought that your policy was no contact with the Chinese government, you sent a high-level delegation there to talk with them. Don't you feel that the American people deserve to know that when you say something's not happening, it's really not happening?
> A.: Yes, I do think they do, but I didn't say that. I said "no high-level exchanges." So, please, look at it carefully.

Then Bush added his real argument: "I know how China works"—based on his one year as a happy-go-lucky, bicycling ambassador to the People's Republic of China 16 years ago.

A more recent witness, Winston Lord, Bush's Ambassador to China until last April, begged to differ, arguing that the United States was guilty of a double standard on human rights that smacked of a "cultural, if not racial, bias." Lord wrote in *The Washington Post* that the U.S. was signaling the world "that the blood around Tiananmen Square has truly been scrubbed away."

Lord contrasted Scowcroft's "fawning" words in Beijing with what Secretary of State James Baker said later in Berlin: "True stability requires governments with legitimacy, governments that are based on the consent of the governed."

"Are we to believe," said Lord, "that Chinese are not like Europeans, that they never had freedom and cannot afford it now because China would be ungovernable and stability is crucial to economic reform?"

This blind spot in the Bush human-rights position was excoriated in a *Los Angeles Times* editorial that noted it is Mikhail Gorbachev and not Bush who has been vigorously pushing for reform in the Communist world: "If someone had told you [two years ago] that the friend of Czech liberty would be the Russian and the accommodator of Chinese repression would be the American, you probably would have felt as if you'd fallen through the looking glass. But . . . that is precisely the situation."

This double standard toward China did not begin with Bush. It has marked U.S. policy since Kissinger and Richard Nixon first reversed themselves and decided that the Red Chinese were good Communists, after all. These men, and Bush as well, had made careers out of denouncing the Chinese Red horde as the vanguard of international communism—only to discover, a decade late, the existence of the Sino-Soviet dispute. Overnight, Kissingerites, with the hearty cooperation of American

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journalists, transformed the Chinese Communists into the very picture of liberal capitalists.

It became "a communism of sorts," to use Reagan's words. Previously, these Cold Warriors had held the Chinese Reds responsible for every serious instance of world instability, from the Vietnam war to the P.L.O. Now they uncritically embraced China, zeroing in on the Soviets as the real Evil Empire. Ignoring human-rights violations in China while playing them up in the Soviet Union may not have been morally consistent, but it was useful for the Cold War. This charade of a foreign policy ended only when Gorbachev arrived and refused to play the role assigned to him. But we remain, as Bush continues to remind us, ever vigilant to Soviet transgressions while indifferent to those of what our folklore termed the Chicoms.

Winston Lord is wrong to say that it is simply a matter of racism to treat the Chinese differently from the Soviets. The Administration's double standard applies also to other Asians, such as the Vietnamese and the Cambodians, whose governments happen to be closer to the Soviet Union's than to China's. Ever sensitive to the needs of China's old-guard leadership, the Bush Administration has continued to punish Vietnam with an economic blockade and a denial of diplomatic recognition. Never mind Vietnam's major domestic reforms over the past few years and Hanoi's withdrawal last September from Cambodia.

By contrast, Bush has moved with haste to eliminate existing economic sanctions against China. He recently authorized the export of three communications satellites to be launched by China and sanctioned Export-Import Bank credit to companies doing business in China. Even without throwing in the *Los Angeles Times*' exposé that his brother, Prescott Bush, is an advisor to a company that will benefit from the deal, this stinks.

The U.S., of course, maintains full diplomatic relations with China and has given it Most Favored Nation trading status. Yet Washington still has not normalized relations with Vietnam or with the government in Cambodia, which finally halted the genocide. The Bush Administration seeks to punish as subversives Vietnamese nationals living in the U.S. and American Vietnam veterans who visit Vietnam. One group of veterans who tried to set up tours to Vietnam was prevented from doing so by the Feds. More recently, the Bush Administration attempted to prevent Ted Turner from beaming his news program into Vietnam, implying that it would bring aid and comfort to the enemy.

Does anybody remember that the U.S. was in Vietnam and Cambodia *to stop Chinese Communist aggression*? Now the U.S. punishes Vietnam because it doesn't get along with China and supports Chinese Communist aggression in Cambodia through its surrogate, Pol Pot.

Washington still insists on backing a coalition headed by Prince Norodom Sihanouk, who conducts his business from his residence in exile in Beijing. Although the Administration does not seem to have noticed, the Khmer Rouge is the strongest force within the movement that it seeks to restore to power in Cambodia; it's still headed by genocidal Pol Pot, who turned his country into a killing field. But Pol Pot is pro–Chinese Communist and, evidently, so is Bush.

All of which seems to mean that the only Communist governments that frighten the Bush Administration are those that may be disloyal to Beijing, such as Nicaragua and Cuba.

As the ever-effervescent Dan Quayle enthused in defending his boss's China policy, Americans should put Tiananmen Square behind them and concentrate on what's truly important—the old banana republics of Central America. He predicted, "In due time, critics will see this [the China contacts] as the right decision at the right time." Quayle did concede, "China took a step backward with the Tiananmen Square tragedy." But, hey, no problem; he is confident that the Communist leadership will get it together before long.

"It takes time," Quayle said, expressing a Pollyanna attitude toward Red China that he has never shown toward leftist regimes in our hemisphere. He added, "In the long run, looking at the big picture, looking forward, having an idea of what the world is going to look like six months and a year from now, the President will be fully vindicated in his decision. I am hopeful that you will see progress in China."

Finally, a bold reporter at a Quayle press conference asked how this Administration could regard so benignly the prospect of a quarter of the world's population's going through massive, nationwide brainwashing—yet profess alarm that tiny Nicaragua might go Red. Quayle replied that China was an *important* nation, the world's most populous country, with nuclear capability and a common border with the Soviet Union.

Hmmm. You might assume that is an argument for paying even *more* attention to getting it right with China instead of distracting us with lesser adventures. But no. Quayle replied that the Administration needed to get back to the truly important task of straightening out Nicaragua. With Noriega now gone as a convenient bully pulpit, Daniel Ortega is more indispensable than ever. "You don't rule out any options, including *Contra* aid," Quayle intoned. "The elections will be very important—how they're conducted, if they're held, what Ortega does during the election process, on election day and thereafter."

And elections in China? Forget it; they're *good* Communists. Didn't you know?

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: STEPHEN HAWKING

a candid conversation with the physicist some call einstein's successor about coping with disease, the universe and—just possibly—time travel

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. . . . And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night; He made the stars also. . . . Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And on the seventh day God ended His work which He had made; and He rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made."

If there is some dispute over this Biblical version of how the universe began, there is little dispute that the universe did, indeed, begin somehow. But in contemplating the topic, some of life's great unanswered questions arise: How did all of this—we, this earth, this universe—happen? These are also known as the eternal questions, the ones that have always had a claim on mankind's sense of wonder.

What makes this month's interview subject remarkable, among other things, is that he may be one of the few humans to have answers to these questions. In a field where genius is commonplace, physicist Stephen W. Hawking is described by his peers as "the intellectual successor to Einstein."

But his intellectual prowess is only one of the things that set Hawking apart from most people. For the past 27 years, he has been slowly dying of a motor neuron disease, amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, commonly called Lou Gehrig's disease. As the disease has progressed, he has been confined to a wheelchair, virtually unable to move, and has, within the past four years, been unable to speak. The disease has not affected his mind, however, and in the view of some of his peers, his intellectual power may have been enhanced since the onset of the disease.

With extraordinary will power, Hawking has continued his research, his writing and his mission to inform the public of work in his field. He does this with the help of a sophisticated computer. A screen connected to the device is mounted on the front of his electric-powered wheelchair, and he is able to compose sentences by selecting words from dictionary lists summoned onto the screen. With the few fingers on either hand he is still capable of moving, he directs a cursor to the correct word or phrase. The computer can then synthesize the sentences he composes into a flat-sounding, HAL-like voice. It can also transform specific words Hawking selects directly into mathematical equations.

Hawking also feels an obligation, even with the short time he has left, to reach a wider public. He wrote an immensely popular book, "A Brief History of Time," which, so far, has been on the New York Times *best-seller list for 91 weeks. Although it attempts to reduce the esoteric subject of cosmology to an understandable level, it is a difficult read for most people who have not taken college-level physics. In this interview, which caused the physicist considerable fatigue and strain, Hawking tries to spread the word even further.*

In 1970, Hawking and a fellow mathematician and physicist, Roger Penrose, submitted a joint paper supporting the theory that the universe began with what is commonly referred to as the Big Bang. That is, at one point in time, all the matter in the universe was compressed into an infinitely dense state defined as a "singularity." Through some force (not excluding a Supreme Creator), this energy was released to create all the matter in the universe. Hawking had developed new mathematical techniques to prove Penrose's earlier 1965 theory that a star collapsing under its own gravity can ultimately shrink to zero size and zero volume, creating what is known as a black hole. They postulated that if that can occur, then the reverse is possible: A black hole can, at some point, be caused to release its energy to form matter once again—as, for example, at the creation.

The Hawking-Penrose theory is now the generally accepted theory of the beginning of the universe. But in keeping with Hawking's personality and relentless intellect, he now disputes his own findings, demanding a more clearly articulated theory. He contends that quantum effects (the behavior of particles at

"Before my condition was diagnosed, I had been bored with life. But after I came out of the hospital, I had a dream I was to be executed. I suddenly realized there were a lot of worthwhile things I could still do."

"Einstein said that God does not play dice with the universe! But all evidence points to the proposition that God is, indeed, an inveterate gambler. He throws the dice to determine the outcome of every observation."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARTIN NANGLE

"Within a black hole is a singularity, an infinitely dense point of matter, rather like the singularity that occurred in the Big Bang, and is the beginning of space time and the whole of the universe."

atomic and subatomic levels) should also be taken into account. Hawking and Jim Hartle, of the University of California, have further proposed a new hypothesis ("no boundary condition") that, if applied with other concepts of physics, may explain the beginning of our universe.

That, in turn, could lead to the development of a "unified" theory—how all matter, from the galactic to the subatomic, interacts. It is to this quest—the Holy Grail of physics—that Hawking has devoted his past several years of work. It is the same quest that eluded Einstein for half a century.

Hawking holds the post of Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge University, a chair once held by the father of modern physics, Isaac Newton. Hawking's world is, of course, largely a life of the mind. In that world, there are mathematical constructs of space and time, elementary particles of matter never seen, black holes, neutron stars, white dwarfs and wormholes in space where time travel is theoretically possible. For Hawking, it is a limitless place where the imagination is unconstrained.

To interview Hawking, Playboy *dispatched free-lance journalist* **Morgan Strong** *to England's venerable Cambridge University, on the banks of the River Cam. Here is his report:*

"In the late summer, Cambridge is a raucous little town. It is filled not with Cambridge students but with hordes of Italian, French and American students. For a fairly hefty fee, they come each summer to inhabit the ancient chambers and to walk the meticulously groomed gardens of Old Cambridge quads.

"Amid this campus frenzy, I first saw Stephen Hawking making his way up the cobblestone street to his office in his motorized wheelchair. I was standing by the door. Our appointment was for later in the afternoon, and I had just left his secretary to confirm that it was still on. Hawking had been ill the past several days and had not been in. That, and a schedule of recent honors—he had just been made a Companion of Honour by the Queen and had lunched at Buckingham Palace—had made our schedule rather fluid.

"I thought it appropriate to walk over and introduce myself. Hawking was slumped in his wheelchair, his head turned away to his right, his eyes open and staring down. He did not move when I said hello. He was gravely ill, more so, certainly, than I had understood. He looked terribly frail and small; he could not have weighed more than 100 pounds. I repeated my name and explained that I was there for the 'Playboy Interview.' This time, Hawking smiled but moved nothing else.

"He began to clasp a small control in his right hand, and a computer screen mounted on his wheelchair lit up. Laboriously selecting words from lists that appeared on the top of the screen, he created a sentence. HELLO. I WILL MEET WITH YOU AT 2:30, *the screen read. Then a disembodied voice sounded from somewhere in the stack of equipment, wires and batteries on the back of his wheelchair, repeating the words on the screen.*

"He smiled again and with some effort, moved his left hand to the arm of the wheelchair. He pressed a switch and the wheelchair lurched through the arch to the courtyard of his office building, his nurse following.

"For the next several days, and for several hours each day, I would be in Hawking's company—in his home, at his office and, for one evening, as his guest, accompanying him and his mother to dinner at the faculty dining room of Gonville and Caius College.

"He utterly seems to dismiss the disease that has literally ravaged him. He simply barrels ahead, doing his best to ignore it. But no one who sees him or spends any time with him can do the same. I have conducted interviews in wartime and in terrorist zones that were endurance contests. But the many hours Hawking and I spent on this interview were more painful than any of those in the past. In fact, I think they may have been more of a mental agony for me than for Hawking. He always managed to inject humor and wit into the conversation, even when it was clear that he was uncomfortable.

"There are two views of the universe. One is that it is ruled by mysterious spirituality. The other is that it is governed by rational laws."

"If Hawking has any physical limitations, they seem unknown to him. On the evening we had dinner together, after we left the college, his mother and I walked cautiously along a badly lit dirt path through a small wooded area toward his house. Hawking was ahead in his wheelchair, accompanied by his nurse. Suddenly, he put it to the floor. This frail, small man, completely vulnerable, raced off through the night, leaving his nurse—who was forced to run desperately, trying to catch up—far behind. He drove erratically, weaving wildly from side to side, the River Cam only a few feet from the path.

"He did not stop until he had reached the main street bordering the park 50 yards or so away, and then only for a few seconds. He careened out into the street to a crosswalk, abruptly stopping traffic. (Luckily, British drivers will stop if a pedestrian enters the crosswalk. It occurred to me that had it been New York, the world surely would have been less one physicist.)

"Hawking raced across the intersection and out into the middle of the street and roared out of sight toward his home several blocks away. As the nurse tottered after him, his mother calmly explained to me, 'Stephen must be tired; he's always in a hurry to get home when he's tired.'

"So was I."

PLAYBOY: Hello, Professor Hawking.

HAWKING: Hello, how are you? Please forgive my American accent. [*Smiles*]

PLAYBOY: Your computer does sound like a Midwesterner. Can you tell us a little about your early life, before the secrets of the universe caught your interest?

HAWKING: Yes. I was born on January eighth, 1942, three hundred years to the day after the death of Galileo. I was born in Oxford—even though my parents' home was in London—because Oxford was a good place to be during the war.

PLAYBOY: Galileo was tried and imprisoned for heresy by the Catholic Church for his theories of the universe. Did he have something in common with you?

HAWKING: Yes. However, I estimate that about two hundred thousand other babies were also born on that date. [*Smiles*] And I don't know if any of them were later interested in astronomy.

PLAYBOY: You have had a little trouble with the current Pope. Didn't he caution you against going too far in your work?

HAWKING: Yes. There are two views of the universe. One is that it is ruled by mysterious spirituality—forces that are never properly understood. The other is that it is governed by rational laws that can be formulated in mathematical theorems. It is clear which view I hold.

PLAYBOY: Yes. Your quest is to gain understanding, based on scientific discovery, of how the universe began. But Church leaders believe they already have that understanding, don't they?

HAWKING: The history of human civilization has been one of gradual discovery of more and more and more scientific laws that govern a bigger and bigger and bigger part of our experience. I see no reason why it should not continue until we have a complete unified theory for everything in the universe. I don't hold with mysticism. I think it is a soft option for those not willing to make the effort to understand the rational laws that govern the universe. I think that from the time of Galileo, Church leaders have learned better than to pronounce on cosmology.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to your personal history, you had a rather conventional childhood. There were no awkward displays of adolescent brilliance during your school days.

HAWKING: Yes. I went to a public school—what Americans call a private school—Saint Albans. My father had wanted me to go to Westminster School, one of the main private schools. He had gone to a minor public school himself and felt that this had always held him back. But at Saint Albans, I received as good an education as or better than I would have at Westminster. I was never more than halfway up the class at school.

PLAYBOY: There's hope for us all. You really

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were just an average student?

HAWKING: [*Smiles*] When I was twelve, one of my friends bet another friend a bag of sweets that I would never amount to anything. I don't know if the bet was ever settled and, if so, which way it was decided.

PLAYBOY: After Saint Albans, you went on to university to study physics.

HAWKING: Well, my father was a doctor and wanted me to study medicine at his old college, University College, Oxford. I wanted to study mathematics, more mathematics and physics. But my father thought there would not be any jobs in mathematics, apart from teaching. He therefore made me do chemistry, physics and only a small amount of mathematics. I duly went to University College in 1959 to do physics, which was the subject that interested me, since physics governs the laws of the universe.

PLAYBOY: Then you had made up your mind early on what you wanted to do?

HAWKING: Yes. From the age of twelve, I had wanted to be a scientist. And cosmology seemed the most fundamental science.

PLAYBOY: During your time at Oxford, we understand that you were, again, an indifferent student.

HAWKING: Most of the other students at Oxford in my year had done military service and were a lot older. I felt rather lonely during my first year and part of the second. It was only in my third year that I really felt happy at Oxford. The prevailing attitude there at that time was very casual, very antiwork.

At Oxford, you were supposed to be brilliant without effort or to accept your limitations and get a fourth-class degree. To work hard to get a better class of degree was regarded as the mark of a gray man, the worst epithet in the Oxford vocabulary.

PLAYBOY: That epithet today may be nerd.

HAWKING: Well, anyway, the physics course at Oxford was arranged in a way that made it particularly easy to avoid work. I did one exam before I went up, and then had three years at Oxford, with just the final exams at the end. I once calculated that I'd done about a thousand hours' work in those three years, an average of an hour a day. I'm not proud of that; I'm just describing the attitude at the time, which I shared with my fellow students—an attitude of complete boredom and feeling that nothing was worth making an effort for.

PLAYBOY: In your last year at Oxford, you were diagnosed as having ALS, or amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, also known as Lou Gehrig's disease, which is supposed to be fatal within a very short time. It must have transformed you.

HAWKING: Yes. When you are faced with the possibility of an early death, it makes you realize that life is worth living and that there are lots of things you want to do.

PLAYBOY: According to newspaper interviews, and a recent *20/20* segment by Hugh Downs on ABC-TV, when you got your diagnosis, you simply gave up and

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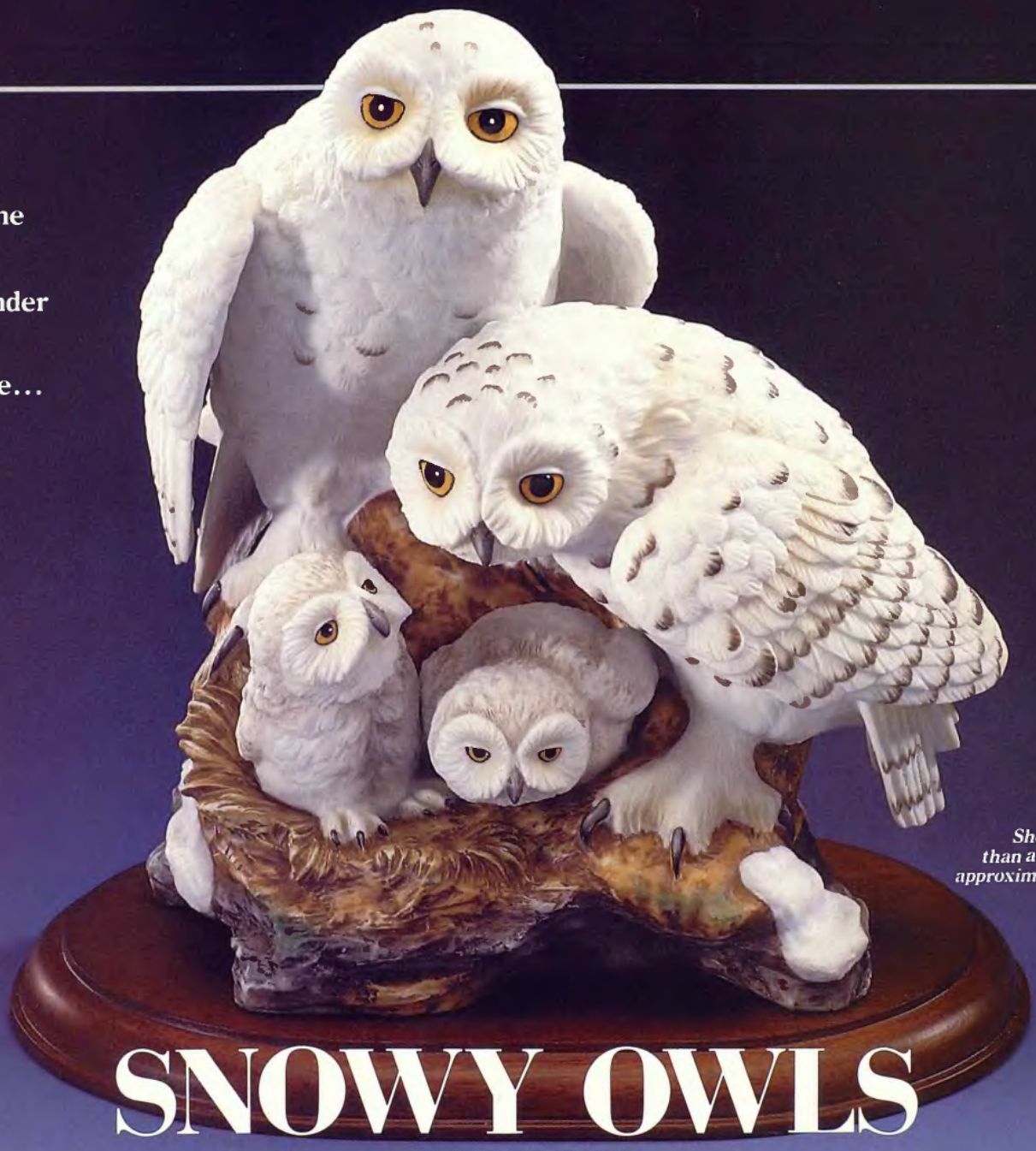

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went on a drinking binge for a few years.

HAWKING: It's a good story, but it's not true.

PLAYBOY: What did happen?

HAWKING: The realization that I had an incurable disease that was likely to kill me in a few years was a bit of a shock. Why should it happen to me? Why should I be cut off like this? But while I was in the hospital, I saw a boy die of leukemia in the bed opposite me. It was not a pretty sight. Clearly, there were people worse off than I. Whenever I feel inclined to be sorry for myself, I remember that boy.

PLAYBOY: And you didn't go off on the long binge, as reported?

HAWKING: I took to listening to Wagner, but the reports that I drank heavily are an exaggeration. The trouble is, once one article said it, others copied it, because it made a good story. Anything that has appeared in print so many times has to be true.

PLAYBOY: Still, it's astonishing that you had so mild a reaction. Most people might have given up—or gone on that binge.

HAWKING: My dreams were disturbed for a while. Before my condition was diagnosed, I had been very bored with life. There had not seemed to be anything worth doing. But shortly after I came out of the hospital, I dreamed that I was going to be executed. I suddenly realized that if I were reprieved, there were a lot of worthwhile things I could do. Another dream I had several times was that I would sacrifice my life to save others. After all, if I were going to die anyway, it might do some good.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't this terrible disease make you angry?

HAWKING: Yes. I'm a normal human being with normal needs and emotions.

PLAYBOY: You got married and started a family shortly *after* you were diagnosed.

HAWKING: Yes, I got engaged to Jane Wilde, whom I had met just about the time my condition was diagnosed. That engagement changed my life. It gave me something to live for. But it also meant I had to get a job if we were to be married.

PLAYBOY: Did your lazy stroll through Oxford hurt you in finding a job?

HAWKING: Yes. Eventually, I applied for a research fellowship in theoretical physics at Caius College, Cambridge. And, to my great surprise, I got a fellowship and we were married a few months later.

PLAYBOY: How did your disease affect your lifestyle?

HAWKING: When we were married, Jane was still an undergraduate at Westfield College in London, so she had to go up to London during the week. This meant that we had to find a place that was central, where I could manage on my own, because by then, I could not walk far. I asked the college for help, but I was told that it was not college policy to help fellows with housing.

PLAYBOY: But you managed.

HAWKING: Yes. After several years, we were given the ground-floor flat in this house, which is owned by the college. This suits me very well, because it has large rooms and wide doors. It is sufficiently central so that I can get to my university department, or the college, in my electric wheelchair. It is also nice for our children, because it is surrounded by garden, which is looked after by the college gardeners.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't it extremely difficult raising your three children?

HAWKING: Yes. Up to 1974, I was able to feed myself and get in and out of bed. Jane managed to help me, and to bring up two of our children, without outside help. But things were getting more difficult, so we took to having one of my research students live with us to help. In 1980, we changed to a system of community and private nurses, who would come in for an hour or two in the morning and the evening.

PLAYBOY: You have twenty-four-hour nursing care now.

HAWKING: Yes. I caught pneumonia in 1985. I had to have a tracheotomy. After that, I had to have twenty-four-hour nursing care.

PLAYBOY: Is it the operation that prevents you from speaking?

HAWKING: Yes. Before the operation, my speech was slurred, so that only a few people who knew me well could understand me. But at least I could communicate. I wrote scientific letters by dictating to a secretary, and I gave lectures through an interpreter, who repeated my words more clearly.

But after the operation, I could communicate only by spelling words out letter by letter, raising my eyebrows when someone pointed to the correct letter on a card. It is very difficult to carry on a conversation like that, let alone write a scientific paper.

PLAYBOY: And now you have the computer.

HAWKING: Walt Woltosz, a software expert in California, heard of my plight. He sent me a computer program he had written called Equalizer. This allowed me to select words from a series of menus on the screen by pressing a switch in my hand. When I have built up what I want to say, I can send it to a speech synthesizer.

PLAYBOY: Why did you choose theoretical physics for your research?

HAWKING: Because of my disease. I chose my field because I knew I had ALS. Cosmology, unlike many other disciplines, does not require lecturing. It was a fortunate choice, because it was one of the few areas in which my speech disability was not a serious handicap. I was also fortunate that when I started my research, in 1962, general relativity and cosmology were underdeveloped fields, with little competition, so my disease would not be a serious impediment. There were lots of exciting discoveries to be made, and not many people to make them. Nowadays, there is much more competition. [*Smiles*]

PLAYBOY: Did you experience difficulty at the beginning?

HAWKING: I was not making much progress with my research, because I didn't have much mathematical background. But gradually, I began to understand what I was doing.

PLAYBOY: Let's see if *we* can understand some of it. To begin with, you use only one fundamental equation in your book, *A Brief History of Time*, which forms the basis of your work. Can you define it for us?

HAWKING: That equation, $E = mc^2$, expresses the fact that energy and mass are really the same thing. E is for energy and m is for mass. The speed of light, c, is in the equation just to make the units the same on both sides. However, you can use units in which c equals one. This equation is important because it shows that matter can be transformed into energy and vice versa. In fact, it seems that in the early stages of the universe, all matter was made out of energy.

PLAYBOY: Energy that was then transformed to mass—or the solid bodies that make up the universe.

HAWKING: Yes. The energy was borrowed from the gravitational force of the universe, which had compressed everything to infinite density before it was released in the Big Bang. The total net energy of the universe is zero. Thus, the whole universe is for nothing. Who says there is no such thing as a free lunch? [*Smiles*]

PLAYBOY: How does the total energy of the universe equal zero?

HAWKING: It takes energy to create matter. But the matter in the universe is attracting all other matter in the universe. This attraction gives the matter a negative energy that is exactly equal to the energy required to create the matter. Thus, the total energy of the universe is zero.

PLAYBOY: So once matter is created, the energy exists *in* the matter, which is spread out across the universe. Where did the energy that was needed for the Big Bang to occur come from?

HAWKING: The energy needed to create the Big Bang came from the universe it created.

PLAYBOY: In the equation, time is also important. Why?

HAWKING: Before Einstein, time was thought of as completely separate from space. People believed that there was what was called absolute time. That is, each event could be given a unique value of time. However, experiments showed that this could not be the case. And Einstein showed that the experiments could be explained if one said that time was not separate from space but was combined with it in something called space time.

PLAYBOY: According to Einstein, that means the time of an observed event in space is dependent on the position of the observer. So it becomes another measurement, like width and height.

HAWKING: Yes. Later, Einstein was able to show that gravity could be explained if space time were not flat but curved. This idea of space time has completely transformed the way we look at the universe.

PLAYBOY: A black hole is also critical to your theory. Could you explain?

HAWKING: A black hole is a region in which the gravitational field is so strong nothing can escape. Within a black hole, there will be a singularity, where space time comes to an end. This singularity, an infinitely dense point of matter, is rather like the singularity that occurred in the Big Bang and is the beginning of space time and the whole of the universe.

PLAYBOY: Why is it called a black hole?

HAWKING: The gravitational field of the singularity would be so strong that light itself could not escape from a region around it but would be dragged back by the gravitational field. The region from which it is not possible to escape is called a black hole. Its boundary is called the event horizon.

PLAYBOY: If a black hole is not observable, how do you find one?

HAWKING: From 1970 to 1974, I worked mainly on black holes. In 1974, I made perhaps my most surprising discovery: Black holes are not completely black! When one takes small-scale behavior into account, particles and radiation *can* leak out of a black hole. The black hole emits radiation as if it were a hot body.

PLAYBOY: If your theories are correct, then a black hole will eventually explode in a way similar to how the universe began?

HAWKING: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Why does that happen?

HAWKING: Because of the uncertainty principle of quantum mechanics, particles and energy will slowly leak out of the black hole. This will make it grow smaller and smaller and leak energy more rapidly. Eventually, the black hole will disappear in a tremendous explosion.

PLAYBOY: Quantum mechanics is the study of the behavior of systems at small scales.

HAWKING: Yes. Atoms or elementary particles. In any case, a black hole cannot just suddenly pop out of nothing and explode, because there has to be something there to provide energy.

PLAYBOY: The matter that has been compressed by a star collapsing upon itself?

HAWKING: Yes. Mass or energy is always conserved. That means empty space, with no matter or energy in it, will stay empty. A black hole cannot simply appear in previously empty space. It has to be made from matter or energy, such as a star that collapses in on itself because of its own gravity.

PLAYBOY: Even though you've made black holes a central part of your life's work, you concede that one has yet to be discovered. In fact, you mention in your book that you have a bet with a colleague that one will *not* be discovered. Is that true?

HAWKING: Yes. I had a wager with Kip Thorne at Cal Tech that Cygnus X-1 was not a black hole. It was an insurance policy, really. I had done a lot of work on black holes, and it all would have been wasted if it had turned out that they didn't exist. But then, at least I would have had the satisfaction of winning my bet. [*Smiles*]

PLAYBOY: And?

HAWKING: Well, now I consider the evidence for black holes so good, thanks to Cygnus X-1, that I have conceded the bet. Cygnus X-1 is a system consisting of a normal star orbiting around an unseen companion. It seems that matter is being blown off the normal star and falling on the companion. As it falls toward the companion, it develops a spiral motion, like water running out of a bath. It will get very hot and will give off X rays that are observed. We can show that the mass of the companion is at least six times that of the sun. That's too much to be a white dwarf or a neutron star, so it must be a black hole.

PLAYBOY: We feel privileged to hear the news. Can you go beyond deduction and establish what a black hole is, physically?

HAWKING: We want a volunteer who will jump into the black hole and find out what happens inside. Unfortunately, he won't be able to signal back to us to let us know.

PLAYBOY: Why?

HAWKING: Because of something called a light cone. A light cone of an event, A, is the set of events that can be reached from the event by signals traveling at the speed of light. Now, according to the theory of relativity, nothing can travel faster than light. Thus an event, B, outside the permitted light cone of A, cannot be affected by what happens at A. And the signal can't get out because it's traveling at less than

Winston

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the speed of light.

PLAYBOY: We think we follow you. In your book, you say that in such an event, a person—or any object—would be torn apart by gravitational forces. And the intense gravity would prevent even radio signals from escaping.

HAWKING: Yes. A volunteer astronaut would have a sticky end at a singularity. His particles would survive, but that, I suppose, is small comfort. [*Smiles*]

PLAYBOY: But isn't there a possibility that he or she might escape through what is called a wormhole?

HAWKING: Yes. Particles that fall into a black hole may pass through a thin tube, or wormhole, and come out somewhere else in the universe. But wormholes occur only in imaginary time. The history of the particles, and of an astronaut in real time, will come to a bad end at a singularity.

PLAYBOY: There are no real wormholes?

HAWKING: The wormholes I mention in the book occurred in real time. And no, it seems that that kind of wormhole will not occur. However, since the book was written, I and other people have been working on a different kind of wormhole that occurs in imaginary time.

PLAYBOY: What is imaginary time?

HAWKING: Imaginary time is another direction of time, one that is at right angles to ordinary, real time. It seems that there will be large numbers of imaginary-time wormholes branching off, and joining on, everywhere. We do not notice them directly, but they affect everything we observe directly. It is an exciting area of research.

In the past fifteen years, we have realized that it may be possible to use quantum theory to fully unify time with space. This would mean we could get away from this one-dimensional, linelike behavior of time.

PLAYBOY: And you use imaginary time, and wormholes, to speculate about objects traveling through time, don't you?

HAWKING: [*Smiles*] Objects will pass through a thin tube, or wormhole, in imaginary time, and out into another universe, or another part of our universe. In ordinary time, one could pass through a black hole and come out of a white hole.

PLAYBOY: A white hole?

HAWKING: Yes. The laws of physics are symmetrical and if there are objects called black holes, which things can fall into but not out of, there ought to be objects that things can fall out of but not into. One can call these white holes.

PLAYBOY: In ordinary time. But you said that was impossible.

HAWKING: A white hole is the time reverse of a black hole. The white hole may be in another universe, or another part of our universe. We could use this method for space travel. Otherwise, the distances are so vast it would take millions of years to go to the next galaxy and return. But if you could go through a black hole and out a white hole, you could be back in time for tea.

PLAYBOY: And if it were possible, in theory at least, you could travel back in time?

HAWKING: Yes. The trouble is, there would be nothing to stop you from getting back before you set out. [*Smiles*]

PLAYBOY: Or you could get back and find yourself dead. Or your world dead.

HAWKING: Fortunately, for our survival, it seems that space times in which one can travel back to the past are unstable. The least disturbance, such as a spaceship going through, will cause the passage between a black hole and a white hole to pinch off. The history of the spaceship would come to an end, torn apart and crushed out of existence.

PLAYBOY: But getting back to reality, so to speak, are wormholes in imaginary time different?

HAWKING: Wormholes in imaginary time don't have singularities and can occur in any situation. They will change the apparent interactions of particles in ways that still have to be calculated properly. But it does seem that one important interaction is affected in a very significant way. This is the so-called cosmological constant, which gives space time an inbuilt tendency to expand or contract.

PLAYBOY: Where will these particles then go?

HAWKING: Baby universes. According to some recent work of mine, the particles

will go off into a baby universe of their own. This baby universe may join on again to our region of space time. If it does, it would appear to us to be another black hole that formed and then evaporated. Particles that fell into one black hole would appear as particles emitted by the other black hole, and vice versa.

PLAYBOY: All of that is abstruse mathematical theory, isn't it? It seems difficult to imagine actually observing any of it.

HAWKING: Mathematical models of the universe that use the concept of imaginary time can give us explanations of why the universe began in the way it did. If you like, you can say that the use of imaginary time is just a mathematical trick that doesn't tell us anything about reality, or about the nature of time.

But if you take a positivist position, as I do, questions about reality don't have any meaning. All one can ask is whether imaginary time is useful in formulating mathematical models that describe what we observe. This it certainly is. One can take an extreme position and say that imaginary time is really the fundamental concept in which the mathematical model should be formulated. Ordinary time would be a derived concept we invent for psychological reasons. We invent ordinary time so that we can describe the universe as a succession of events in time, rather than as a static picture, like a surface map of the earth.

PLAYBOY: What effect does the cosmological constant have?

HAWKING: By observing the motion of distant galaxies, we can determine that this constant is either zero or very small. This is very surprising, because quantum theory would lead us to expect a value for the cosmological constant that is very much larger than what we observe.

PLAYBOY: How much larger is "very much larger"?

HAWKING: I mean at least a billion billion billion billion billion times larger. Until recently, there has been no explanation for the cosmological constant. But if one includes [the late physicist] Richard Feynman's idea of a sum over histories containing wormholes, one finds that the apparent value of the cosmological constant is exactly zero. Mathematical models of the universe that use the concept of imaginary time can give an explanation of why the universe began in the way it did, and why the cosmological constant is zero.

PLAYBOY: Quantum theory, however, is unable to predict specific events. How accurate can these mathematical models be?

HAWKING: In general, quantum mechanics does not predict a single definite result for an observation. Instead, it predicts a number of possible outcomes and tells us how likely each of them is.

PLAYBOY: You've suggested, however, that a unified theory of the universe is possible with the inclusion of quantum theory. But how can quantum theory and relativity be combined?

HAWKING: Quantum theory depends on the use of a new kind of number—complex numbers. A complex number can be regarded as a shorthand way of writing a pair of ordinary numbers. It can be represented as a point on a plane, with the two numbers corresponding to the positions of the point in the horizontal and vertical directions.

For example: The complex number that is a shorthand for the pair of numbers one and two would be represented by a point one unit to the right of the center and two units up. Or $1 + 2i$. Here it is a so-called imaginary number; i is the square root of minus one.

PLAYBOY: Ah.

HAWKING: Look here: If one uses imaginary rather than real time, space time becomes Euclidean. That is, time is just like another direction in space. You can multiply, divide, add and subtract complex numbers as you can ordinary numbers.

PLAYBOY: And that allows for mathematical constructs in space time?

HAWKING: Yes.

PLAYBOY: And what, exactly, is the relation of imaginary time to real time?

HAWKING: By using imaginary numbers, one adds up all the probabilities for all the histories of particles with certain properties—such as passing through certain points at certain times. One then has to

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extrapolate the result back to real space time, in which time is different depending on directions in space. This is not the most familiar approach to quantum theory, but it gives the same results as other methods.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't that randomness make it difficult—even chaotic—to apply to the laws of science?

HAWKING: Yes. Einstein objected strongly to this randomness with the famous statement that God does not play dice with the universe! But all evidence points to the proposition that God is, indeed, an inveterate gambler. [*Smiles*] He throws the dice to determine the outcome of every observation.

This uncertainty is best defined by Feynman's theory, which states that a particle does not have a single, well-defined path or history. Instead, it can be regarded as moving through space time on all possible paths. Each path or history has a probability that depends on its shape. For this idea to work, one has to consider histories that take place in imaginary time rather than the real time in which we live our lives. In the case of quantum gravity, Feynman's idea of a sum over histories would involve summing over different possible histories for the universe. That is, different Euclidean curved space times.

So the answer to your question is that adding up the complex numbers associated with each path doesn't give a well-defined sum. But one can get a well-defined answer if one supposes that the time label of an event is not just an ordinary number, as we normally think, but a complex number.

PLAYBOY: Not an easy concept. What immediate use is there in understanding imaginary time and wormholes?

HAWKING: Well, we were talking about whether anything ever could escape a black hole. Imaginary time can provide a means of escape for objects that fall into a black hole. The ordinary history of an object in real time will come to an end, crushed out of existence, inside the black hole. But if one considers the history of the object in imaginary time, that history cannot come to an end, if the no-boundary proposal of the universe is correct.

PLAYBOY: Can you explain—briefly—the no-boundary concept?

HAWKING: In 1983, Jim Hartle and I proposed that both time and space are finite in extent but don't have any boundary or edge. They would be like the surface of the earth, but with two more dimensions. The earth's surface is finite in area, but it doesn't have any boundary. I like to say that in all my travels, I have never managed to fall off. [*Smiles*]

Our proposal says that the state of the universe should be given by a sum over histories, where the histories were only closed Euclidean spaces of finite size and without boundary or edge. This proposal can be paraphrased as, The boundary condition of the universe is that it has no boundary. It is only if the universe is in this no-boundary state that the laws of science, on their own, determine how the universe should behave. If the universe is in any other state, the class of Euclidean curved spaces in the sum over histories will include spaces with singularities.

In order to determine the probabilities of such singular histories, one would have to invoke some principle other than the known laws of science. This principle would be something external to our universe; we could not deduce it from within the universe. On the other hand, if the universe is in the no-boundary state, we could, in principle, determine completely how the universe should behave, up to the limits of the uncertainty principle.

PLAYBOY: Ah, a familiar term. That would be Heisenberg's uncertainty principle. Can you briefly explain that?

HAWKING: Werner Heisenberg, a German scientist, formulated his famous uncertainty principle in 1926. In order to predict the future position and velocity of a particle, one has to be able to measure its present position and velocity accurately. The obvious way to do this is to shine a light on the particle. Some of the waves of light will be scattered by the particle and indicate its position. However, one will not be able to determine the position of the particle more accurately than the distance between the wave crests of light, so one needs to use light of a short wave length in order to measure the position of the particle precisely.

"The earth's surface is finite in area, but it doesn't have any boundary. I like to say that in all my travels, I have never managed to fall off."

Now, by Planck's quantum principle, one cannot use an arbitrarily small amount of light; one has to use at least one quantum [the indivisible unit in which waves may be emitted or absorbed]. This quantum will disturb the particle and change its velocity in a way that cannot be predicted. Moreover, the more accurately one measures the position, the shorter the wave length of the light that one needs, hence the higher the energy of a single quantum. So the velocity of the particle will be disturbed by a larger amount. In other words, the more accurately you try to measure the position of the particle, the less accurately you can measure its speed and vice versa.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to the no-boundary state: If your proposal were proved, it would be of some importance to science, wouldn't it?

HAWKING: It would be clearly nice for science if the universe were in the no-boundary state, but how can you tell whether it is? The answer is that the no-boundary proposal makes definite predictions for how the universe should behave.

If the proposal were correct, there would be no singularities, and the laws of science would hold everywhere, including at the beginning of the universe. How the universe began would be determined by the laws of science. I would have succeeded in my ambition to know how the universe began. But I still wouldn't know why.

PLAYBOY: But didn't you say there would be no singularities in the no-boundary state? And hasn't your work always stressed the need for singularities?

HAWKING: It has been interesting to watch the change in the climate of opinion on singularities. When I was a graduate student, almost no one took them seriously. Now, as a result of the singularity theorems, nearly everyone believes that the universe began with a singularity.

In the meantime, however, I have changed my mind. I still believe that the universe had a beginning, but that it was not a singularity.

PLAYBOY: How did you arrive at that conclusion?

HAWKING: The general theory of relativity is what is called a classical theory. That is, it does not take into account the fact that particles do not have precisely defined positions and velocities but are smeared out over a small region by the uncertainty principle of quantum mechanics. This does not matter in normal situations, because the radius of curvature of space time is very large compared with the uncertainty in the position of a particle. However, the singularity theorems indicate that space time will be highly distorted with a small radius of curvature at the beginning of the present expansion phase of the universe. In this situation, the uncertainty will be very important. Thus, general relativity brings about its own downfall by predicting singularities. In order to discuss the beginning of the universe, we need a theory that combines general relativity with quantum mechanics.

PLAYBOY: The elusive unified theory, or the T.O.E. [theory of everything]?

HAWKING: We do not yet know the exact form of the correct theory of quantum gravity. The best candidate we have for the moment is the theory of superstrings, but there are still a number of unresolved difficulties. However, there are certain features that we expect to be present in any viable theory.

One is Einstein's idea that the effects of gravity can be represented by a space time that is curved or distorted by the matter and energy in it. Objects try to follow the nearest thing to a straight line in this curved space. However, because it is

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curved, their paths appear to be bent, as if by a gravitational field.

PLAYBOY: You've also included Feynman's sum over histories.

HAWKING: Yes, we expect Richard Feynman's proposal that quantum theory can be formulated as a sum over histories to be present in the ultimate theory. Remember, that was the idea that a particle has every possible path or history in space time, depending on its shape. The probabilities of such spaces would not be determined by the theory. Instead, they would have to be assigned in some arbitrary way.

PLAYBOY: "Some arbitrary way"—randomness again?

HAWKING: What this means is that science could not predict the probabilities of such singular histories for space time and, hence, could not predict how the universe should behave. However, it may well be that the universe is in the state defined by a sum over nonsingular Euclidean curved spaces only. In this case, the theory would determine the universe completely; one would not have to appeal to some agency external to the universe to determine how it began.

In a way, the proposal that the state of the universe is determined by a sum over nonsingular histories only is like a drunk looking for his key under the lamppost: It may not be where he lost it, but it is the only place with enough light to find it. Similarly, the universe may not be in the state defined by a sum over nonsingular histories, but it is the only state in which science could predict how the universe should be.

PLAYBOY: We hate to suggest this, but what if the no-boundary proposal is wrong?

HAWKING: [*Smiles*] If the observations do not agree with predictions, we will know that there must be singularities in the class of possible histories. However, that is all we will know. We will not be able to calculate the possibilities of singular histories. Thus, we will not be able to predict how the universe should behave.

One might think that this unpredictability wouldn't matter too much if it occurred only at the Big Bang. After all, if a week is a long time in politics, ten thousand million years is pretty close to eternity. But if predictability broke down in the very strong gravitational fields of the Big Bang, it could also break down whenever a star collapsed. This could happen several times a week in our galaxy alone! Thus, our power of prediction would be poor, even by the standards of weather forecasts.

PLAYBOY: And?

HAWKING: So what does the no-boundary proposal predict for the universe? The first point to make is that because all the possible histories for the universe are finite in extent, any quantity that one uses as a measure of time will have a greatest and a least value. So the universe will have a beginning and an end. However, the beginning will not be a singularity. Instead, it will be a bit like the North Pole of the earth. If one took degrees of latitude on the surface of the earth to be the analogue of time, one could say that the surface of the earth began at the North Pole. Yet the North Pole is a perfectly ordinary point on the earth. There's nothing special about it, and the same laws hold at the North Pole as at other places on the earth. Similarly, the event that we might choose to label as "the beginning of the universe" would be an ordinary point of space time, much like any other, and the laws of science would hold at the beginning, as elsewhere!

PLAYBOY: As much—or as little—as we can understand of your work, it again strikes us that most of your ideas depend on obscure mathematical concepts, far removed from ordinary, observable life.

HAWKING: Imaginary time may sound like science fiction, but it is a well-defined mathematical concept.

PLAYBOY: Yes, to mathematicians and physicists, but to most of us, it's beyond immediate understanding.

HAWKING: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Then what can the general public gain from trying to understand these concepts? Most of us would say we had more immediate problems to deal with.

HAWKING: This is why I have spent some of my time attempting to explain what we do. I think knowledge of the general ideas of the recent discoveries in cosmology are useful to the public.

"Understanding cosmology will not help feed anyone. It won't even wash clothes any brighter. But man or woman does not live by bread alone."

True, understanding cosmology will not help feed anyone. It won't even wash clothes any brighter. But man or woman does not live by bread alone. We all feel the need to come to terms with the universe in which we find ourselves, and to understand how we got here.

PLAYBOY: And that's why you wrote *A Brief History of Time*?

HAWKING: There are several reasons why I wrote the book. One was to pay my daughter's school fees. I didn't succeed in that, because by the time the book came out, she was in her last year of high school. But I still have to pay for her college.

PLAYBOY: That's an excellent reason. Are there others?

HAWKING: The main reason was that I had written several popular articles and given a number of popular lectures. They had been well received, and I had enjoyed doing them, but I wanted to try something bigger. I felt that we had made tremendous progress in the past twenty-five years in understanding the universe, and I wanted to share this with the general public. I think it is important that the public take some interest in science and have some general understanding of it.

Science has changed our lives a great deal and will change them even more in the future. If we are to decide in a democratic way what direction society should take, it is necessary that the public has some understanding of science.

PLAYBOY: Then you're doing something political—knowledge as the great leveler, not confined to a few who understand the language.

HAWKING: Yes. Knowledge and understanding of how the universe works, and of how it began, had become the preserve of a few specialists. But we all share the human condition, and we all want to know where we came from. My book is an attempt to share with the general public the knowledge that the specialists have found. Knowledge is not knowledge unless you share it with someone. Normally, specialists communicate only with other specialists; I feel they should communicate with the general public, as well.

PLAYBOY: You say that you may succeed in knowing how the universe began, but you will not know why. You do not—as Einstein did not—dismiss the notion of a Supreme Creator.

HAWKING: I think I'm careful in my book. I leave open the question of whether God exists and what His nature would be. One can never prove that God doesn't exist. What I did was show that it was not necessary to appeal to God to decide how the universe began, because that is determined by the laws of science. However, one could say that the laws of science were God's choice for how the universe behaves.

PLAYBOY: Apart from now being able to pay your daughter's college fees, has the book made any difference in your life?

HAWKING: It has not made that much difference. Even before the book, a certain number of people, mainly Americans [*smiles*], would come up to me in the street, but it has made that sort of encounter more frequent. And other things like interviews and public lectures have taken up the limited time I have to do research. However, I'm now cutting down on such things and getting back to research.

PLAYBOY: We assume that every scientist hopes for recognition for his efforts. You have received a number of honors but not yet the Nobel Prize. Do you think you may someday receive the Nobel?

HAWKING: Most of my work has been generally accepted. I have received a lot of recognition recently. But I don't know if I will ever get the Nobel Prize, because that is given only for theoretical work that has been confirmed by observation. It is very, very difficult to observe the things I have worked on. [*Smiles*]

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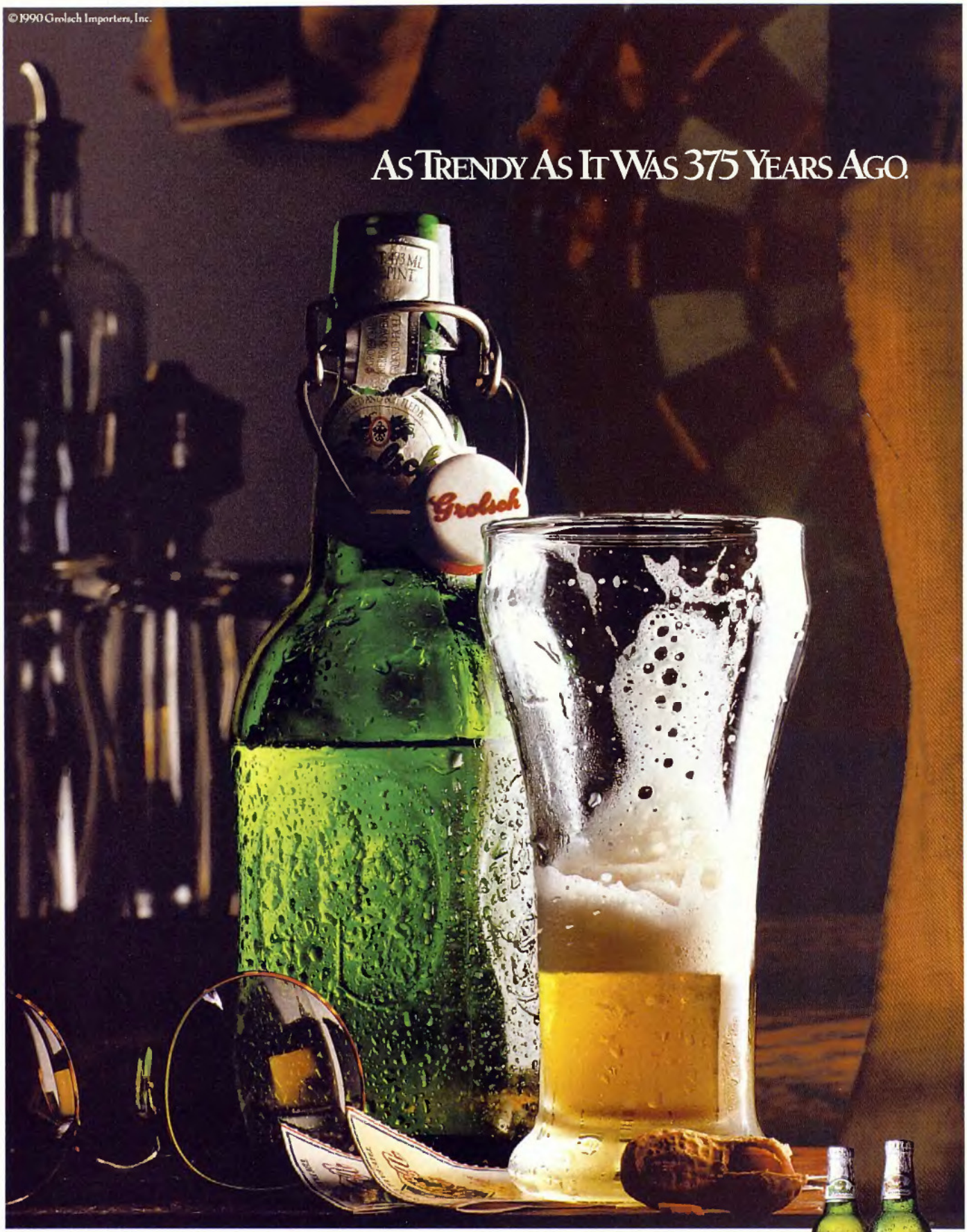
As Trendy As It Was 375 Years Ago.



Groenlo, Holland, is an uncompromising town. For almost four centuries now, they've refused to change Grolsch's recipe. So if it seems all-natural, non-pasteurized Grolsch is the very latest trend, people in Groenlo would say it's about time. They thought it was pretty hip in 1615. **Grolsch**

Tastes the same here as it does over there.

scientists now believe what you may have suspected all along: men lust differently from women

MALES TEND TO seek more than one mate. "Monogamy is rare in mammals, almost unheard of in primates," according to zoologist David Barash, "and it appears to be a relatively recent invention of certain human cultures. . . . Prior to Western colonialism and Judaeo-Christian social imperialism, the vast majority of human societies were polygynous."

While many women seem to think that polygamy works to the advantage of males, in truth it works to the advantage of females in many ways. For it is the woman who is the possessor of the evolutionary treasure—potential reproduction—and she is the one who parcels out the treasure, and only to those whom she finds satisfactory. As Harvard anthropologist Irven DeVore insists, "Males are a vast breeding experiment run by females."

As possessor of the treasure, the female can require males to do whatever she wants. Among the things she requires is that the males compete with one another. Evolutionarily speaking, she is separating the strong genes from the weak. And so, when she has found the male she feels is an acceptable father for her offspring, she will join with him. That the male may have other wives does not diminish his genetic fitness. And once she is pregnant, it does not matter how he expends his sperm. Sperm is cheap, but her egg is dear.

•

Everywhere and at all times, sex has been seen as a service or a favor that women choose to provide or offer to men. There are no cultures in which the opposite is the cultural norm. It is the males who hire prostitutes and engage them purely for the purposes of having sex, while the use of male prostitutes is extremely rare and usually involves not simply a woman purchasing sex but also companionship and a stable relationship. It is men who court women, give them

article By MICHAEL HUTCHISON

SEX ON THE BRAIN

ILLUSTRATION BY CARTER GOODRICH

gifts, take them to dinner (just as primitive hominid hunters millions of years ago shared their meat with the female), woo them and ask indirectly or directly for sex. It is women who resist, are coy, reserved, cautious, "modest," calculating (to ascertain the man's potential value as a loyal and protective mate) and who choose indirectly or directly to have sex.

This is true throughout the world. Margaret Mead described this sex difference in Polynesia: "It is the girl who decides whether she will or will not meet her lover under the palm trees, or receive him . . . in her bed in the young people's house. He may woo and plead . . . [but] if she does not choose . . . she does not lift the corner of her mat, she does not wait under the palm trees."

As Donald Symons, professor of anthropology at the University of California, Santa Barbara, asserts, "Women control what males have always needed—the ability to carry and reproduce their genes for them. And so a man tends to pursue sex aggressively—it's a trivial expenditure of energy with a potentially big payoff. For a woman, though, sex is something else. Women, after all, have always had one of their few, expensive eggs and their bodies on the line. And so sex for a woman remains a valuable *service*, a service that has to be carefully traded."

These differences in sexual strategies between males and females spring not from sex-role training but from traits and behavior patterns that over millions of years of hunter-gatherer culture proved to have survival value, were favored by natural selection and, as a result, became hard-wired into the expanding human brain.

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Today, survival of the fittest no longer requires hunting or gathering traits. However, our culture has been moving away from the hunter-gatherer phase for only some 10,000 years and, as anthropologists agree, physical evolution is extremely slow, and there is no evidence or reason to believe that contemporary human bodies or brains differ from those of 10,000 years ago. In fact, recent evidence indicates that humans anatomically identical to modern humans were hunting the fields of the Middle East more than 90,000 years ago.

So despite the fact that we live in a culture with little resemblance to the hunter-gatherer culture in which we evolved, there's no doubt that we are genetically adapted to that environment.

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Calvin Coolidge is not one of our nation's most celebrated Presidents, but Silent Cal secured himself a place in the indexes of evolutionary biologists and students of sexual behavior when he and his wife were being conducted on separate tours of a Government farm. Mrs. Coolidge stopped to observe the chicken coops and asked her guide how often the rooster there would perform his sexual duties each day. "Oh, dozens of times," said her guide. Mrs. Coolidge raised her eyebrows, clearly impressed. "Please tell that to the President," she requested.

When the President later came to the coops and observed the rooster's performance, he was informed of his wife's request.

"Same hen every time?" asked the taciturn President.

"Oh, no, sir," said the guide, "a different one each time."

The President nodded and said, "Please tell that to Mrs. Coolidge."

It is another of our apparently universal facts that men are far more likely than women to desire a variety of sex partners. When a male mammal is introduced into a cage with a sexually receptive female, he will copulate with verve. After a period of time, however, he will begin to lose interest, even though the female is as sexually receptive as ever. Finally, he will reach a point where he has no inclination to copulate at all. However, if the female is removed and replaced by a new female, the male will immediately begin copulating with renewed enthusiasm—a phenomenon dubbed the Coolidge Effect.

Rams, for example, will lose interest in ewes after four or five copulations. But when a new ewe is introduced, the ram will be restored to its former vigor. This will happen every time another ewe is substituted, and the ram's rate of ejaculation will be the same with the *12th* ewe as it was with the first. A similar sexual dynamic exists between bulls and cows. Researchers have tried to fool the rams and bulls by disguising females with which they have mated, covering their heads and bodies with canvas sacks or masking their vaginal odors with other smells and reintroducing them, but the males are not fooled. As psychologist Glenn Wilson has observed, "These male animals know where they have been and do not like going over the same ground again."

The increased intelligence of human beings has made it more likely that mates will maintain interest in each other. There's no doubt that an intelligent, sexually creative woman can keep a man's attention, devotion and love for a lifetime. Nevertheless, to a lesser degree, the Coolidge Effect applies among humans.

Surveys show that far more males than females commit adultery. In recent years, this gap is closing, but there is evidence that increasing female infidelities are the result of a general loosening of sexual standards, rather than of a change in female attitudes. When surveys look at beliefs rather than behavior, the sex differences remain wide: Surveys that ask whether people would *like* to engage in extramarital sex indicate that the difference between males and females is far greater than in actual extramarital sex.

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Which brings us to our next universal and biologically influenced difference between the sexes; perhaps it is the basis of the differences mentioned above. Dr. Helen Singer Kaplan, of New York City's Cornell Medical Center, speaking from a lifetime of research and clinical experience in human sexuality, asserts, "I think all the differences between male and female sexuality are due to the strength of the male sex drive, which seems much higher than the female's. All other differences follow from that.

"The male sex drive is so compelling that it's less subject to inhibition by learning than the female's, which is more variable, flexible and influenced by experience. A woman can be aroused and have more orgasms than a man, but she isn't driven to sexuality the way a man is. The male sex drive is much more difficult to suppress. For example, if you tell a little girl not to masturbate, she's likely to listen to you, but a boy will continue to masturbate, in part because his urge is much stronger. I'm not saying there aren't crucial cultural factors present in sexuality, of course, but I believe the biological factors in our sexual behavior have been neglected."

How do we measure the intensity of something called a sex drive? Scientists have tried everything from penis meters that gauge the intensity of erections to tiny transmitters placed in the vagina to send messages about the quantity of secretions, to sampling the amount of adrenaline in the blood stream of persons watching pornography. But who's to say that X amount of vaginal secretions indicates a higher sex drive than Y degree of penile erection?

Certainly, it has been males who have throughout history been the overwhelming consumers of pornography. It is mostly males who use prostitutes and give gifts in exchange for sex. There's no doubt that a greater percentage of males than females masturbate, and do so earlier and far more frequently than females. As we have seen, males are more likely to desire more than one mate and to seek variety and novelty in sex partners. Surveys of the frequency with which males and females engage in sex indicate that males *at all ages* have sex more frequently.

But such facts and behaviors are imprecise and inconclusive. That is why more and more scientists are seeking to understand human nature not by reference to behavior but in the actual

(continued on page 88)

"Here we have people who wore clothes of the wrong style, wrong color, wrong fit—in spite of the enormous advertising budgets of Ralph Lauren and Calvin Klein."

WARMING TRENDS

hot new tailored looks for spring and summer

Part One

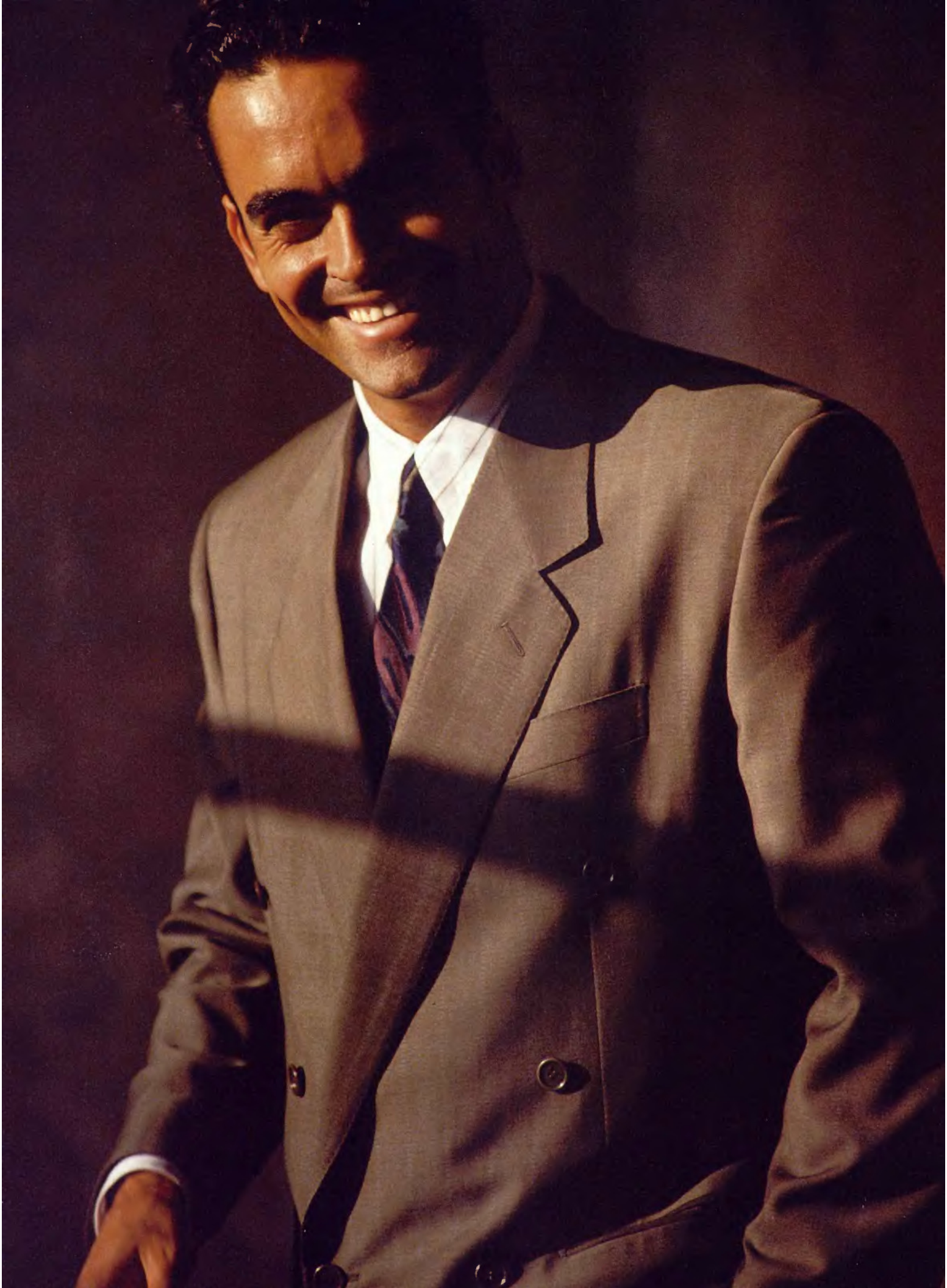
fashion

By HOLLIS WAYNE

THE NINETIES man is kicking back and taking names. His look: elegance and ease. His wardrobe: tailored clothing and upscale accessories. Six-button double-breasted suits and three-button single-breasted blazers and sports jackets in comfortable earth and spice tones are cutting broad-shouldered silhouettes this spring. You *(text concluded on page 86)*

Left: Wool pinstripe double-breasted suit with six-button, one-to-button front, peaked lapels, ventless back, $850, cotton dress shirt, $160, and silk Jacquard-ground tie with floral overprint, $65, all by Hugo Boss. Right: Wool double-breasted suit with notched lapels, six-button, one-to-button front and double-reverse-pleated pants, by Luciano Soproni, $1150; plus a cotton Jacquard-striped dress shirt featuring a straight-point collar with high button stance, $135, and woven-silk abstract-design tie, about $60, both by Lazo.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BETH BISCHOFF

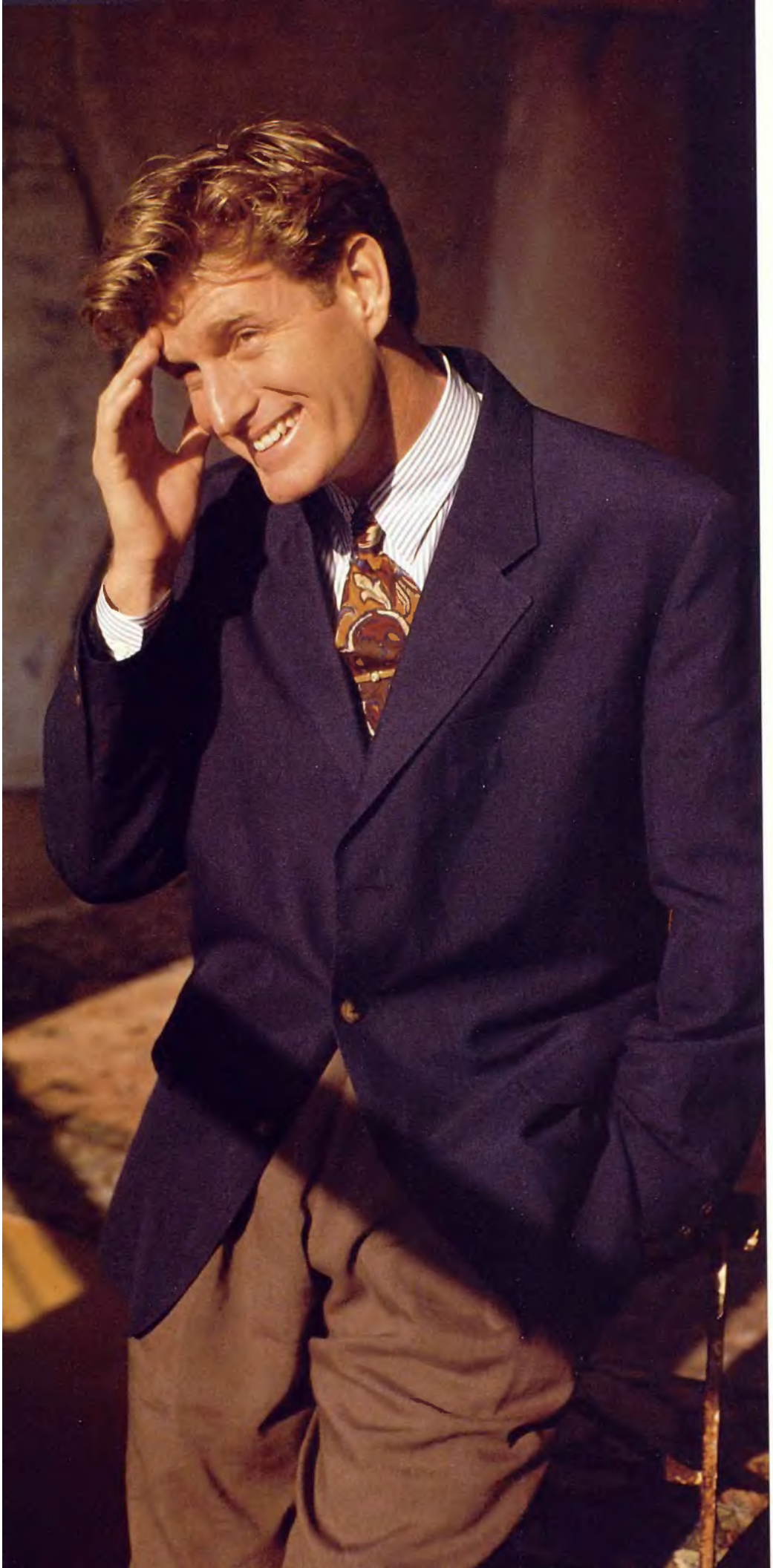


BVLGARI
BVLGARI

Left, clockwise from 12: Vintoge nine-kt.-gold-cose Rolex Oyster wotch with leather bond, from Time Will Tell, about $4100, otop textured-leother agenda, by De Vecchi, $160. Esquire gold-tone-cose wotch with lunor foce, by Movado, $350. Antique Leboeuf fountoin pen with gold-filled clip, from Chiuzoc Gallery, $575. Royol typewriter-key cuff links with sterling-silver bock, from LS Collection, $95. Stoinless-steel-and-18-kt.-gold watch with shorkskin bond, by Ebel, $1500. Alligotor ogendo, by De Vecchi, $578. Antique Parker fountain pen, from Chiuzoc Gallery, $225. Sterling-silver-and-steel engraved wotch, by Bulgori, $1000. Right: Wool-and-mohoir double-breosted three-piece suit, $1010, worn with dress shirt, $85, and silk paisley tie, $52.50, all from Polo by Rolph Louren. Pocket square, by Ferrell Reed, $20. Gold pocket watch, $2400, ond gold chain, $375, both from Chiuzoc Gallery.

JAMES IMBRIOGNO

Left: Wool double-breosted suit with subtle overploid, peaked lopels, six-button, two-to-button front, welt breost pocket, besom front pockets, ventless back ond double-pleoted pants with extended button/tob woist-band, $600, worn with cotton dress shirt with stroight collor ond patch breost pocket, $45, and silk-crepe tropicol-print tie, $57.50, oll by Bill Robinson; plus silk woven-design pock-et squore, by Ferrell Reed, $25. Right, clockwise from 11: Mustord-suede wing-tip lace-up with allover perforot-ed detailing ond o micro sole, by Giorgio Armoni, $380. Spectotor wing-tip loce-up with leother toe and heel ond convos inset on vomp, by Chorles Jourdon Monsieur, $260. Leather spectotor wing-tip loce-up with perforated toe ond woven vomp, by Cole-Hoon, $295. Colfskin/nobuck spectotor wing-tip loce-up with per-foroted and pinked detoiling, from Aldo Bruè, by Noncy Knox, $250.



may even see some soft-shouldered styles—a foreshadowing of fashions to come next fall. Suede continues to be popular, and the wrist watch in antique stylings or the latest techie look has become the hottest fashion accessory. Top off a well-tailored wardrobe with a two-colored wing-tip shoe in mixed materials (canvas and leather, for example) and we'd call that starting out spring and summer on the right fashion foot.

Left: Wool/linen three-button sports coat with notched lapels and ventless back, $610, and striped dress shirt, $240, both by Shamask; plus wool/viscose quadruple-pleated trousers, by Verri, $220; silk tie, by Alcione from Giocomo, about $60; and tie bar, by Anne Klein Men, $85. Right: Silk houndstooth-patterned sports coat, $550, and cotton double-pleated trousers, $110, both by Freedberg of Boston; cotton dress shirt with antique striping, by Joseph Abboud, $125; and silk tie, by Freedberg of Boston, $45.

Where and How to Buy on page 163.

SEX ON THE BRAIN

(continued from page 78)

"Scientists have discovered a link between social dominance and potency, between power and sex."

structure and electrochemistry of the brain.

THE BRAIN–MIND REVOLUTION

A "brain revolution" has been taking place in the past decade or so. Due to advances in microchip technology and other technological tools, brain scientists have at last been able to see what is going on in those billions of tiny brain cells that are linked together in a network of unsurpassed and almost infinite complexity. Neuroanatomist Floyd Bloom of Scripps Clinic in La Jolla, California, describes the new capabilities: "A neuroscientist used to be like a man in a Goodyear blimp floating over a bowl game: He could hear the crowd roar, and that was about it. But now we're down in the stands. It's not too long before we'll be able to tell why one man gets a hot dog and one man gets a beer."

Of all the new findings of the late Seventies and the Eighties, one thing could not escape the neuroscientists' attention: the noticeable differences between the brains of men and the brains of women.

What goes on in the brain and in the mind depends on the levels of neurotransmitters, neuropeptides and hormones. And the brains of men and those of women differ in the quantities of certain neurochemicals they secrete, as well as in the way they respond to doses of those neurochemicals. A neurotransmitter such as dopamine has a sexually stimulating effect on men but not on women, while serotonin seems to be sexually exciting for women only.

Males and females, it is now becoming clear, differ not only in the way the brain hemispheres are organized but also in their very structure and physiology. The right hemisphere of males, for example, is noticeably larger and heavier than the right hemisphere of females. The verbal capacity of males is largely confined to one hemisphere, while that of females appears to be spread more diffusely across both hemispheres. And scientists have been finding a variety of other anatomical differences in the brains of the sexes as well.

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Since brain anatomy influences behavior, physiologists of behavior are now finding that many of the long-noted behavioral differences between the sexes have their roots in anatomical and neurochemical brain differences. For example, scientists have recently begun investigating the mysteries of power and the way it flows through and alters societies, and are discovering that power, and the social manipulations that are used to secure and maintain it—that is, *politics*—are a function of biochemistry.

In fact, there is such a flood of new evidence into this fusion of neurochemistry and power that an entire new field of research has begun to take shape, a field the scientists call *biopolitics*. Among the extraordinary findings in this field are those demonstrating that male power and dominance are linked to high levels of the neurochemical serotonin. In studies of primates ranging from monkeys to baboons to chimps to humans, a variety of researchers have consistently found that dominant males have high levels of serotonin; that when a dominant male is removed from his position of dominance, his levels of serotonin plummet and his former unshakeable self-assurance turns into insecurity and anxiety; that when nondominant males are given chemicals to boost their serotonin levels, they begin to behave like dominant males—confident, self-assured, assertive, even aggressive.

This connection between brain chemistry and power seems inseparable from sexual chemistry: Scientists have discovered that there is a direct link between social dominance and sexual potency, between power and sex. Interestingly, this link works in both directions, in what is known as a "bidirectional feedback loop" between sex and power. Sexual access to females, research is revealing, is in many ways dependent on a certain amount of dominance (and its associated qualities of confidence and assertiveness), which means high levels of serotonin (among other things). But it has also been found that sexual activity and potency itself will raise the level of serotonin in formerly submissive or passive males, and when dominant males are removed from access to sexual activity, or denied sexual activity, their levels of serotonin (and their dominance) decline sharply. Thus, in ways that are still to be fully understood, sex and power are interdependent.

THE T FACTOR

Testosterone is an anabolic steroid—that is, it promotes the synthesis of proteins from food and promotes the growth and regeneration of tissue (unlike the female hormone estrogen, a catabolic steroid, which promotes the breakdown of proteins and leads to the increased storage of fat on the body). Since males have far greater quantities of testosterone than females, males are generally larger than women. Their bodies are also different in their make-up: on the average, the bodies of males are about 40 percent muscle and 15 percent fat, while the bodies of females are about 23 percent muscle and 25 percent fat. Men have wider shoulders and longer arms, they deliver oxygen to their muscles more efficiently and, pound for pound, their upper body is two to three times more powerful than a woman's.

Testosterone is most highly concentrated in the hypothalamus, and scientists have recently discovered that the injection of testosterone has an excitatory influence on the hypothalamus and the limbic system, which is to say on that part of the brain regulating emotions, sex and aggression. Biological anthropologist and medical doctor Melvin Konner points out, "It is one thing to say that the hormone probably influences sex and aggression by acting on the brain; it is quite another to find a major nerve bundle deep in the brain, likely to be involved in sex and aggression, that can fire more easily when testosterone acts on it than when it does not. A key link in the story has been formed."

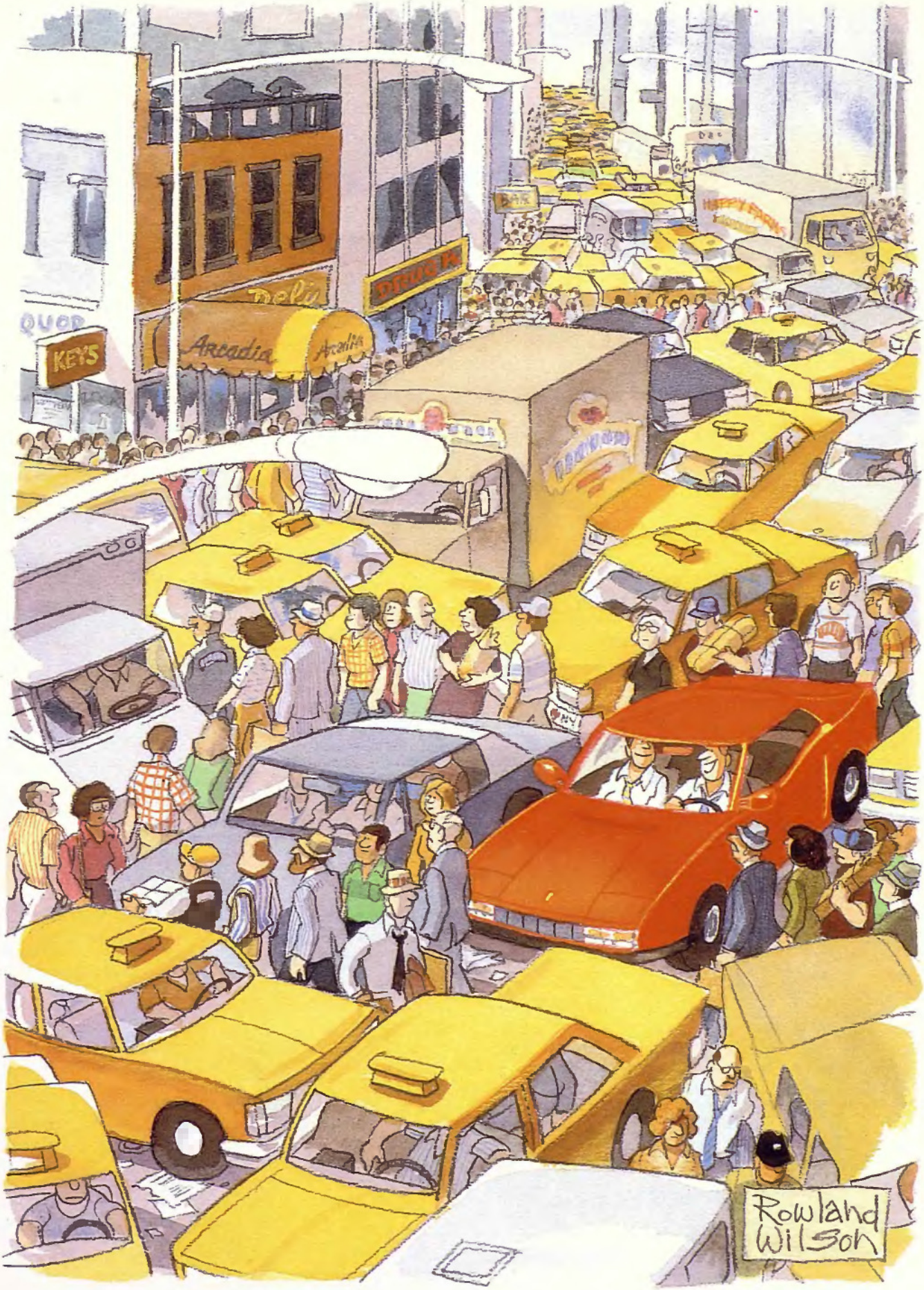
Perhaps the most intriguing fact about testosterone is that scientific evidence indicates that it is necessary for male sexual arousal and desire. Testosterone, recent studies have shown, is a genuine aphrodisiac. Physiologist Julian Davidson and colleagues at Stanford University performed a study of men suffering from extremely low levels of sexual desire as the result of underactive gonads. They found that doses of testosterone dramatically increased their frequency of sexual fantasies and restored their sexual desire. Said Davidson, "It's very clear that testosterone is the biological substrate of desire, at least in men."

Testosterone is so essential to male sexual desire that one method now being used to treat male sexual offenders is to require them to take drugs (such as Depo-Provera) that sharply reduce their levels of testosterone. According to medical psychologist John Money of Johns Hopkins, the reduction in testosterone "suppresses or lessens the frequency of erection and ejaculation and lessens the feeling of libido and the mental imagery of sexual arousal."

There is evidence that when males are anticipating sexual activity, their levels of testosterone increase. Another study indicates that testosterone levels in males increase both before and after sex.

But even though it is a "male" hormone, testosterone also plays an important role in female sexual desire. Although females produce testosterone in smaller quantities than do males, that

(continued on page 152)



"Performance? This baby can do zero to sixty in seven seconds."

JAMES SPADER

MADE EASY

why did the star of *sex, lies, and videotape* stalk through a motel courtyard in his underwear, shooting a crossbow? his friends try to explain

By JERRY LAZAR

IT'S NEAR DUSK and James Spader is reluctantly showing me his key ring. The sky above Los Angeles has turned a photochemical pink, and the greenery that surrounds us here on this hiking trail high in the Hollywood hills isn't really greenery at all; after a long, dry summer, it's more like brownery. Still, by L.A. standards, this is a pastoral scene, a rustic refuge only minutes from the real city.

I've asked to see the key ring because of a memorable scene in *sex, lies, and videotape*. In that movie, Spader plays the role of Graham, the unsettled and unsettling force behind the story, who brags that he has only one key—to his car. "The car's important," he says. "You got to be mobile."

There's a tinge of exasperation as Spader brings out *his* keys. Of course, there was a tinge of exasperation when I asked to watch him work, visit his home or find some way of seeing him in action. "I don't invite journalists to go grocery shopping with me," he says. "My personal life is not for public consumption." Spader won't even meet me for lunch at a restaurant; meals, it seems, are meant for pleasure, and interviews are business. If I want to spend time with James Spader, my only option is to join him on one of his occasional hikes at dusk through the Hollywood hills. There's a catch, of course. I must promise not to reveal the location of the trail, keeping it private for the 30-year-old actor and his friends.

Later, I would talk to people who would tell me stories about a completely different Spader—one who talks openly, perhaps even excessively. Among his close-knit group of friends, he is known as an eccentric raconteur, a habitué of strip joints, a collector of offbeat weapons and a fan of loud music. They love Spader, the outrageous character, and they'll gladly talk about him. But not Spader. He grants interviews guardedly and avoids late-night talk shows. Even high in the Hollywood hills—on his own terms—he's more than amiable but less than loquacious.

He does show me his key ring, however: a tiny suitcase key, keys for his Porsche and his new Volvo station wagon, a garage key, a gate key, three house keys and a miniature black Swiss Army knife, all dangling from a simple round key ring. "See," he says, "nothing special."

With some prodding, he also admits that he recently bought a video camera of his own, a slight irony, perhaps, given the role video cameras play in both *sex, lies, and videotape* (Graham uses the camera for sexual release) and *Bad Influence* (in which his character finds his life changed when an acquaintance—played by Rob Lowe, no less—secretly tapes him having sex). Of course, Spader bought his camera for a more prosaic reason: to chronicle the early life and times of his infant son, Sebastian.

"Sebastian doesn't move very much yet, so the camera is collecting dust," Spader says dismissively. "Besides, I don't even know how to use it. I'm not very good with mechanical things." No, the salesman hadn't recognized him. "I must say, it's very amusing to me to see you trying to tie this together. None of this crossed my mind when I went to buy the camera. When I finish doing a film, it's behind me."

We continue our hike, me with my tape recorder and questions, Spader with his minimalist answers. The shaggy locks he wore as Graham are gone in favor of a haircut more appropriate to the clean-cut financial analyst he has just played in *Bad Influence*. It's the style he has worn in most of his pictures, whether he has played a preppie twit or a sinister creep in such movies as *Pretty in Pink*, *Mannequin*, *Less than Zero* and *Wall Street*.

As we trudge up a steep incline, Spader ruminates on his new-found success. For the first time, he says, he is able to make career decisions based not only on his interest in portraying a character but also on whether or not the film itself stands a chance of being any good. "Half the movies I did, I don't know if I'd see them if I wasn't in them," he admits. He rather liked his work as the insufferable Mr. Richards in *Mannequin*, for example, but adds, "It's like some medieval torture sitting through the film."

Spader even had doubts about *sex, lies, and videotape*—the low-budget feature written and directed by first-timer Steven Soderbergh—but he loved the idea of playing Graham. Before going on location in Baton Rouge, he gleefully told friends he was off to play an impotent guy who masturbates watching tapes.

"The thing I was most surprised by was the entertainment factor of the film," he says. "I knew while we were making it that we were presenting the material in a fairly honest *(continued on page 98)*

ILLUSTRATION BY GREG SPALENKA

BRAVA, ALLEGRA!

you already know jamie lee. now meet tony curtis' *other* actress daughter

ALLEGRA CURTIS, at 23, has one burning desire: to follow her parents into show business. Daughter of Tony Curtis and his second wife, actress Christine Kaufmann, Allegra appears in *Killing Blue*, with Michael York and Morgan Fairchild. In the film, shot in Berlin by director Peter Patzak, Allegra plays Monika Carstens, a strong-willed, street-wise naïf. She sees herself in that description, too. Allegra doesn't expect her famous bloodline to play a major part in her career, but she has absorbed some lessons from her parents' experiences. "They didn't allow themselves to be chewed up. Both of them learned from hard times," she says. Another movie is in the works, a remake of *The Swimming Pool*, an erotic drama that starred Alain Delon and the late Romy Schneider. We'd say Allegra was due to be getting plenty of attention.

Allegra as a baby (top) with her parents, Tony Curtis and Christine Koufmann. In a scene from *Killing Blue* (above left), distributed in the U.S. as *Midnight* Cop, Allegra confronts Michael York. Above right, Allegra shows no signs of the tug of wor between her porents over her upbringing. All is forgiven now, but during those yeors, shunted between Colifornia ond Germony, she hod trouble with both English and Germon. In every longuoge, say we, Allegro's o knockout.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOCHEN HARDER

About her career, Allegra says, "At the beginning, you spend half your time waiting on the outside for the right opportunity to come along." She hopes to model her coreer on those of such stors os her parents, Morilyn Monroe, Lono Turner and other glomour girls of the Forties ond Fifties. These five pases look to us as if Allegra's well on her woy.

JAMES SPADER *(continued from page 90)*

"She bends down and looks back through her legs: 'Hey, aren't you the guy in "Pretty in Pink"?'"

and intelligent fashion. I felt the performances were fine. And I felt that the personality of the film was provocative and curious. But the film's humor was very hard to gauge while we were doing it. If it didn't work, I thought the film would be extremely self-indulgent and a huge bore. I think the humor *does* work and that's why people have responded to it."

The movie was more than a hit; it won the Golden Palm at Cannes and Spader was named best actor. However, he wasn't there to receive the award. He had arrived in Cannes, gotten bored and left.

His longtime friend Gerald Harrington, a Hollywood agent, says that that's typical Spader behavior. "One night, I went with Jimmy to the opening of his movie *Tuff Turf*," he recalls. "We walked in and there were posters of him all over the wall. That made him uncomfortable. And he had to have his picture taken with some celebrities he didn't know, and that made him feel even more uncomfortable. So we left. He was out the door."

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Gerald Harrington knows all about James Spader, the sensitive artist. But Harrington knows the other James Spader as well, the young rowdy who regularly led a gang of friends to the Seventh Veil, a Hollywood strip joint frequented by sailors, psychos and stag-party celebrants. "Once, this stripper is up on our table, inches away from Jimmy," says Harrington, "and she's got her back to him and legs wide apart. She bends down and looks back at him through her legs and says, 'Hey, aren't you the guy in *Pretty in Pink*?'"

Actor Eric Stoltz is also part of Spader's group of friends. "Jimmy used to play the role of older brother to a lot of us," he says. "One time, he took me and another friend to dinner and decided to teach us the finer points of making love to a woman, using elaborate hand and mouth gestures. Halfway through his symposium, we looked around and realized half the restaurant was watching us—watching Jimmy making moves with his tongue. It was one of those mortifying moments when time just stops."

Stoltz has worked with Spader as well. During the filming of *The New Kids* in Florida, he was awe-struck by him. "Jimmy was at his wildest. We'd take road trips to the Keys or up the coast, and he'd insist on having weapons in the trunk. He'd drive like a maniac—fast, with the music blaring—and I was always living in fear that we'd be pulled over and some officer would find his crossbow, his lance, his twelve-inch knife, his whip. . . .

"At the motel," Stoltz continues, "our rooms were across the courtyard from each other, and he drew a huge target on my window with soap. I woke up in the middle of the night to these pinging sounds. Jimmy had bought a new BB gun and he was making indentations in the glass. It's a little frightening when one of your best friends does that.

"One morning, Jimmy was running around with a crossbow, trying to get the arrows to stick to a palm tree in the motel courtyard. He was wearing a fringed leather jacket and underwear, with a cigarette and shades. The leading actress had brought her mother with her, and when the mother walked out of her room to get the morning paper, she saw Jimmy and almost had a heart attack.

"Jimmy's a very peaceful man," says Stoltz. "He's the sweetest, nicest man in the world. He's just a tad eccentric."

•

Spader is famous among his friends for his succession of short-lived passions. When the actor toyed with the idea of writing scripts, says another friend, *Less than Zero* screenwriter Harley Peyton, "I went with him when he bought his typewriter. It was in the closet a week later."

Adds Harrington, "Jimmy will decide he wants to buy a saxophone—'Gerald, I bought every Charlie Parker album the other day, and I just realized I had to play the saxophone'—so he'll go buy the best saxophone and be completely passionate about it for two weeks. Then there's the piano that he and Vickey, his wife, were going to learn. Then riding English was huge for about a month. Then there was the bicycle phase. . . ."

Then there was Louie, the bluetick coonhound. "You could never get Jimmy and Vickey out of the house," remembers Peyton, "because if they left Louie behind, he would bay and go crazy and tear up the house. He was so neurotic and so insane. And they tried dog trainers and everything. They could leave the house only if Louie had a human baby sitter. They were so devoted to that dog. But he got bigger and bigger and nuttier and nuttier. They finally realized they couldn't keep him."

Spader is so distraught about Louie he can barely bring himself to talk about him. "He's leading a very good life on a farm up in Lake Arrowhead," he says. "We're just sorry he's not living with us anymore. He was not a dog that was going to be happy with us on the road, and leaving him behind became a real problem in that no one would take care of him more than once—except for one friend, and only if I thanked him publicly on the *Today* show. Which I did.

"We have pictures of Louie all over the house, like he's gone away to camp or something," he says. "We're hoping that if Sebastian starts baying, we'll all move to Lake Arrowhead and be reunited with Louie."

Before our hike, I noticed that Spader's 1969 Porsche Targa bore a Grateful Dead bumper sticker.

"One of my biggest hobbies was going to concerts," says Spader. He also owns hundreds of albums, which he insists are superior in sound quality to CDs.

"We'll go to Tower Records and spend all our salaries," says Peyton. "Jimmy will be in the blues bin, buying armloads of every obscure album he can find, some of which are terrible. And we'll bicker endlessly. I'll say, 'I started listening to the blues when you were in nursery school.' And he'll insist that he's the one who has the rare blues records, and that all I have is those bullshit greatest-hits collections."

Spader's current audio system, Peyton tells me, "costs huge amounts of money and will never be advertised in any magazine and you can't buy it except by appointment. In the whole L.A. area, there are only two dealers for this stuff."

"It's designed by a couple of hippies in Canada who do nothing with their days but listen to music," explains Spader. "It's archaic by today's standards—all tubes, not solid state. But it sounds better than solid state. It's not the equipment that should be admired, though, it's the music. My preamp doesn't have bass and treble and tone dials—it plays the music the way it was recorded. It's there to serve the music. If you're listening to Coltrane, he should sound the way he sounded in the studio the day he recorded it."

Harrington scoffs at this. "He plays these weird old blues records or *reggae* albums that were recorded with the most primitive equipment. No matter what you play them on, they sound terrible. They sound like they were recorded underwater through a megaphone.

"He's completely anal about his tape selection in the car," says Harrington. "He has an aluminum briefcase and he'll put in a hundred and ten cassettes—'OK, we're going to drive north, so these are the good tapes for the North.' He plans the music like some people plan the menu for an estate dinner. And he won't let me get one song in. He plays things that he knows I won't like so he can try to convince me how good they are."

When Spader was sent the script for *sex, lies, and videotape*, he was on one of

(continued on page 170)

"I don't recall the flight simulator at NASA's having a mirror on the ceiling. . . ."

LIQUID ASSETS

why, now that quality is up, drinking well is the best revenge

drink By JOHN OLDCASTLE

WHEN OSCAR WILDE protested, "I have the simplest tastes. I am always satisfied by the best," he was expressing the driving sentiment of the Nineties—not the 1890s but the 1990s. For while we may all be forced to do with a bit less of some of the necessities of life in the decade ahead (air and new Rolling Stones albums, for example), we do expect that the luxuries should be of the highest quality. Of course, if an item has the added virtue of being quite rare, its mere possession becomes as much a pleasure as the using of it.

This is especially true with fine spirits. For although overall consumption of hard liquor has been dropping in the United States—23 percent since 1980—the sale of premium spirits is soaring: The more rare bottles of cognacs, well-aged rums and even "single-barrel" bourbons show up in the market, the more we seem willing to pay top dollar for them. Twenty-five-year-old single-malt Scotches? Can't keep 'em in stock. Thirty-dollar-a-bottle tequilas? Walking off the shelves. Rare old Armagnacs? Name your price. When Hine recently exported a mere 60 bottles of its 1914 vintage cognac to the U.S. at about $600 a fifth, retailers and restaurateurs begged to get just one bottle for their customers.

As you might expect, a lot of this lust for what Michael Aaron of New York's Sherry-Lehmann calls superspirits is based on the desire to own what few other people in the world can afford to buy. Which is why you may hear more guys getting *very* specific about their drink orders in bars. They don't just want a snifter of Russian vodka. It has to be Stolichnaya Cristall—and it has to be served in a chilled glass. This may well derive from the kind of awesome connoisseurship James Bond began when he demanded his martinis "shaken, not stirred" and ordered only Hennessy Three Star Cognac, compounded over the past decade by a sense that the high rollers and powerful in this world are men who get precisely what they want at any cost.

But more and more, the continuing market for really fine spirits, as with fine wines, seems fueled by an enormous pool of far more discriminating, better-traveled men who really know the best from the merely good and who, though drinking less, intend to drink as well as they can whenever they do. Moderation, which is the key to truly living well, seems admirably in the ascendancy in the Nineties. So here's *Playboy*'s guide to drinking very well, indeed.

SCOTCH

The spirits that seem to have first fueled Americans' thirst for the finest were single-malt Scotches (made entirely from malted barley and not blended with other whiskies)—ironically, at a time when sales of blended Scotches began falling. Today, drinkers are savoring the richer, deeper flavors of a single malt as one would a fine cognac—*after* dinner rather than before.

At first, people bought established names such as The Glenlivet (now the leading seller), Glenfiddich and Glenmorangie; but before long, they were seeking out hard-to-find single malts and then *(continued on page 166)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVE JORDANO

JEWELRY COURTESY LESTER LAMPERT, CHICAGO, ILL. / SPIRITS COURTESY SHAEFER'S, SKOKIE, ILL.

BRAS D'OR
HENNESSY
COGNAC
ARMAGNAC
APPELLATION ARMAGNAC CONTRÔLÉE
1944
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
ICY
VODKA OF ICELAND
IMPORTED

IN THE COMPANY OF MEN

the playwright prefers it when the cards are on the table and cigar smoke is in the air

opinion by

David Mamet

IT IS NOT, I think, very energy efficient to have two parts of a machine performing the same task.

A mechanical and, by extension, a spiritual union might better be described as the conjunction of dissimilar parts such that the ability of each to realize a common goal is improved.

The roof is pitched to shed the snow, the floor is flat for the convenience of the occupants. Both conduce to the comfort of the inhabitants and to the structural integrity of the house.

Well, then, let's talk about sexual relationships. Let's talk about men and women. Our sexual organs, as has been noted, are dissimilar. It is also widely known—though to aver it in certain circles is impolite—that our emotional make-ups are quite different; and try as one may to hew to the correct liberal political line of equal rights, and elaborate a moral imperative into a prescriptive psychological view (i.e., men and women are entitled to the same things; therefore, they must want the same things), we know that such a view is not true. We know that men and women do *not* want the same things (as much as they may want the rights to want and to pursue the same things). And why men and women want dissimilar things is, as they say, beyond the scope of this inquiry.

As I amble so pugnaciously into my twilight years and into what I so dearly hope will be a time of reflection and peace, it seems to me that women want men to be men.

This is a new idea to me. In my quite misguided youth, I believed what the quite misguided women of my age said when they told me and my fellows that what was required for a happy union was a man who was, in all things save plumbing, more or less a woman. *(continued on page 172)*

ILLUSTRATION BY SANORA HENOLER

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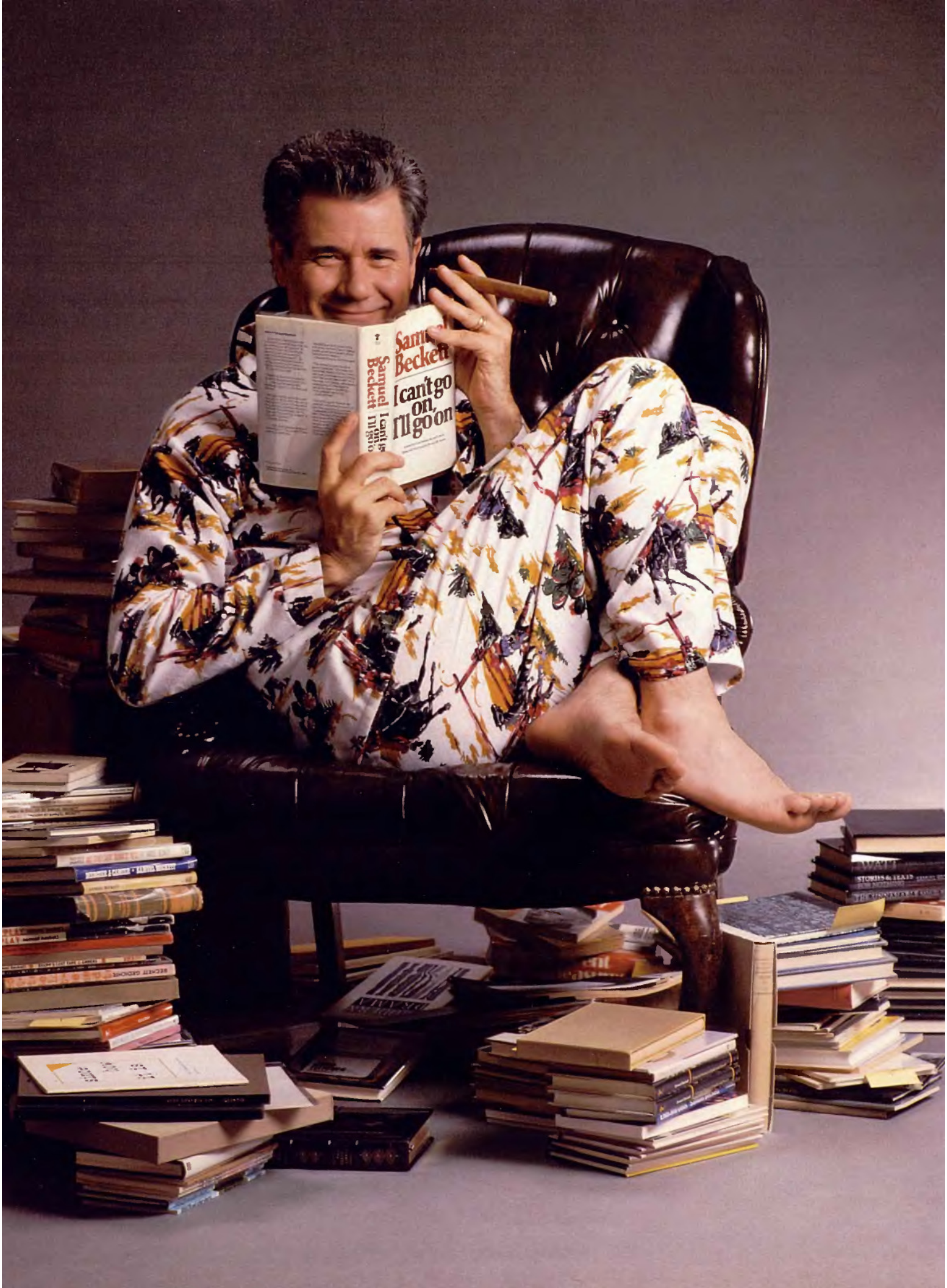

Samuel Beckett
I can't go on, I'll go on

20 QUESTIONS

JOHN LARROQUETTE

Actor John Larroquette is best known not for the many possible misspellings and mispronunciations of his surname (it's pronounced lar-o-ket) but for his pernicious portrayal of Assistant D.A. Dan Fielding on "Night Court." The role has earned him so many Emmys (four) that he declines to let himself be nominated for a fifth. Speaking of fifths, for many now-forgettable years, Larroquette downed great volumes of the liquid variety. He quit that method of self-destruction and since has done work in films ("Stripes," "Blind Date" and, currently, "Madhouse"), TV and on stage, and occasional noodling over novels and screenplays on his home computer. He also collects books. So what is it about this man for all seasons that allows him the luxury of playing a sleaze while retaining his likability? While talking in Larroquette's trailer on the set of "Madhouse," Contributing Editor David Rensin thought he overheard a clue: "This is the sexiest man in the world," a robust blonde visitor said with absolute certainty. "All women want to fuck him."

1.

PLAYBOY: Your bio lists a broad range of credits, from *Baa Baa Black Sheep* to *Stripes*, from *Kojak* to *Twilight Zone—The Movie*, from *Night Court* to *Blind Date*. What do you imagine goes through a casting director's mind when he says, "Get me John Larroquette"?

LARROQUETTE: Hmm. Now that we've lost Pinky Lee, and Bert's so busy with *Win, Lose or Draw*, the next image that comes to his mind is this flat mug of mine. "We need a mug! Is there someone in town who has a good mug?" And they think of Larroquette. The success of *Night Court* has helped, plus my being a journeyman actor. And before that, I suppose I played a sort of young, confused neighbor kind of person. In 1975, I had a short-lived experience with George Peppard on a series called *Doctors' Hospital* that lasted only thirteen episodes. I was one of those young, confused interns who gave compassionate looks to terminal patients and filled Peppard in on the complications when he walked into the room: "Left hemispheric contusion with a subliminal contraception and a subdural hematoma." I thought the last was a diving device, invented by Jacques Cousteau. In the end, it all boils down to the five stages of an actor's career: "Who?" "Get me John Larroquette." "Get me a John Larroquette type." "Get me a young John Larroquette." "Who?" Fortunately, I seem to be in the second phase, at the moment.

the sultan of smarm describes the hangover from hell and the pleasures of the industrial vac

2.

PLAYBOY: What do you like most about your face? Least? When does it work best for you?

LARROQUETTE: I like my nose least and my eyes best—though it's tough to look around my nose to find them. I feel like a rhino sometimes. My nose is too bulbous and lacks definition. Perhaps it's because it was almost cut off in 1980, during the shooting of *Stripes*. I ran down a hall and hit a door that was supposed to open. When I hit it, it didn't. There was a window in the door, and my head went through it and I just about cut my nose off. That changed its shape. My face worked best when I was a kid, because I could summon a dog or baby-seal look that made people say, "We can't kick him again. It's just pitiful."

3.

PLAYBOY: The name Larroquette is both a tough spell and a tongue twister. What are some of the more memorable ways in which it has been botched?

LARROQUETTE: The most common mistake when people write it is to leave out the first R. I'm sure it was originally LaRoquette. A teacher in high school pronounced it "lar-OK," on the theory that it's Chevrolet, not Chevrolette. I was too stupid to complain. I've also heard "laro-kwet" and "laro-ka-tetty." "Larocutey" is also one of my favorites. One that I actually used for quite a while was "la-rocket." Johnny LaRocket. I'll be interested to see how you spell these.

4.

PLAYBOY: You've won four Emmys in a row, from 1985 to 1988, for playing Dan Fielding on *Night Court*. Where do you keep the awards? Are you nervous about a possible fifth?

LARROQUETTE: They're all together, like the Rockettes, on the mantelpiece. I'd never seen statues above a fireplace before, and I thought, Gee, that seems like a real interesting idea. Right next to the four girls, I have a picture of two derelicts on an old Pepsi bus-stop bench; filthy, sitting there smoking cigarettes, bottles sticking out of their pockets. The yin and yang of my life. As for number five, that's a fairly complicated issue. To be considered for an Emmy nomination in the performing categories, one has to submit one's own work; in other words, I'd submit a *Night Court* episode I thought really showcased me. I didn't do that this year. I didn't, selfishly, want to hope I'd win again and have somebody else's name announced. After the first one, I thought the odds for two in a row were OK; it has happened. I was sure I wouldn't win the third. I thought Tom Poston had it. I was convinced the fourth one would never happen. It gets to be like DiMaggio: How many innings can you go? I thought it would be nice just to retire undefeated, with a streak.

5.

PLAYBOY: Justine Bateman told us that she never wore underwear when she was doing *Family Ties*. Got any *Night Court* secrets you'd care to spill?

LARROQUETTE: Well, I *do* wear underwear on *Night Court*. I guess the only difference is that it's Marsha Warfield's.

6.

PLAYBOY: What's Dan Fielding's pre-bed toilette?

LARROQUETTE: He probably spends a lot of time giving himself a good pedicure, getting all the day's cheese out of his feet from pounding that legal beat. Talks to himself a lot in the mirror before to psych himself up: "You're the best, babe, the absolute best. Hey, she's yours, absolutely yours." Probably has a few oysters. [*Pauses*] Hmm. New York doesn't have great raw ones, so I suppose he has tins of smoked oysters in his bathroom cabinet. Finally, a line of musk down his spine to try to arouse the animal in him.

7.

PLAYBOY: Describe unctuous.

LARROQUETTE: A person who has just stepped on a skunk and whose hands are covered in olive oil.

8.

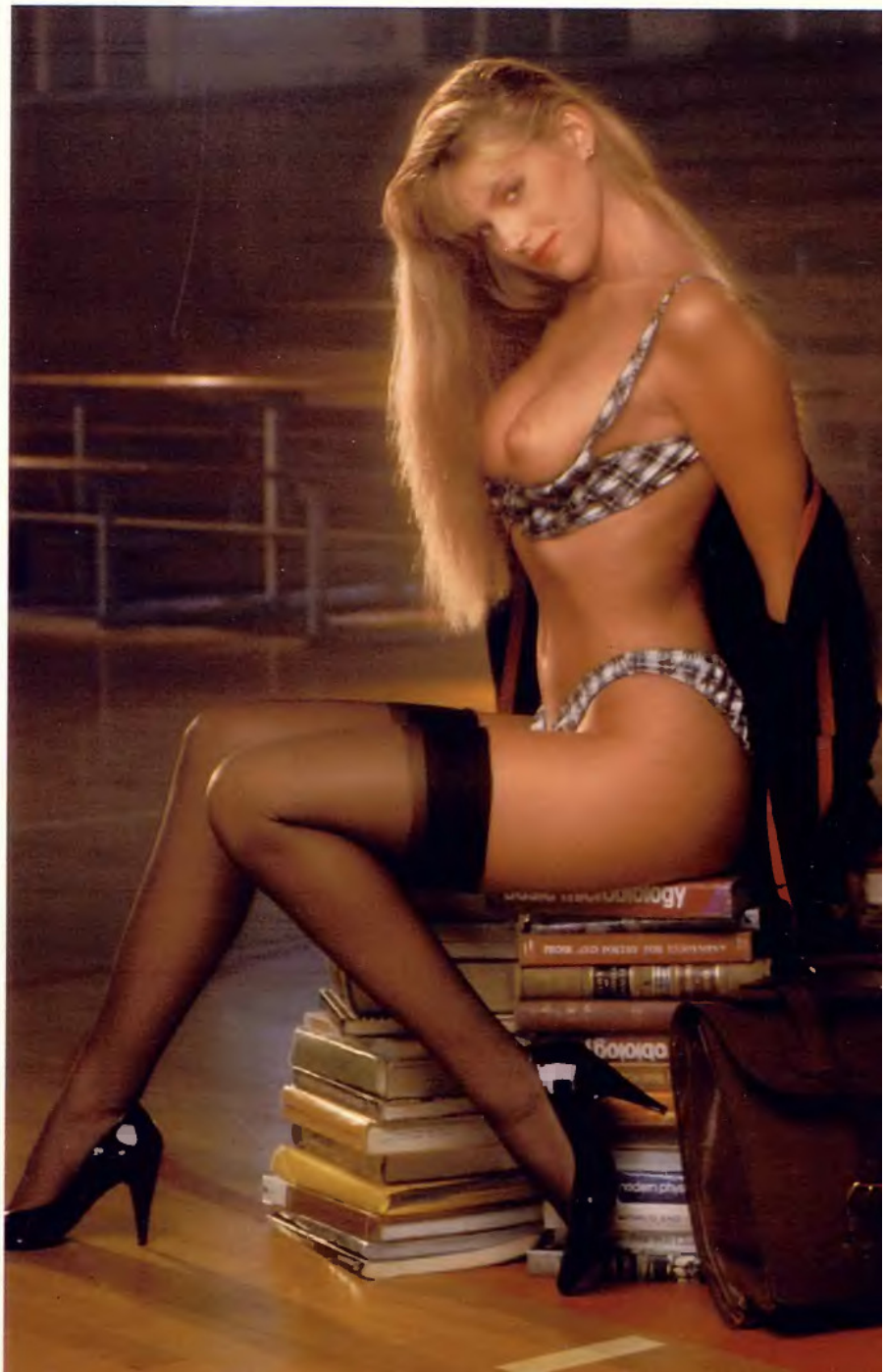
PLAYBOY: Betray Richard "Bull" Moll's love secrets. *(continued on page 164)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RANDEE ST. NICHOLAS

ANIMAL PAL

WHAT BECOMES A LEGEND MOST? MISS APRIL'S PET CHINCHILLA

LISA MATTHEWS has a perfectly normal bedroom in the perfectly normal house she shares with her parents, her sister and her brother. The peach-and-green walls are hung with posters by Van Gogh and Matisse (not surprising choices, since Lisa hopes eventually to teach art history, at either high school or college level). Her skis stand in the corner near her favorite piece of furniture—her grandmother's cedar chest. It's a room like any other, with one small exception—an exception named Chester. As roommates go, Chester is ideal. He's quiet, clean and friendly. When he and Lisa are alone in their room, Chester's idea of a great time is to eat raisins out of Lisa's mouth. Chester is a chinchilla. Lisa is the first to admit that a chinchilla is not a run-of-the-mill pet. But, as an animal lover, she already owned the usual animals—a dog and two cats—and when her boyfriend wanted to give her another pet two years ago, Lisa chose Chester. It's true that no one else in her suburban Los Angeles neighborhood has a pet chinchilla, but Lisa is used to being a little different. Her father was a corporate nomad, and the Matthews family was uprooted numerous times, from Peoria to Ohio to Chicago to Georgia to Ohio again, to L.A., to Florida and then back to L.A.,



Like any good junior college student, Lisa Matthews knows how to hit the books as well as enjoy extracurricular activities. But if her homework is late, she doesn't claim that the dog ate it—she blames Chester, her pet chinchilla.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

"I don't know why, but no one asks me out on dates," complains Lisa. "It's really weird, but I have a lot of guys who are my friends go to lunch or we'll see a movie together, but it's not actually a date, because they haven't asked me out and I pay my own way."

just in time for Lisa to finish high school. Finally settled in one place, she began to blossom, making friends and finding success as a model at the age of 17. Now 20, she's a student at a local junior college, thinking about her future. However her plans work out, there's one thing she knows—Chester will be with her. "A chinchilla is a big rodent," explains Lisa helpfully. "He has the body of a rabbit and the tail of a squirrel. He has mouse ears and kangaroo legs, and then big back feet and little front feet. He's *really* cute. I talk to him." The few people we've heard of who owned chinchillas had a lot of them and turned them into coats. Lisa's brown eyes blaze when she's asked if Chester will end up in the garment industry with his relatives. "*No!*" she shouts. "I do not like fur coats!" "You're going to tell everyone that Chester eats raisins out of my mouth, aren't you?" she asks. "I mean, that sounds kind of gross, doesn't it?" Nah, we tell her; everybody

"I used to be a tomboy," says Lisa. "My dad wanted a son, and since I was the oldest, I was the boy af the family until my brother was born. I like sports a lot and I'm glad that my dad made me play them. Other girls wanted to be mothers when they grew up. Me, I wanted ta be a jackey."

does it. "I could only love an animal lover, obviously," says Lisa. "I'd like to have a ranch, maybe in Colorado. I'm going to have horses and I'm going to have dogs. And I'll need plenty of room for Hank." Hank? "I really want a cow named Hank. Cows are my favorite animals, and I think Hank is a good name for a cow, even if it *is* a girl." What will Hank eat? Lisa eyes us sternly. "Not raisins," she says, beginning to smile, "and not out of my mouth."

"I want a guy who is real, not fake. I hate a man who is trying to impress me all the time," says Lisa. "I'll go to football games with him, but he'll have to go to the art museum with me, too."

MISS APRIL
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Lisa Matthews

BUST: 37 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 120

BIRTH DATE: 9/24/69 BIRTHPLACE: Peoria, Ill.

AMBITIONS: To get a good education and be happy in life.

TURN-ONS: Salmon-colored roses, sunsets, the outdoors, friendly people, lingerie.

TURN-OFFS: Rude people, tattoos, traffic, guys who have longer hair than me.

FAVORITE BOOKS: One, The Sun Also Rises, The Great Gatsby.

NO ONE WOULD BELIEVE IT, BUT... When I was younger, I played all kinds of sports, like baseball, football, horseback riding and snow skiing.

IDEAL VACATION: A Mediterranean cruise with stops in Egypt and Greece.

MY DREAM DATE: Sitting on the beach at sunset with my man, drinking champagne.

hiking in Yosemite

on the slopes!

15 yrs. old

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After a late night out with the boys, the man undressed and slipped into bed with his wife. "Are you awake, honey?" he whispered. When he got no response, he kissed her on the lips. "Hon, you awake?" Still no response. He kissed her on both breasts. "Hon, wake up." He kissed her on the belly. She didn't move. Then he kissed her on the knee.

"You son of a bitch!" she shrieked, bolting upright. "If my pussy had been a bar, you wouldn't have missed it!"

Heard about Zsa Zsa's new fragrance? It's called Conviction and you just slap it on.

Rumors in the fast-food industry have it that McDonald's is preparing to test-market a new burger made from bulls' lips. It'll be called the McJagger.

An unemployed stripper begged her agent to find her work. He cautioned her that the only job available was at a longshoremen's convention—typically a rough gig. Because she was broke, she took the job anyway.

That evening, the agent walked into the hall just as the stripper began her act. Before long, the unruly crowd began pelting her with crushed beer cans and cigarette butts while shouting obscenities, issuing lewd catcalls and trying to manhandle her. Halfway through her performance, she ran off stage, sobbing.

"Look, they don't mean anything by it," the agent said consolingly. "They've just had too much to drink and——"

"No, no, it's not them!" she exclaimed. "Did you hear that fucking *band*?"

Two miserable inhabitants of hell were taking a walk when a frigid breeze blew. A moment later, a storm dumped several inches of snow, reducing the blazing fires to sizzling steam. The men looked around in amazement.

"What do you suppose is going on?" one asked.

"Only thing I can figure," the other said, "is that the Cubs went to the series."

Two doctors were putting on the ninth green when one collapsed from a heart attack. "Help me," he groaned to his companion.

"Sorry, my malpractice insurance won't cover it," his partner replied, walking off the green, "but I'll get help."

A few minutes later, he returned, picked up his club and began lining up his putt. The man on the ground raised his head and screamed in disbelief, "I'm dying and you're putting?"

"Don't worry. I found a doctor on the second hole who said he'd come and help."

"The second hole? When the hell is he coming?"

"Hey, I told you not to worry," he said, stroking his putt. "They're going to let him play through."

Why did the Siamese twins go to England? So the other one could drive for a while.

A newly captured lion was taken to Rome and placed in a cage in the Colosseum. From his window, the newcomer could see fellow lions engaging in bloody combat with gladiators and pursuing Christians under the blazing sun.

Finally, the battered lions were returned to their cages. "Wow," the newcomer said, "I thought this job would be a snap."

"Oh, the work's pretty tough," a grizzled old lion answered, "but the prophets can be good."

What did Dan Quayle say when Mrs. Quayle blew softly in his ear? "Thanks for the refill."

After a brief absence, a nurse returned to her station and was quickly pulled aside by one of her colleagues. "Shirley, your breast is out of your uniform!"

"Oh, shit," the rumpled nurse replied, glancing down. "Don't those damn doctors ever put anything away?"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

Laugh along with Playboy *Playmates on The Party Joke Line,* ***1-900-740-3311.*** *Or tell a joke of your own! The charge is two dollars per minute.*

"I can't remember what the captain asked me to tell you."

DANIEL TORRES

fiction

By LAWRENCE BLOCK

THE BURGLAR WHO DROPPED IN ON ELVIS

bernie the burglar, sweetie pie, you're my ticket to elvis

"I KNOW who you are," she said. "Your name is Bernie Rhodenbarr. You're a burglar."

I glanced around, glad that the store was empty save for the two of us. It often is, but I'm not usually glad about it.

"Was," I said.

"Was?"

"Was. Past tense. I had a criminal past, and while I'd as soon keep it a secret, I can't deny it. But I'm an antiquarian bookseller now, Miss, uh——"

"Danahy," she supplied. "Holly Danahy."

"Miss Danahy. A dealer in the wisdom of the ages. The errors of my youth are to be regretted, even deplored, but they're over and done with."

She gazed thoughtfully at me. She was a lovely creature—slender, pert, bright of eye and inquisitive of nose—and she wore a tailored suit and a flowing bow tie that made her look at once yieldingly feminine and as coolly competent as a Luger.

"I think you're lying," she said. "I certainly hope so. Because an antiquarian bookseller is no good at all to me. What I need is a burglar."

"I wish I could help you."

"You can." She laid a cool-fingered hand on mine. "It's almost closing time. Why don't you *(continued on page 128)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DANIEL TORRES

THE CARS OF ROCK & ROLL

THE CONJUNCTION of rock and road iron was a pairing of American icons as inevitable as that of Marilyn and J.F.K. In the Fifties, road rock created itself from the luster of hot-rodable cars bought on easy postwar credit, fueled by 15-cent-a-gallon gas and pumped up by superheterodyne radios. Fast kids with bad attitudes have been cruising the interstates in cars like these ever since—and rockers have been singing about them. That is all very nice, but car fanatics want to know, How do those jammin' jalopies *really* perform? We wanted to know, so we clocked them. In order to qualify for our list, candidates had to have been featured prominently in a major road-rock hit. And all cars had to be stock models—no hot rods. The hard figures on horsepower, acceleration, top speed, fuel economy and, well, sex appeal (don't ask us how we did our research) follow, with our truly elegant photographs of the classiest rock chassis of all. Here, for your edification, are The Cars of Rock and Roll.

a tribute to the four-wheelers that still get our ya-yas out • *text by* ALAN WELLIKOFF

Nash Ramblers were adorable little cars driven by Adlai Stevenson voters who attended Tupperware parties, aperated ham radias and displayed their glass-insulator collections in their dens. Although Ramblers accelerated as if powered by a six-pack of Eveready, by the standards of their time, such sensible, economical and unpretentious cars were destined to be considered geeky. So when the Playmates' *Beep Beep* portrayed a Rambler square mobile besting a luckless Caddy at more than 120 miles per hour, it was less like road rock's *Tucker* than like *The Revenge of the Nerds*.

1955 NASH RAMBLER (*Beep Beep*) ROAD TEST

Acceleration (0–60 mph):	17.6 seconds
Top speed:	86 mph
Horsepower:	90 bhp
Average mpg:	27
Stopping distance (at 60 mph):	NA
Sex appeal (on a scale of 1–100):	10
Weeks on charts (*Beep Beep*):	12

1965 MUSTANG (*Mustang Sally*)
ROAD TEST

Acceleration (0–60 mph):	7.5 seconds
Top speed:	117 mph
Horsepower:	271 bhp
Average mpg:	12.8
Stopping distance (at 60 mph):	NA
Sex appeal (on a scale of 1–100):	95.2
Weeks on charts (*Mustang Sally*):	6

The Mustang was the first of the pony cars—quick, inexpensive and sporting a sexy long-hooded, short-decked style. In addition to being the perfect patch-out vehicle for the start of Lee Iacocco's remarkable tenure ot Ford Motor Company, the Mustang wos the perfect vehicle for Detroit-bred Wilson Pickett's Sally to ride. In foct, it wos one of the reasons Iacocco allowed the Thunderbird's performonce to wane. She and her 'Stong were both fost ond—to Pickett's consternation—Sally not only rode in her brand-new 1965, she delivered in it. Poor Pickett missed out.

ROAD ROCKING

contributing editor kevin cook muses on growing up by dashboard light

IN 1955, Chuck Berry spotted Maybellene getting her thrill in a Coupe de Ville. He chased her in a V8 Ford. They started doing that bumper to bumper, side to side, then Maybellene pulled out. At one oh fo' and then 110, she built a half-mile lead. Chuck kicked his achin' heart into fifth, and rock and roll met the road.

Good thing, too. Otherwise, my head might now be full of fishin' songs—*Dead Man's Cod*—or, worse, Broadway show tunes. Don't let it be forgotten: When Chuck was chasing Maybellene up and down the radio, *The Yellow Rose of Texas* was *Billboard*'s number-one song. Luckily, music was about to change faster than Maybellene's moods in order to suit the tastes of a new generation that was growing up—in cars.

My crowd. I was minus one year old when *Maybellene* came out, but we had a good oldies station where I grew up, 60 miles south of James Dean's home town and 60 miles

A hotfooted intermediate, the 1964 Pontiac GTO was the first true muscle car. Both it and the song that Ronny & the Daytonas wrote for it were archetypes of their genres, the latter as loaded with hot-rod jargon as the former was with its mechanicals. Traditional sports-car buffs took umbrage at Pontiac's attachment of Ferrari's "Gran Turisma Omologato" title to a model that had originally been introduced as an economy model; but despite its being a bit light in the rear for all its power and torque, the "little modified Pon Ton" was capable of outrunning just about any Ferrari at the drag strip.

1964 PONTIAC TEMPEST GTO (*Little GTO*) ROAD TEST

Acceleration (0–60 mph):	6.9 seconds
Top speed:	122 mph
Horsepower:	325 bhp
Average mpg:	15
Stopping distance (at 60 mph):	NA
Sex appeal (on a scale of 1–100):	87.5
Weeks on charts (*Little GTO*):	10

1963 STINGRAY CORVETTE (*Shut Down*) ROAD TEST

Acceleration (0–60 mph):	5.9 seconds
Top speed:	142 mph
Horsepower:	360 bhp
Average mpg:	12.5
Stopping distance (at 60 mph):	NA
Sex appeal (on a scale of 1–100):	99
Weeks on charts (*Shut Down*):	13

Getting their starts in 1953, Elvis and the Corvette seemed for a time to be astrological twins. Sexy, lithe and brash, both the star and the car would bulk up a lot in the Seventies. While Prince's *Little Red Corvette* showed the car still to be a sexpot in 1982, hot-rod rockers always saw it as a racer first. Their sprinter was the mid-Sixties Stingray, a real sports car that ran the quarter mile in 15 seconds at over 100 mph. Even so, it lost face in the Rip Chords' *Hey, Little Cobra* but redeemed itself in the Beach Boys' *Shut Down* and then beat an XK-E in Jan and Dean's *Dead Man's Curve*.

north of Johnny Cougar's. My crowd was Hoosier rebels in gas guzzlers. Too poor after serfin' at Sears and McDonald's to get our own places, we lived in our cars. Ate, slept and mated in our cars. If you didn't lose your innocence between the seats of a Sixties-model sedan, my crowd sneered and called you a huge mutant cube. (Correctly, it turns out. Studies show that 93 percent of nonvehicular first-timers grew up to be Yuppies.) The rest of us drove our Chevys to the levee, threw a bed sheet onto the back seat and grew up by dashboard light.

Our heroes drove fast and died young—which seemed sane when we looked at adults. Death before 30ishness. Our parents' idea of a road rocker was *The Surrey with the Fringe on Top*. We had Wilson Pickett's *Mustang Sally*, the Beach Boys in a woodie, Bob Seger in the back seat of a '60 Chevy. And our own Icarus, Fairmount High School's James Dean, in a silver Porsche on Highway 41.

Passing pizzas from car to car over a 100-mile-per-hour white line, singing along with the radio, we tempted fate. A few of us followed in Dean's skid marks, but if you gotta go. . . .

Go, said Natalie Wood in *Rebel*. Where doesn't count—just get there fast. Nothing counts but keeping home, school and Sears in the rearview. It is one thing to be a rebel without a cause. Nobody ever heard of a rebel without a car.

Reality *(concluded on page 156)*

When the Mercedes-Benz was still sald by Studebaker dealers, the Cadillac was billed as the "Standard of the World." Named in the title of at least 16 rockers, the curvaceous Caddy is cited in many others. Caught at the top of a hill, the rockin' Caddy debuts in Chuck Berry's 1955 rhapsody *Maybellene*, in which Berry burns off heartache with high test in his Ford V8 after he sees his faithless girl in a Coupe de Ville. Later came *Brand New Cadillac*, *Cadillac Annie* and scores of others. Motorized women have driven men crazy all through road rock—mast of them in shiny Cadillacs.

1955 CADILLAC COUPE DE VILLE (*Maybellene*) ROAD TEST

Acceleration (0–60 mph):	10 seconds
Top speed:	111.3 mph
Horsepower:	250 bhp
Average mpg:	13.2
Stopping distance (at 60 mph):	160 feet
Sex appeal (on a scale of 1–100):	80
Weeks on charts (*Maybellene*):	14

(concluded on page 159)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

BURGLAR WHO DROPPED IN *(continued from page 121)*

"'Nobody gets to go upstairs at Graceland. Enter an expert at illegal entry. C'est moi.'"

lock up? I'll buy you a drink and tell you how you can qualify for an all-expense-paid trip to Memphis. And possibly a whole lot more."

"You're not trying to sell me a time share in a thriving lakeside resort community, are you?"

"Not hardly."

"Then what have I got to lose? The thing is, I usually have a drink after work with——"

"Carolyn Kaiser," she cut in, "your best friend. She washes dogs two doors down the street at The Poodle Factory. You can call her and cancel."

My turn to gaze thoughtfully. "You seem to know a lot about me," I said.

"Sweetie," she said, "that's my *job*."

•

"I'm a reporter," she said. "For the *Weekly Galaxy*. If you don't know the paper, you must never get to the supermarket."

"I know it," I said. "But I have to admit, I'm not what you'd call one of your regular readers."

"Well, I should hope not, Bernie. Our readers move their lips when they think. Our readers write letters in crayon, because they're not allowed to have anything sharp. Our readers make the *Enquirer*'s look like Rhodes scholars. Our readers—face it—are D-U-M."

"Then why would they want to know about me?"

"They wouldn't, unless an extraterrestrial had made you pregnant. That happen to you?"

"No, but Bigfoot ate my car."

She shook her head. "We already did that story. Last August, I think it was. The car was an AMC Gremlin with a hundred and ninety-two thousand miles on it."

"I suppose its time had come."

"That's what the owner said. He's got a new BMW now, thanks to the *Galaxy*. He can't spell it, but he can drive it like crazy."

I looked at her over the rim of my glass. "If you don't want to write about me," I said, "what do you need me for?"

"Ah, Bernie," she said. "Bernie the burglar. Sweetie pie, you're my ticket to Elvis."

•

"The best possible picture," I told Carolyn, "would be a shot of Elvis in his coffin. The *Galaxy* loves shots like that, but in this case, it would be counterproductive in the long run, because it might kill their big story, the one they run month after month."

"Which is that he's still alive."

"Right. Now, the second-best possible picture, and better for their purposes overall, would be a shot of him alive, singing *Love Me Tender* to a visitor from another planet. They get a chance at that picture every couple of days, and it's always some Elvis impersonator. Do you know how many full-time professional Elvis Presley impersonators there are in America today?"

"No."

"Neither do I, but I have a feeling that Holly Danahy could probably supply a figure, and that it would be an impressive one. Anyway, the third-best possible picture, and the one she seems to want almost more than life itself, is a shot of the King's bedroom."

"At Graceland?"

"That's the one. Six thousand people visit Graceland every day. Two million of them walked through it last year."

"And none of them brought a camera?"

"Don't ask me how many cameras they brought, or how many rolls of film they shot. Or how many souvenir ashtrays and paintings on black velvet they bought and took home with them. But how many of them got above the first floor?"

"How many?"

"None. Nobody gets to go upstairs at Graceland. The staff isn't allowed up there, and people who've worked there for years have never set foot above the ground floor. And you can't bribe your way up there, either, according to Holly, and she knows because she tried, and she had all the *Galaxy*'s resources to play with. Two million people a year go to Graceland, and they'd all love to know what it looks like upstairs, and the *Weekly Galaxy* would just love to show them."

"Enter a burglar."

"That's it. That's Holly's master stroke, the one designed to win her a bonus and a promotion. Enter an expert at illegal entry; i.e., a burglar. *Le* burglar, *c'est moi*. Name your price, she told me."

"And what did you tell her?"

"Twenty-five thousand dollars. You know why? All I could think of was that it sounded like a job for Nick Velvet. You remember him, the thief in the Ed Hoch stories who'll steal only worthless objects." I sighed. "When I think of all the worthless objects I've stolen over the years, and never once has anyone offered to pay me a fee of twenty-five grand for my troubles. Anyway, that was the price that popped into my head, so I tried it out on her. And she didn't even try to haggle."

"I think Nick Velvet raised his rates," Carolyn said. "I think his price went up in the last story or two."

I shook my head. "You see what happens? You fall behind on your reading and it costs you money."

•

Holly and I flew first class from J.F.K. to Memphis. The meal was still airline food, but the seats were so comfortable and the stewardess so attentive that I kept forgetting that.

"At the *Weekly Galaxy*," Holly said, sipping an after-dinner something or other, "everything's first class. Except the paper itself, of course."

We got our luggage, and a hotel courtesy car whisked us to the Howard Johnson's on Elvis Presley Boulevard, where we had adjoining rooms reserved. I was just about unpacked when Holly knocked on the door separating the two rooms. I unlocked it for her and she came in carrying a bottle of Scotch and a full ice bucket.

"I wanted to stay at the Peabody," she said. "That's the great old downtown hotel and it's supposed to be wonderful, but here we're only a couple of blocks from Graceland, and I thought it would be more convenient."

"Makes sense," I agreed.

"But I wanted to see the ducks," she said. She explained that ducks were the symbol of the Peabody, or the mascots, or something. Every day, the hotel's guests could watch the hotel's ducks waddle across the red carpet to the fountain in the middle of the lobby.

"Tell me something," she said. "How does a guy like you get into a business like this?"

"Bookselling?"

"Get real, honey. How'd you get to be a burglar? Not for the edification of our readers, because they couldn't care less. But to satisfy my own curiosity."

I sipped a drink while I told her the story of my misspent life, or as much of it as I felt like telling. She heard me out and put away four stiff Scotches in the process, but if they had any effect on her, I couldn't see it.

"And how about you?" I said after a while. "How did a nice girl like you——"

"Oh, Gawd," she said. "We'll save that for another evening, OK?" And then she was in my arms, smelling and feeling better than a body had a right to, and just as quickly, she was out of them and on her way to the door.

"You don't have to go," I said.

"Ah, but I do, Bernie. We've got a big day tomorrow. We're going to see Elvis, remember?"

(continued on page 160)

"It looks like Isosceles is experimenting with triangles again."

PLAYBOY PROFILE

DALE BROWN PRAYS FOR BOB KNIGHT

with jesus, sun-tzu and chris jackson in his backcourt, the LSU hoops coach battles his demons in the n.c.a.a.

By KEVIN COOK

DALE BROWN is on the radio. He sits in his office with the phone to his ear, surrounded by trophies, framed sports pages and pictures of tigers. He is telling Pat from Shreveport that the LSU Tigers just might win the national championship this year. "It's going to be a battle," he tells Pat, "but anything a man can conceive and believe, a man can achieve."

Brown is a tall, barrel-chested man with permanent worry lines on his forehead. Fifty-four years old, he has little hair and less spare time. Physicists call going in all directions at once Brownian motion; Brown calls it a typical day.

"Pat, I gotta run."

He hustles out of his office and down a curving hall lined with team photos. He wears purple sweat pants, a gold golf shirt and Converse gym shoes. Purple and gold are the colors of Louisiana State University, which pays him $148,000 a year to coach the Tigers. Converse pays him $200,000 to promote the shoes. But as Brown will tell you if you can keep up, nobody owns him. Last year, after his best player posed for *Sports Illustrated* wearing Nikes, Brown got a call from Converse. *Where were our shoes?* Some coaches would have apologized for the mix-up. Brown said, Bleep you, Converse, I ain't no high-priced callgirl.

•

Dale Brown is coaching. His 1989–1990 Tigers, the team he believes will win the national championship he craves, lope downcourt, working up a sweat. Brown calls his players "champions" and "record holders." He applauds three-pointers, tomahawk dunks, even air balls.

Wrestling a ball to the hoop is Stanley Roberts, a 290-pound center with the moves of a forward. Roberts is seven feet tall. Rebounding his shot is Shaquille Rashaun O'Neal: 7'1", 285 pounds, shoe size 19. O'Neal, whose Muslim names mean little warrior, is 17 years old and still growing. In a high school game last year, "Shack" had 26 points, 36 rebounds and 26 blocked shots. "Wing, drive the base line and hit the alley-oop man!" coach shouts.

Ka-thunk. O'Neal crams Chris Jackson's lob pass through the hoop. Not every college basketball team practices dunking. LSU dunks daily.

As much as he prizes his giants, Brown loves the man on the wing. Jackson is a player of feline grace, armed with a perfect jump shot, which he launches from the tip of his buzz haircut. As a freshman last year, he scored 55 points against Mississippi and 53 against Florida on the way to averaging 30.2 points a game, the most ever by a freshman. Watching Jackson glide to meet a teammate's pass, Brown calls him "probably the best guard in America, *including* the N.B.A."

The coach ends practice by clapping his hands. There are no whistles at LSU practices. Whistles dehumanize players, Brown says. He wants to build men, not machines.

The Tigers hold hands at mid-court. Brown recites today's thought: Your mind is like a parachute; it works only if it's open. He tells his players they will win if they help each other, help each other, help each other. Together, players and coach chant this year's theme: "The best potential of me is we!"

Brown has "lots of philosophies," one Tiger says. Each LSU season has a theme, each practice a thought, and in 18 years at LSU, the coach has collated an inch-thick stack of spiffy sayings. Back in his office after practice, he shows off his collection—760 in all. He has quotations from Socrates, Confucius and Sun-tzu; Wooden, Lombardi and Rupp; Emerson, Einstein and Brown. He knows hundreds by heart. Give an ordinary coach a cocktail napkin and he'll diagram a 1-3-1; Brown is liable to jot down a proverb—from Emerson, for instance: "Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist."

Brown's fans say he could be elected governor by running on his record: 317–193, with three Southeastern Conference championships and two near misses in the national tournament. But Brown doesn't want to run the Pelican State. All he wants is one national championship for his players, their fans and the school.

"Not for myself. I have no ego," he says. Dale Brown has already achieved more than he ever had a right to believe he would.

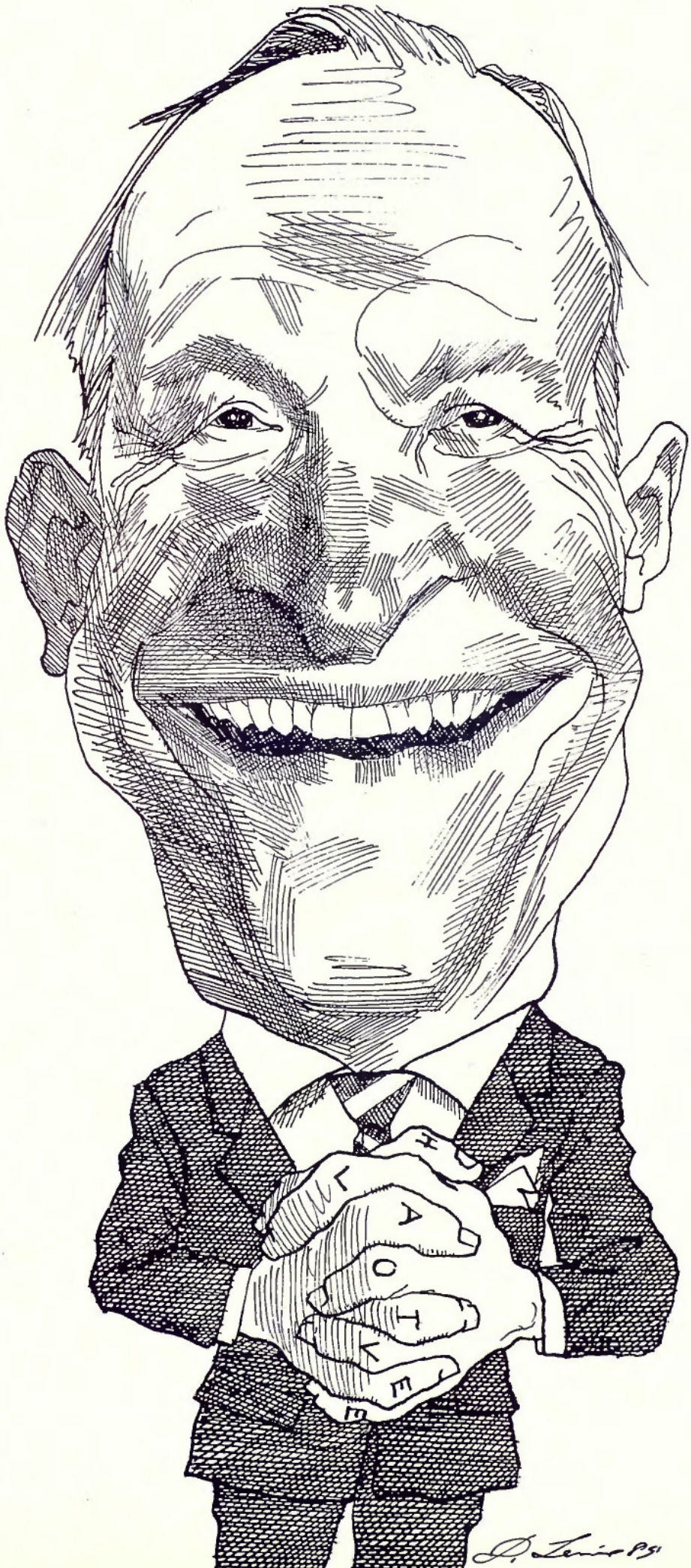
•

Born on a Halloween Thursday, Brown was fatherless by Sunday, when Charles Brown abandoned his wife and infant son. Dale grew up in a cramped apartment over a hardware store and a tavern, the 13 Club, in Minot, North Dakota. As a kid, he hawked newspapers in the bar—a nickel a copy. His mother gave part of her monthly welfare check to St. Leo's parish, where Dale was a star athlete, schoolyard rowdy and altar boy. He loathed the pious parishioners of St. Leo's, who took Communion with their noses in the air and never noticed the scruffy, hungry kid next to the priest.

"Hypocrites. Not one of them ever asked me to go hunting or took me home for dinner," he says.

Like any *(continued on page 136)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE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PLAYBOY COLLECTION

things you can live without, but who wants to?

For storing all those elegant trinkets that are forever cluttering up the top of your dresser, there's this three-compartment pivoting box measuring 6″x10″x7″ that's handmade from antique books; each compartment is lined with marble paper and a vintage print, from Rosenthal-Truitt, Los Angeles, $385.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

This desk lamp that's designed by Rabert Sonneman measures abaut 17" long and comes fitted with twa halogen bulbs and a dimmer, from George Kavacs, New York, $550.

Simpson driving shoes have a handsame suede exterior, a Nomex III interior and ribbed soles for better traction, from Beverly Hills Motoring Accessories, about $100.

Tauch-screen programing makes the Eclipse EQZ-300 car sterea with AM/FM, cassette, CD changer cantrol easy to use, from Eclipse Mobile Sound and Electronics, Tarrance, Califarnia, $650.

Winner of the 1989 European Compact Camero of the Year award, the Konica A4 35mm is a lightweight little shoater with autofocus, close-up capability and other features, $300.

Porsche Design Exclusive sunglasses by Carrera feature UV-protected, interchangeable lenses in a variety of colors, from Porsche Design, Costa Mesa, California, $245.

The hand-sized, 18-oz. speakers and the Acoustimass-3 bass module (not shown) give full-sized sound, from Bose Corporation, Framingham, Massachusetts, about $600.

Brit-phone is a 21"-tall metal replica of England's classic telephone-kiosks that comes fitted with a working push-button phone, from Olde Tyme Reproductions, Boca Raton, Florida, $120.

DALE BROWN *(continued from page 130)*

"Brown likens recruiting to pimping—'Where else do you see middle-aged men chasing after kids?'"

good altar boy, he saw evil all around, not least in himself. When he caught himself looking down a schoolgirl's blouse, "I thought, geez, I'm twelve years old and I am really impure. Headed for hell, baby. So I run to the parish house and tell Father Hogan and he says, 'Come back with something important. I was doing that when I was ten.'"

Father John Hogan was poor and chaste, but "shit, was he tough." The priest was a hard guy who talked about love all the time. One time he bounced Dale off a locker for cussing a nun, and Dale threatened to flatten Hogan's face. The priest ruffed the boy's hair and said it right out, "I love you," and to a boy who had never heard a man say those words, this was a miracle. Later in life, he would take Hogan's tough love to the gym.

At Minot State Teachers College, Brown won a record 12 varsity letters in basketball, football and track. Athletic scholarships were seasonal; a poor kid had to keep playing if he wanted to stay in school. He also coached the hoops team at St. Leo's High.

From the start, he was a player's coach, a cheerleader in jacket and tie who sweated as much as his teams did. If ever a man saw basketball as metaphysical exercise, Brown did. His wife, Vonnie, the Minot State cheerleader Brown married in 1959, remembers his staying up all night, rummaging through his books for an inspirational quote, devising defenses, plotting.

"He never slept. He was almost uncontrollable, so eager to win," she says. "He always said he was going to get to a major school and win the national championship. People thought he was a lunatic."

Brown coached high schoolers for 13 years before moving on to an assistant coaching job at Utah State. He had never run his own program when he applied for his current post in 1972. He had three qualifications: a recommendation from his guru, John Wooden (whom he had befriended on the coaching-clinic circuit), the furious sales job Brown did on the LSU search committee and the fact that no sane man wanted the job. LSU was a football school. In the cafeteria, if a football player wanted to cut in line, basketballers were required to step aside.

Things changed when Hurricane Dale hit Baton Rouge. He said all jocks were equal. But not, perhaps, for long. He was going to make LSU a basketball powerhouse. His boasts did not please everyone. At the sports banquet that year, the football coach ripped "bigmouth" coaches in minor sports. After the banquet, Brown cornered the man and made a prediction: "Bigmouth" would still be coaching basketball at LSU when the football coach was long gone.

He crisscrossed the state, handing out Tiger key chains, T-shirts, oven mitts, even baby bibs for the class of '93. He gave his stump speech to anyone who'd listen, including a throng of six at a small-town diner. Most of his listeners said thanks very much, what a fine speaker you are, and how do we get football tickets?

The Tigers went 14–10 in Brown's first year, 1972–1973. Then came three losing seasons. Almost as bad as losing was hearing fans yell that he would never win with the lily-white teams he kept sending into battle: Through 1972, there had been one black player in 64 years of LSU hoops.

Brown was no bigot. As a high schooler, hearing his home crowd boo a team from an Indian reservation, he had switched sides and shot lay-ups with the Indians. He *wanted* black players. But few blacks wanted to join the white Tigers at a school built on plantation land in a town known for racial combat.

Storming off the court after a loss to Alabama, he heard a black man yell, "When are you going to get some blacks on this team and win some games?" Brown snapped. Not noticing his heckler's wheelchair, he grabbed the guy and shook him.

"He was hotter than a sumbitch," recalls the victim, George Washington Eames, a civil rights activist who had been crippled by a white man's bullet in 1959. "Dale says, 'You find me some blacks with the balls I got and I'll play 'em.'"

Brown recalls it a little differently: "I said, 'When the brothers got as much pioneer spirit as I got, I'll play 'em.'"

Brown and Eames became allies. Eames, who would go on to run the Baton Rouge chapter of the NAACP, helped sell LSU to black athletes. Brown marched for civil rights. He became a life member of the NAACP. The purple-and-gold coach and the black activist made a dangerous pair of integrationists—Brown's life was threatened, Eames's house was burned down—but Eames kept introducing Brown to black players. The coach's charm did the rest.

Brown likens recruiting to pimping—"Where else do you see middle-aged men chasing after kids?"—but he is an ace recruiter.

Mothers, who often decide where their sons will play, love the word pictures he paints of his own poverty, his struggling mother, his hard work, his success, his Tiger "family." For parents who are tempted by the illicit enticements of other schools—money, cars, clothes—he invokes the specter of slavery. Don't sell your son, he says. Send him to a coach who will love him. One recruit's parents were so touched, according to Baton Rouge sportswriter Bruce Hunter, they said, "Take him. He's your son now."

By 1976, Brown had landed many of the players he wanted. He still lost. For all his faith and sweat, he'd spent four years winning 48 games and losing 54. Baffled, he obsessed over details. "He had strange habits," says Jordy Hultberg, who played for Brown in the late Seventies. "He'd fast for days, then gorge himself on steaks. He wouldn't sleep. He scheduled practices down to the minute—we'd have two minutes and fifteen seconds for a water break."

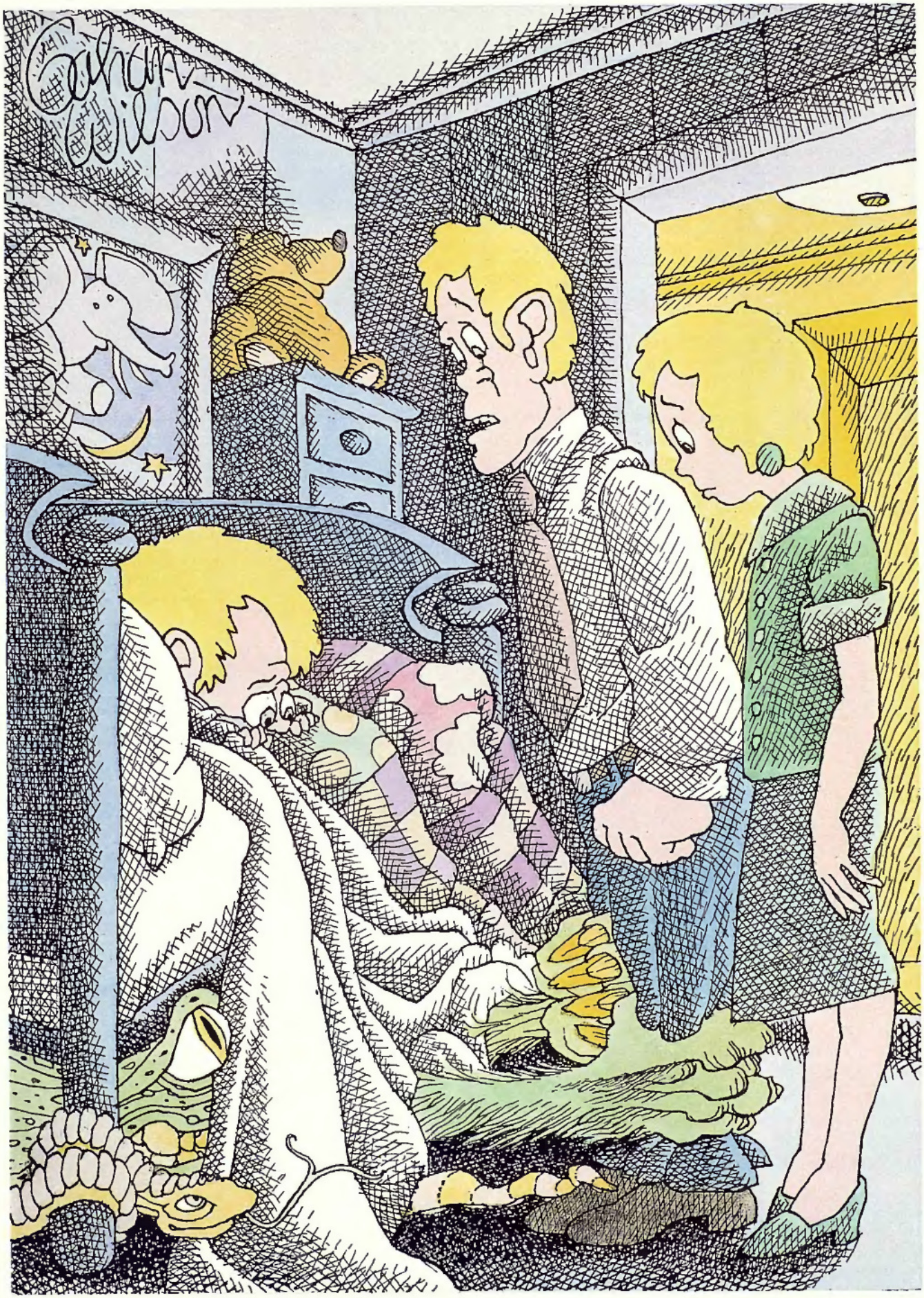
After four years of famine, Brown finally turned his team around. His talk of national titles sounded almost rational once the Tigers began to win. From 1977 to 1981, they won 98 games and lost just 26. Sweet vindication came in 1979: Brown brought LSU its first Southeastern Conference hoops crown in 25 years. LSU dumped the football coach he'd sworn to outlast.

The 1980–1981 Tigers won 26 in a row and reached the semifinals of the N.C.A.A. tourney. They lost to an Indiana team coached by Bob Knight, Brown's nemesis, but that year marked Brown's rise to the top rank of college coaches.

He is still up late most nights, inventing new wrinkles for his defense, plotting the national championship he wants more than food or sleep. His practices are still plotted to the minute. And if his team disappoints him, Brown can snap. Players say his locker-room tirades can get "scary." Sportswriter Hunter calls the coach's tantrums Brownouts. According to ex-Tiger Hultberg, a player's only defense against a Brownout is "triple-thick skin."

Lyle Mouton's skin proved to be too thin. Mouton averaged 8.2 points a game at LSU last year. A former Louisiana high school Mr. Basketball, he was a prime target for Brown's rages. When Mouton failed to dive for a loose ball, the coach called him a sissy. When he backed off instead of taking a charge, Brown questioned his manhood and even his race. He would ask Mouton, who came from one of the state's

(continued on page 156)



"He's right—there is something under the bed!"

GIRLS OF THE A.C.C.

our campus tour of the most spectacular scenery along the atlantic seaboard

"WHEN I THINK of the Atlantic Coast Conference," says *Chicago Tribune* sportswriter Skip Myslenski, "I think of all those Tobacco Road basketball rivalries. I think of smart play, intelligent play. I also think of charging fouls—they're *rough* in the A.C.C."

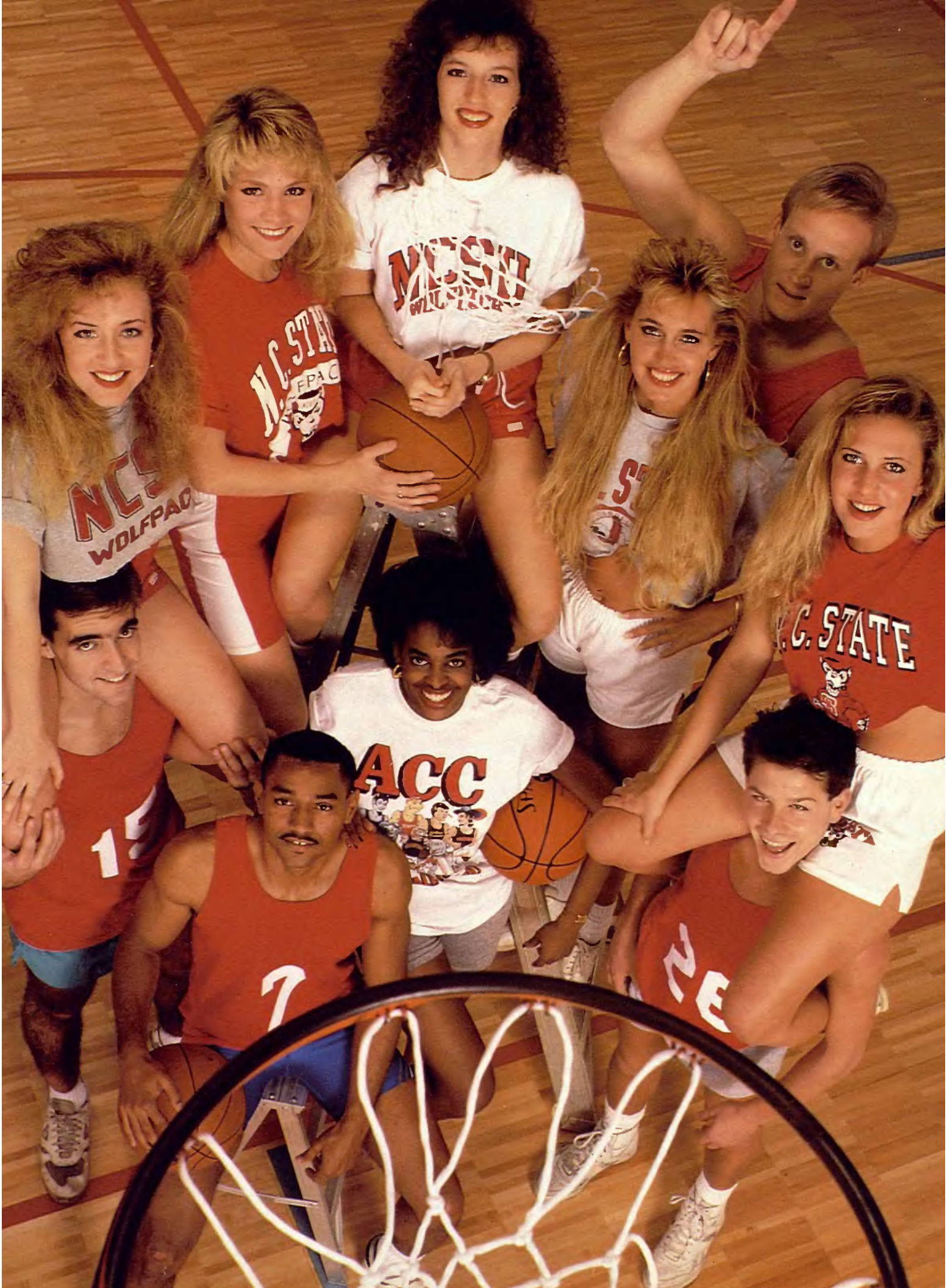
Adds *Sport* magazine editor Raymond Harper, "The guys of A.C.C. basketball are precise. They go from point A to point B with none of that b.s. in between. As for the A.C.C. football teams," he says, "there's a lot of energy and passion there, too."

OK, so let's run that back: Intelligence. Aggressiveness. Precision. Energy. Passion. If those are, indeed, the human qualities found in A.C.C. *athletes*, is it any wonder we had to meet their *women*?

Admittedly, the ladies of the A.C.C. are tough to pigeonhole. They're not the cowgirls you'll find in the Southwest Conference, the belles who grace the Southeast, the eggheads of the Ivies. But, as we learned the last time we visited the A.C.C. (September 1983), there is something *special* about them. "These girls are the cream of the current college crop," we wrote back then, noting that the ladies we met were "old fashioned" yet "level-headed," "unabashed and beautiful." Which is precisely why we sent Contributing Photographers David Chan and David Mecey back to the eight rolling, green campuses of the A.C.C.—four of them in North Carolina, one each in Georgia, Maryland, Virginia and South Carolina—to recapture that special something on film. Did the return visit live up to the maiden voyage? As they say at Georgia Tech, "*Yes, may-um!*" As an added attraction, we follow this pictorial with a tribute to those legendary A.C.C. football and basketball teams—that *and* a special sweepstakes in which you can choose your A.C.C. Dream Girl, maybe even win a car!

Opposite, NC State Wolfpackers gather at their most beloved spot: hoopside. You'll forgive us if we skip the guys' intros and get directly to the gorgeous slam-dunk sextet: From left, Angela Patton, Nichola Carmack, Kelly Leverett, Maria Medlin, Susan Harris and Betty LeGrande (center)—a squad so hot we're not even gonna call the lane violation. Now meet Krisanta Laska (above, top left), a Duke sophomore and Honolulu native who's living proof that, even in Durham, you can't take the island out of the island girl. Her favorite activities: windsurfing, scuba diving and building bonfires on the beach. Teresa Mead (above center) is a UNC senior who divides her time between "crossword puzzles and environmental concerns." Despite her normally bright outlook on life, Teresa confesses that there are things that get her goat: censorship, Jesse Helms and plastic trash. Couldn't have said it better ourselves.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN AND DAVID MECEY


N.C. STATE
WOLFPACK
ACC

DUKE
Devils

From UVa is Samantha Halle (below), a half-Austrian knockout who has it all planned: "First, I'll incarparate work and travel, *then* I'll have a family." U of Maryland's Dawn Austin (right) has modeled in Tokyo, enlisted in the National Guard, joined Mensa, served in the ROTC and tried sky diving. But a favored pastime is "skinny-dipping on a starlit night."

Moving clockwise around the facing page, from top left: Giving the rapids a run for their money are Clemson's Anita Fox (at left) and Wendy Farley—both native Northeasterners and no-nonsense gals. Warns Pennsylvanian Wendy: "I'm a rather headstrong, independent female," while Jersey girl Anita says, "I'm half Korean, half German and Polish and very, *very* stubborn—just like Mom!" No less intense is NC State's Christine McIntyre, who's partial to "sexy, wild men with long hair and hairy chests!" The line starts here. Majoring in sociology and modeling on the side is Duke's Karen Green, a singer and horsewoman from Fort Meade, Maryland. These days, Karen is deciding between acting and law and is looking for a "tall, athletic, honest guy." And Georgia Techie Sandy Adams is a Taiwan-born sports nut who loves beautiful clothes.

"I don't like men who ore too arrogant," says Clemson's Jennifer Hamilton (opposite), "but o *little* arrogonce is OK." The well-built junior's ambition comes os no surprise to us: "to be on orchitect." At right is North Corolino State's Lainie Fuller, a poet versed in Russian, French, Germon and Norwegion. "I like men with a sense of humor who are down to earth," she says. "And nice shoulders don't hurt, either." Although she doesn't look it, University of North Corolina groduote student Chloë Chon (below) rorely relaxes: When she's not hitting the books, she shops till she drops. Not North Carolina State's Michelle Fields (bottom), who odmits thot she likes "weoring clothes os little os possible." No problem.

The U of Morylonders obove (from left), Korno Soderstrom, Shori Ackerman and Elisa Spector, intend to toke the world by storm. Korno plans to travel obrood ond moke use of her anthropology studies in the process; Shori wonts to help troubled kids ond Elisa will be a lowyer-environmentalist.

Duke's Charlotte Clark (abave) leads the life af a typical student (she hates marnings and shoots paal), but her family life isn't quite sa narmal. She likes to hang aut with her seven-year-old brather and go to Stones concerts with her dad. We dare yau to keep up with the University af Virginia's Tiffany Babbitt (below), because she's always moving. She used ta parade on the ground with the school drill team, the Cavalier Kickers; naw she wings her way thraugh the air as a private pilat. Runs in the family: Dad flies commercially.

Carla Hamill (above) is a future physical therapist who is attending the University of North Carolina. What bugs Carla most? "Macaroni and cheese, calculus and hairy men." Georgia Tech's Sheila Haldeman (below) admits to a weakness for "men with blue eyes, cleft chins and hard thighs." Her mom doesn't appear in this pictorial, but "she could be my sister," Sheila brags. "She's only thirty-eight and looks *wonderful*!" Hats off to the University of Virginia's Deborah Strasnick (right), a junior who is majoring in sports management. We'd take Deborah over George Steinbrenner any day.

Above left is Clemson's Somantha Southern, o native of Raleigh who's a true-blue belle, even though she hates block-eyed peas. Samantha insists that patential suitars "be tall, lean and give good back rubs." She alsa says, "I love feet." Hmmm. From Wake Farest is Eve Jahnson (above right), a grad student and one af 16 children. Eve's banking on the kind of success her siblings have already faund. An alder brather played pro foatball and a sister danced with Mickey Raaney. Leading the throng at TD's bar in Clemsan are (belaw left, from left) Jenny Ray, Holly and Victoria Mullen, Shannan Martin and Anne-Marie Kemp. Here's the rundawn an this winning quintet: Jenny's a cheerleader, white-water rafter and soon-to-be veterinarian; the Mullens are sisters with distinctly different peeves—Holly bristles at U of Sauth Carolina Gamecocks; Victaria can't stand budgets and K marts; Shannan is an avid backpacker with a thing for "very hot hot tubs"; and Anne-Marie is a Baltimare girl who wants "ta work for Club Med, then get my real-estate license." Born in Chicago but now attending Geargia Tech is sky diver and waitress Laura Phillips (below right). Laura's dislikes are eclectic: "sausage, boats, red hair, blue eye shadaw and histary." Finally, here's Tracy Goughnaur (opposite), a data-entry technician from the U of Maryland. Among her hobbies, Tracy lists "taking pictures." We're glad she relinquished the camera ta us this time.

VOLKSWAGEN
PRESENTS
VITAL STATS OF THE
A.C.C.

Just what *is* it about the Atlantic Coast Conference that makes it so special? Is it the brains? Is it the brawn? Is it the climate? Is it the campuses? Is it the gorgeous women who stroll around those campuses? Rather than debate the issue, let's just check out the facts. Here's a rundown on that remarkable eight—a look at their bright (some not so bright) moments and the athletic legacies they've left behind. Welcome to the A.C.C.!

TOPS IN THE A.C.C.

Most points scored by on A.C.C. basketball player:

During the Eighties, Johnny Dawkins of Duke, 2556 (1983–1986). All-time, Dickie Hemric of Wake Forest, 2587 (1952–1955).

Most yards gained by an A.C.C. football player:

Passing, Ben Bennett of Duke, 9614 (1980–1983). Rushing, Ted Brown of North Carolina State, 4602 (1975–1978).

Best won-lost record, football, 1954–1989: Clemson, .671 (conference), .607 (overall).

Best won-lost record, basketball: North Carolina, .748 (conference), .827 (nonconference).

HONOR ROLL

BASKETBALL

Alone at the Top: A.C.C. teams finished on top of the A.P. and U.P.I. polls three times in the Eighties (UNC in 1982 and 1984, Duke in 1986)—a feat unmatched by any other conference.

Tuff Enuff: The A.C.C. rocked up the most wins in N.C.A.A. tournament play in the Eighties.

Cream of the Crop: In 1981, 17 A.C.C. players were drafted by the N.B.A., six of them—Buck Williams and Albert King (Maryland), Al Wood (UNC), Frank Johnson (Wake Forest), Jeff Lamp (UVa) and Larry Nance (Clemson)—in the first round.

High-Flying Heels: The University of North Carolina is number two all-time, both in wins and in winning percentage, among Division One schools. Visitors don't stand a chance in the "Dean Dome." Heels operate at a .884 winning clip at home.

When the Dust Settled: UNC and NC State won back-to-back N.C.A.A. titles in 1982 and 1983, both with heart-stopping, near-miraculous finishes—James Worthy intercepting the errant Georgetown pass to seal the 1982 championship, and the unlikely buzzer-beating stuff by Lorenzo Charles that grabbed the 1983 title for NC State away from Houston's "Phi Slamma Jama."

FOOTBALL

Crunch Time: The A.C.C. had the best bowl-game win-loss record of any conference in the Eighties.

Legendary Teams: In 1953, the University of Maryland went all the way, capping both A.P. and U.P.I. number-one rankings. In 1981, Clemson performed the same feat, grabbing top honors from *The Sporting News* as well.

Are We Done Yet? The University of Maryland set the A.C.C. record for total offense by rocking up 802 yards vs. conference rival Virginia in 1975.

Not Yet? Wake Forest ran off an incredible 103 offensive plays in a 1982 game against nonconference Western Carolina.

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT

The A.C.C. was the home conference of Wake Forest's Tyrone "Mugsy" Bogues (5'3") and NC State's Chuck Nevitt (7'5").

FACT SHEET ON THE A.C.C.

COLLEGE: Clemson University
LOCATED: Clemson, South Carolina
TEAM NAME: Tigers

COLLEGE: Duke University
LOCATED: Durham, North Carolina
TEAM NAME: Blue Devils

COLLEGE: The Georgia Institute of Technology
LOCATED: Atlanta, Georgia
TEAM NAME: Yellow Jackets (a.k.a. The Ramblin' Wreck)

COLLEGE: The University of Maryland
LOCATED: College Park, Maryland
TEAM NAME: Terrapins

COLLEGE: University of North Carolina
LOCATED: Chapel Hill, North Carolina
TEAM NAME: Tar Heels

COLLEGE: North Carolina State University
LOCATED: Raleigh, North Carolina
TEAM NAME: Wolfpack

COLLEGE: University of Virginia
LOCATED: Charlottesville, Virginia
TEAM NAME: Cavaliers (a.k.a. The Wahoos)

COLLEGE: Wake Forest University
LOCATED: Winston-Salem, North Carolina
TEAM NAME: Demon Deacons

FAMOUS FACES

Brian's Song: Wake Forest's Brian Piccolo led the nation in rushing and scoring in 1964. He went on to play for the Chicago Bears.

Frigidaire U: Clemson is the alma mater of both William "The Refrigerator" Perry (Chicago Bears) and younger brother Michael Dean Perry (Cleveland Browns).

Tar Heel Terror: Lawrence Taylor, arguably the N.F.L.'s defensive player of the Eighties, hails from UNC, where he was everybody's all-American in 1980.

Breakfast of Champions: Former UNC teammates Michael Jordan and James Worthy now face off against each other in the N.B.A., as well as in a television commercial

for a certain whole-grain cereal.

Man of the House: House Democrat Tom McMillen of Maryland was a three-time all-American in basketball at Maryland in the early Seventies. At 6'11", he's probably also the tallest member of Congress.

Maryland, My Maryland: UM is the birthplace of pro greats Boomer Esiason (Cincinnati Bengals) and Buck Williams (Portland Trail Blazers).

NEW FACES

ON THE BENCH

Dave Odom, Wake Forest, takes command of the Deacons after ten seasons as an A.C.C. assistant at both Wake Forest and UVa.

Gary Willioms, University of Maryland, returns to his alma mater to revive an ailing basketball program. He brings a winning record from his three previous coaching tenures, most recently at Ohio State.

ON THE COURT

Kenny Anderson, Georgia Tech point guard: Anderson was one of the most sought-after prep players in the U.S. last year. He chose Tech over hundreds of other schools after a recruiting battle that began when he was a freshman in high school.

Chris Havlicek, University of Virginia guard: Havlicek has impressive bloodlines, courtesy of his Hall of Fame dad, Celtic great John Havlicek.

HANG-TOUGH COACHING

Best All-round Individual: Dean Smith has been the basketball coach at the University of North Carolina for 28 years. During his term, Smith has led the Heels to 23 consecutive post-season appearances, seven Final Faurs and one national championship, has coached 16 N.B.A. first-round picks and ten Olympians and was the head coach of the 1976 U.S. gold-medal-winning Olympic basketball team.

As far football, Frank Howard, naw coach emeritus at Clemson, guided the Tigers for 30 straight years—a reign in which his teams won nearly 60 percent of their games.

Best All-round School: This one's a tie. The University of Maryland and the University of Virginia have hired only seven basketball coaches each in their respective histories. Average stints per coach: Maryland, 9.5 years; Virginia, 12 years. That's better tenure than mast econ professors have.

DUBIOUS SPORTSMANSHIP AWARD

The 1916 Georgia Tech football team, coached by John Heisman (af notariously averhyped trophy fame), eked out a victory over a tough Cumberland squad 222–0.

—COMPILED BY DAN CURRY

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- And, at the same time,** enter the Dream Girl of the A.C.C. sweepstakes, with a chance to win a brand-new VW CORRADO!

Here are the candidates, each with her own two-digit voting code.

10 ACKERMAN, SHARI (UM), p. 143
11 ADAMS, SANDY (Georgia Tech), p. 140
12 AUSTIN, DAWN (UM), p. 141
13 BABBITT, TIFFANY (UVa), p. 144
14 CHAN, CHLOË (UNC), p. 143
15 CLARK, CHARLOTTE (Duke), p. 144
16 CORMACK, NICHOLA (NC State), p. 139
17 FARLEY, WENDY (Clemson), p. 140
18 FIELDS, MICHELLE (NC State), p. 143
19 FOX, ANITA (Clemson), p. 140
20 FULLER, LAINIE (NC State), p. 143
21 GOUGHNOUR, TRACY (UM), p. 147
22 GREEN, KAREN (Duke), p. 140
23 HALDEMAN, SHEILA (Georgia Tech), p. 145
24 HAMILL, CARLA (UNC), p. 145
25 HAMILTON, JENNIFER (Clemson), p. 142
26 HARRIS, SUSAN (NC State), p. 139
27 HOLLE, SAMANTHA (UVa), p. 141
28 JOHNSON, EVE (Wake Forest), p. 146
29 KEMP, ANNE-MARIE (Clemson), p. 146
30 LASKO, KRISANTA (Duke), p. 138
31 LE GRANDE, BETTY (NC State), p. 139
32 LEVERETT, KELLY (NC State), p. 139
33 MARTIN, SHANNON (Clemson), p. 146
34 MC INTYRE, CHRISTINE (NC State), p. 140
35 MEAD, TERESA (UNC), p. 138
36 MEDLIN, MARIA (NC State), p. 139
37 MULLEN, HOLLY (Clemson), p. 146
38 MULLEN, VICTORIA (Clemson), p. 146
39 PATTON, ANGELA (NC State), p. 139
40 PHILLIPS, LAURA (Georgia Tech), p. 146
41 RAY, JENNY (Clemson), p. 146
42 SODERSTROM, KARNA (UM), p. 143
43 SOUTHERN, SAMANTHA (Clemson), p. 146
44 SPECTOR, ELISA (UM), p. 143
45 STRASNICK, DEBORAH (UVa), p. 145

*THE ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE (A.C.C.) HAS NOT ENDORSED, SPONSORED OR APPROVED THIS SWEEPSTAKES OR THE OFFERED PRIZES AND IS NOT ASSOCIATED OR OTHERWISE CONNECTED WITH THIS SWEEPSTAKES OR THE OFFERED PRIZES.

**NO PURCHASE NECESSARY: To vote for your DREAM GIRL OF THE A.C.C. and at the same time enter the sweepstakes, call 1-900-860-4000 and follow the instructions to listen to as many of your favorite Dream Girl of the A.C.C. candidates as you want (*cost of call: two dollars for the first minute, one dollar for each additional minute; average call length: one and a half to four and a half minutes, depending on the number of candidates you listen to*).

ALTERNATELY, you may enter the sweepstakes only, by hand-printing on a 3" x 5" card your name and address and mailing it in a number-ten or smaller envelope with first-class postage affixed (*limit one entry per envelope*) to DREAM GIRL OF THE A.C.C. SWEEPSTAKES, P.O. Box 4337, Blair, Nebraska 68009. Mail-in entries must be received by midnight April 30, 1990. Call-in entries must be completed by midnight April 30, 1990. No responsibility is assumed for lost, late or misdirected entries.

Winner will be selected in a random drawing from among all eligible entries received. Entrants must be residents of the United States, age 18 or over as of April 30, 1990. All Federal, state and local laws, regulations and restrictions apply. For complete sweepstakes rules, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope (Washington residents need not affix return postage) to DREAM GIRL OF THE A.C.C. SWEEPSTAKES RULES, 2756 North Green Valley Parkway, Room 282, Henderson, Nevada 89104.

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FAHRVERGNÜGEN. IT'S WHAT MAKES A CAR A VOLKSWAGEN.

SEX ON THE BRAIN

(continued from page 88)

"Males were more eager to go to bed with a woman they had just met than to go on a date with her."

small amount has powerful effects: Scientists have found that females experience substantial decreases in sexual activity if they are no longer producing testosterone. On the other hand, if testosterone is administered to females, it increases both sexual desire and frequency of sexual activity.

GATEKEEPERS AND SEEKERS

Given the fact that males have higher levels of testosterone than females, it's hard to escape the conclusion that males apparently, on the average, have a stronger drive or desire to engage in sexual activity than do females. A vast number of studies, including cross-cultural studies, support this conclusion.

Much evidence indicates that for men, most women, including strangers, are perceived as potential sexual partners, while women are more likely to perceive as potential sexual partners only men whom they already know. Males tend to attribute more sexual meaning to a wide range of behaviors than do females: They expect that women who wear "sexy" clothing desire sex, and they are more likely to interpret female friendliness as sexual interest.

A recent survey of 289 sex therapists revealed that the most common complaint among couples was a discrepancy between partners in their desire for sex. In most cases, the males' desire was greater than that of the females. In a 1982 study of receptivity to heterosexual invitations by strangers, males and females were approached and told by members of the opposite sex that "I've been noticing you around campus, and I find you to be very attractive." This statement was followed by one of three invitations: Would you go out on a date with me? Would you come to my apartment? or Would you go to bed with me? Men and women were equally likely to accept the date; about 50 percent said yes. But about 70 percent of the men were willing to go to the woman's apartment, while only six percent of the women accepted that offer. And fully 75 percent of the men were quite willing to go to bed with the unknown woman, while none of the women accepted that offer. That is, males were far more eager to go to *bed* with a woman they had just met than they were to go out on a *date* with her.

Even the most recent studies show that both men and women report that it is the male who usually initiates the sexual behaviors in which the couple engage, that it is usually the male who requests increased sexual intimacy and the females are virtually always the ones to limit a couple's sexual activity. Kansas State University psychologist and sex researcher William Griffitt summarizes the findings of a number of recent studies with the observation, "Part of being masculine for males is sexual success, and part of being feminine for females is limited sexual accessibility."

So despite the sexual revolution, despite more than 25 years of feminists' pursuing sexual equality, the ancient pattern endures: Males are the seekers and females the gatekeepers of sex.

When looked at from an evolutionary viewpoint, in terms of differing

"Susan, we mustn't tie up the line. Other wives may be trying to locate their husbands."

reproductive strategies, this sex difference makes perfect sense. As neuroscientist Candace Pert puts it, "Of course, men and women have entirely different attitudes toward sex, and those attitudes are hardwired in the brain, not learned. . . . The brain doesn't know the pill was invented. Women are programed since time immemorial to get that guy back to take care of any offspring that might ensue. After all, our mothers had babies, our grandmothers had babies; women alive today are the result of a long line of women who reproduced."

What Pert describes is the innate sex difference in parental investment or optimal mating strategy: Females can produce fewer offspring than can males, must invest more of their own life in each child, and thus must be more selective in their sexual partners. So, in evolutionary terms, females with lower levels of testosterone would tend to be selected for, while those with higher levels would tend to produce fewer surviving offspring, and thus to disappear from the gene pool.

It's easy to see why this is so. Females with lower levels of testosterone would tend to have less intense sexual desire, and thus would be less likely to have sex impulsively and indiscriminately. They would be able to control their own sexual appetites more, and thus be able to choose their sexual partners more pragmatically, with an eye toward which would be the best providers and protectors of their offspring and showed evidence of possessing genes that would contribute to the successful survival of their offspring. Also, since such a female would be less likely to seek other males for sex partners, the male she did mate with would be more certain that any offspring were his, and would be more likely to invest his time and energy in care of those offspring, thus increasing their chance of survival.

Females with high levels of testosterone, on the other hand, would have less evolutionary success for several reasons. For example, since they would tend to mate more frequently and with a wider variety of males, they would be less selective in choosing their sexual partners and more likely to become pregnant by an inappropriate male—one who was genetically less desirable, less capable of caring for offspring or one who had no desire to care for any offspring.

On the other hand, powerful sexual desire has clear reproductive advantages for males: Those males capable of being aroused quickly and frequently by females will be more likely to seek out sexual partners and be more capable of taking advantage of those mating opportunities that arise than will males with little or no sexual desire. As we have seen, testosterone level is strongly related to experienced sexual desire. Testosterone is essential for male sexual arousal, and higher levels of testosterone seem to produce males who

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are more easily aroused and arousable, and more likely to engage in sexual activities. So, in evolutionary terms, males with relatively high levels of this biochemical would tend to be selected for.

•

To reproduce, males must not only be sexually attracted to females and desire to have sex with them, they must actually succeed in having sex with them. And in this regard, as all males quickly and painfully learn, there is a yawning gap between intention and reality. From the male's point of view, there simply aren't enough females to go around, and so a male must compete for sexual success with other sexually seeking males. In many species, this involves vicious battles between males.

It makes sense, in evolutionary terms, that the same biological factors that would cause males to seek sex (sexual desire and arousal) would also provide them with the capacity to attain sex—the capacity to compete, physically if necessary, with other males for access to females. Since such competition can be dangerous, we would expect that the biological factors involved in seeking sex and in aggression would also be linked with danger and fear, or what scientists have called the "fight or flight" response. There is much evidence that testosterone is involved in that response.

Still, it's clear that too much testosterone can be as fatal for a male's genetic survival as too little. Studies linking high testosterone with violent criminals and other antisocial behavior provide evidence of how the simple *capacity* for aggression, the preference for dominance, can, propelled by too much testosterone, lead males into self-destructive behavior. Men who love war too much do not survive to reproduce, and males who spend their reproductive years behind bars are not winners in the reproductive sweepstakes.

Furthermore, highly or uncontrollably aggressive males are simply too dangerous for societies to have around. There is evidence that females are not sexually receptive to males who are too aggressive, since they threaten their safety and reproductive success. Often it is the other males who, for their own safety and reproductive futures, will band together to weed out those berserkers.

UCLA psychiatrist Michael McGuire has spent some 13 years studying patterns of behavior among monkeys, and points out an intriguing dynamic between violence and dominance. The dominant male monkey, he says, is not "a big bully who pushes everybody around. He's just the opposite, really. It's the subordinate males who are nasty and grumpy; when a male becomes dominant, all of a sudden he becomes benevolent, sweet. He sits with the females and grooms them. . . . He's less aggressive when he's dominant. The fight is to get there, but once you're established and everybody acknowledges your power, you keep the peace."

The dominant male, McGuire points out, "does what he wants" and has "access to any resources, including the females." And yet, "if you watch closely, you see that the females select [a subordinate] male that they groom with. . . . Within two weeks, the male favored by the females will be dominant. Now, do the females know something we don't know?"

The aggressive, "proactive" power is essential for a male's reproductive success, but it is constantly confronted with the female power to attract and select.

•

In any discussion of reproductive strategies, the question is not what males or females "choose" to do but, rather, what impulses, drives and behavior patterns have evolved by natural selection because they are the types of impulses, drives and behavior patterns whose possessors' genes tend to get multiplied most. The human brain, evolved by natural selection, is built to promote the survival of the genes that created it, not to understand itself or be conscious of its own motives.

These reproductive strategies favored by evolution are not necessarily reproductive strategies favored today—some are outmoded, undesirable or socially unacceptable. We are no longer hunter-gatherers. But we have stopped being hunter-gatherers for only a few thousand years, and the reproductive strategies we may now disapprove of have been hardwired into us over hundreds of thousands or millions of years.

There is another type of evolution known as cultural evolution, which involves alterations, not encoded in genes but in information stored in minds, changes in the habits, attitudes and capabilities humans have *acquired* in society.

Thus, while our genetic sexuality may be concerned with finding ways to successfully propagate our own genes, cultural evolution is selecting strategies that include somehow countermanding those drives and ending the catastrophic growth of world population.

The only hope for humankind is through learning, education, increased wisdom and heightened awareness of what we are up against. Part of this essential wisdom must be a clear awareness of our own natures, our own sexual drives—however outmoded they may be—clinging to us from the days when we were chasing the woolly mammoth across the savanna.

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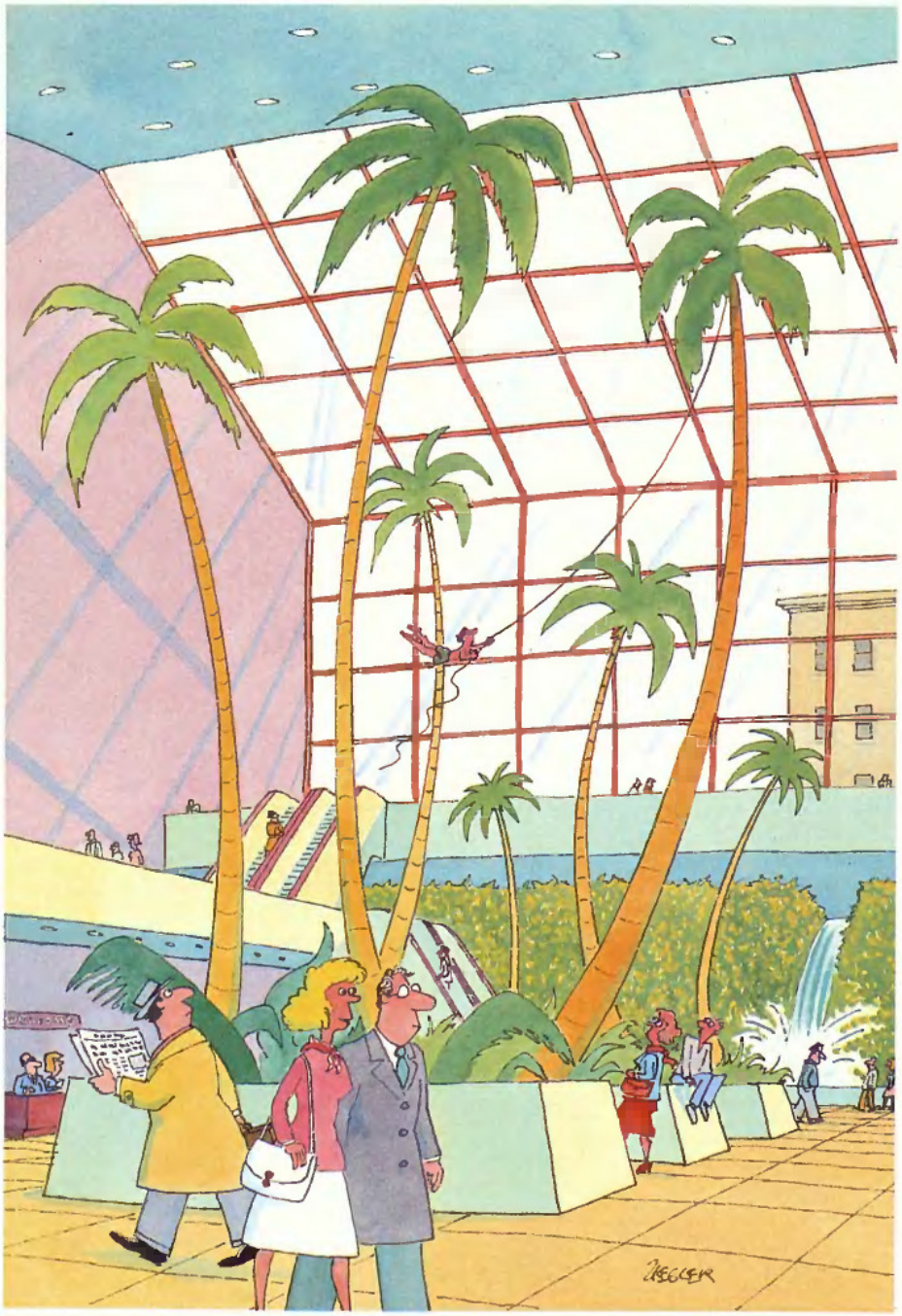
ROAD ROCKING

(continued from page 126)

check: To be honest, I was not that much of a rebel. Not quite James Dean, though we both grew up in Indiana, drove too fast and grunted a lot. I got good grades and—'scuse me, James—played golf. But like everybody else who was not a complete cube, I *felt* like James Dean. And back in 1973, I had a rebel's car, a fire-engine-red '62 Olds 98, my saving grace.

That car went zero to 60 in one giant leap and got ten yards to the gallon. It had a rainbow speedometer that bled from orange to red at 70. My Olds rattled like a tuning fork at one oh fo' and had a hole in the floor to let the snow in; but it had a big back seat and, best of all, a Wonder Bar. The Wonder Bar was a chrome panel over the radio. Punch it and the tuner flashed up and down the dial, seeking the most powerful frequency. At home in Indiana or racing a hot date to the big town two hours northwest, my car picked the hottest signal out of the sky. It always seemed to settle on Chuck *vs.* Maybellene or fun, fun, fun in a T-bird, Mustang Sally, Janis in a Benz, the Eagles with the bends or the Boss on Thunder Road.

Today I drive 65 and it feels fast. I am a rebel in a Toyota. Still, when a road tune comes on the radio, I drive a little faster, sing along and miss my old Olds. The Tercel is fine for a cube car. It has a catalytic converter and a rear-window defogger. And bucket seats. But no Wonder Bar.



DALE BROWN

(continued from page 136)

most prominent black families, if he was ashamed to be black.

"Dale couldn't understand him," says an LSU insider who uses the ugly term "almost white" to describe Mouton. "Lyle was comfortable. He was from a fine family, and not all that motivated. Maybe Dale was a little jealous of him. The kids he likes are mostly poor, from broken homes, like Dale. They live and die basketball."

"He can destroy you," Mouton says. "Coach Brown pushes and pushes, gets up in your face and makes you want to hide. I reacted to that by backing off." Mouton—the player whose parents "gave" him to Brown—has given up on basketball; he now plays right field for the Tiger baseball team. Lacing up his glove before a workout, he says Brown "wasn't able to break me down. But I think he made me a better person. Stronger."

Like a proud, strict father, Brown reserves the right to discipline his "sons." Let an outsider try it and he attacks. His feuds with faculty, administrators, reporters and N.C.A.A. bureaucrats are Louisiana legend. A few years ago, a psychology professor flunked Nikita Wilson, costing LSU its best player. The coach called a press conference and Browned out, raging at the "Judas" on campus.

"I didn't mind his calling me Judas," says Billy Seay, the professor in question. "What bothered me was when he called me 'cold and insensitive.' I do not give out failing grades casually." Seay compares giving jocks Ds just for showing up in class to letting clumsy scholars play basketball. "Dale sees all academic standards as a limitation of opportunity. I just happen to think he's wrong."

Brown hates the N.C.A.A.'s "hypocritical" Propositions 48 and 42, which discriminate against the poor, he says. Why should a ghetto kid be "screwed, blued and tattooed" for failing to do as well in school as a rich kid? Jocks should get applause—even pay—from universities, he says. You don't see Rhodes scholars generating millions of dollars for their schools.

It should be pointed out that Brown has made a habit of recruiting players who are, in Seay's words, "academic risks." Last year, he lost an N.C.A.A.-record five players to Proposition 48. Still, his hatred for the rule is more personal than professional. He hates prejudice in any form, and while he doesn't want to call his N.C.A.A. bosses a pack of white supremacists, he thinks the N.C.A.A.'s academic rules reflect a plantation mentality. They are, says Brown, "a gentleman's way of wearing a white sheet over his head."

Brown often makes his own laws. For instance, no LSU Tiger will go without food, health care or a decent pair of shoes, N.C.A.A. rulebook be damned. When three of his kids said they couldn't afford a trip to St. Louis to see a teammate who was

dying of cancer, he called the N.C.A.A. He was told that paying for the trip would break a rule against "off-campus entertainment." He took the players into his office and drew the blinds. "I put three hundred dollars into each envelope. Geez, I felt like I was being filmed. But I gave them the money, and I'd do it again."

Accused of running a bandit program, Brown was often his accusers' best witness. He admitted bragging about offering high school star John Williams $150,001 to play for LSU. Brown called the boast a joke—there was a rumor that Nevada–Las Vegas had bid $150,000 for Williams. The N.C.A.A., not known for its sense of humor, announced an investigation of LSU basketball.

"A witch-hunt," Brown called it. His inquisitors were K.G.B. or, worse, Nazis, he said. In one of the oddest developments ever in college sport, it turned out that LSU athletic director Bob Brodhead, with Brown's indirect help, had bought a cache of electronic bugging devices. The bugs were to be installed in Brodhead's office on the same day N.C.A.A. investigators came to town.

True to form, Brown was defiant. Saying that Brodhead deserved "a J. Edgar Hoover award," he dared the N.C.A.A. to punish him. He warned that he'd expose corruption at ten other schools if the "Gestapo bastards" cracked down on him. But when the investigation ended, LSU got a slap on the paw for minor crimes. "Little pieces of lint. Venial sins," Brown called the violations that cost him two scholarships for a year.

•

Hector had Achilles. Napoleon had Wellington. Popeye had Bluto. Brown has Bob Knight. If it's true that a man is best defined by his enemies, Brown is a gifted man. In his mind, he and the obnoxious Indiana coach are, respectively, the Saint George and the dragon of college basketball.

At the 1981 N.C.A.A. tournament, Indiana beat Brown's team by 18, and Knight performed a post-game dunk, stuffing an LSU fan into a trash can. Brown almost felt that the fat cat from Indiana had stuffed *him* into that can.

In 1987, Brown took his team to the N.C.A.A. regionals in Cincinnati. The opponent, once again, was Indiana. Late in the first half, Knight rumbled onto the court to argue an official's call. He drew a technical foul for leaving the bench. He stalked to the scorer's table and pounded a telephone within an inch of its life. There was no second T. Brown gaped in disbelief. The referee would later admit to being cowed. Knight would be reprimanded and fined $10,000 for his antics, but he stayed on the Indiana bench. At first, it didn't seem to matter. LSU led by nine with less than five minutes left in the game. Then Brown made the biggest mistake of his career. He told his team to hold the ball.

The Tigers, passing the ball around the top of the key, neglected the basket. With ten seconds left, they led 76–75. Indiana forward Ricky Calloway, sweeping through the lane, grabbed a loose ball and banked it in. LSU's Nikita Wilson flunked a shot at the buzzer. Knight had won again.

The Indiana coach is often gracious in defeat, but he can be a horrible winner. Indiana won, he said, with a "freak offense," a snide reference to Brown's "freak defense." Was he worried as the clock ran down? Knight was asked. Sure was, he said. Then he'd looked down the side line, seen Dale Brown and known there was nothing to worry about.

After the game, says Brown, "a real bad thing happened to my daughter. She was in tears. She'd sat in the [LSU] bleacher section, and [Knight came out and] pointed and said, 'LSU, I stuck it in your fucking asses again, you fucking assholes!' "

Brown fumed. He believed his program was better than Knight's. Morally better, if demonstrably worse on the court. Indiana could have the cleanest, holiest program on earth, but Knight was still a cheater—winning by intimidation was a form of cheating. He challenged the Indiana coach to a wrestling match: "Naked, in a dark room, and may the best man come out alive."

•

Dale Brown is changing. He lifts his chin and checks his reflection in the bathroom mirror in his palatial home. He trades his purple sweats for a business suit. His daughter Robyn, 25, straightens his tie and pronounces him fit for public view. He has two hours to make it to New Orleans for a speech. He kisses Vonnie and hustles to his car.

Fuzzbuster clipped to his rearview mirror, he speeds southeast on Highway Ten. The score: Brown 73, speed limit 55. As the fuzzbuster chirps and his windshield wipers fight a light rain, he talks about his new, improved self.

A few years back, he says, he realized that he was eating himself up over a game. Speeding to his office for another 18-hour day, he pulled his car to the side of the road. When he checked the rearview, he saw 50 years of scoreboards. Some men facing the onset of burnout might have taken a few days off. Not Brown. He raced a speedboat down the Mississippi, from the river's source in Minnesota to New Orleans. Each summer since, he has recharged his batteries with an adventure. He flew to Switzerland to climb the Matterhorn. He swam naked at the crossing of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, humankind's cradle. He canoed down the Amazon to a village where white men were as rare as LSU key chains.

His adventures convinced him that the world was wider than a 94′ x 50′ strip of wood. Deeper conviction came when his

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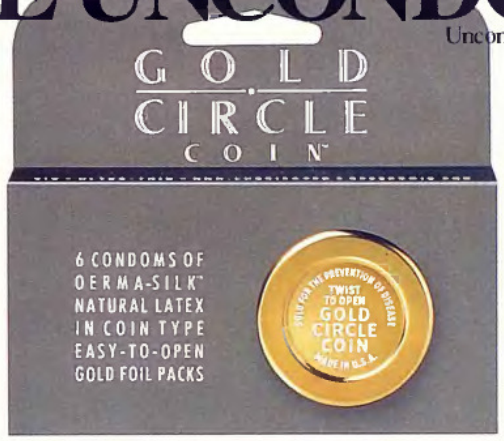

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wife tested positive for cancer. The months when Vonnie's life hung in the balance changed him for good, Brown says. He learned to pray—first for her, then, after Vonnie recovered, for family and friends. His wife told him it was easy to pray for loved ones; a true Christian prays for his enemies, as well. "So I tried it," says Brown. "That night, I knelt down and prayed for Bob Knight."

•

At the New Orleans Hilton, Brown presses the flesh with a crowd of Shell Oil marketing folk and signs autographs. He looks a bit like a game-show host as he takes the podium and stands in front of a gold curtain.

In a voice so loud it makes a few marketers wince, he launches into a parable. True story, he says. A few years back, the circus came to Baton Rouge. He saw the elephants tethered to puny stakes in the ground and asked the animal trainer how such big animals could be held by such small stakes. They couldn't, the trainer said. But they were conditioned. As babies chained to those stakes, they had been too weak to break free. As adult elephants, trained to fail, they never tried.

So it is with us, he says. We limit ourselves. We never learn that success follows faith. Talent is attitude, whether you're an elephant or a basketball coach or a Shell Oil marketing executive.

He lobs a purple-and-gold basketball to tonight's alley-oop man, a bespectacled sales rep, and gets a standing ovation.

Brown is not satisfied. Leaving the hotel, he is steamed at the one loud drunk who chattered during his speech. It's just too bad, he says, that one jerk can ruin things for everyone.

He drives home in the rain. This is his time, he says, when the meetings, practices, radio shows and speeches are done, and he has a chance to think, and to plan the rest of his life. There is still the matter of bringing LSU the national championship it deserves, and he wants to mush the arctic and plant an LSU flag at the North Pole. But tonight, he says, he is a satisfied man.

The mood passes. "I think about the athletes," he says. "The people who spend their time in the faculty club or a laboratory or an ivory tower cannot make decisions on athletes' lives. Yet, the hypocrisy of that statement is, the coaches can't make those decisions, either. Is it because we've become comfortable with our television and radio shows and shoe contracts and ball contracts and uniform contracts? Yes. How can we look ourselves in the mirror? You saw the house I live in. Who built that house? Poor kids who believed in me and what I was doing. Is that fair? Let me pay them. No, you can't do that. But these kids are *raped*. The basic sin in the world ain't some guy who used the Lord's name in vain or ate meat on Friday or stole a candy bar. It's greed and bigotry."

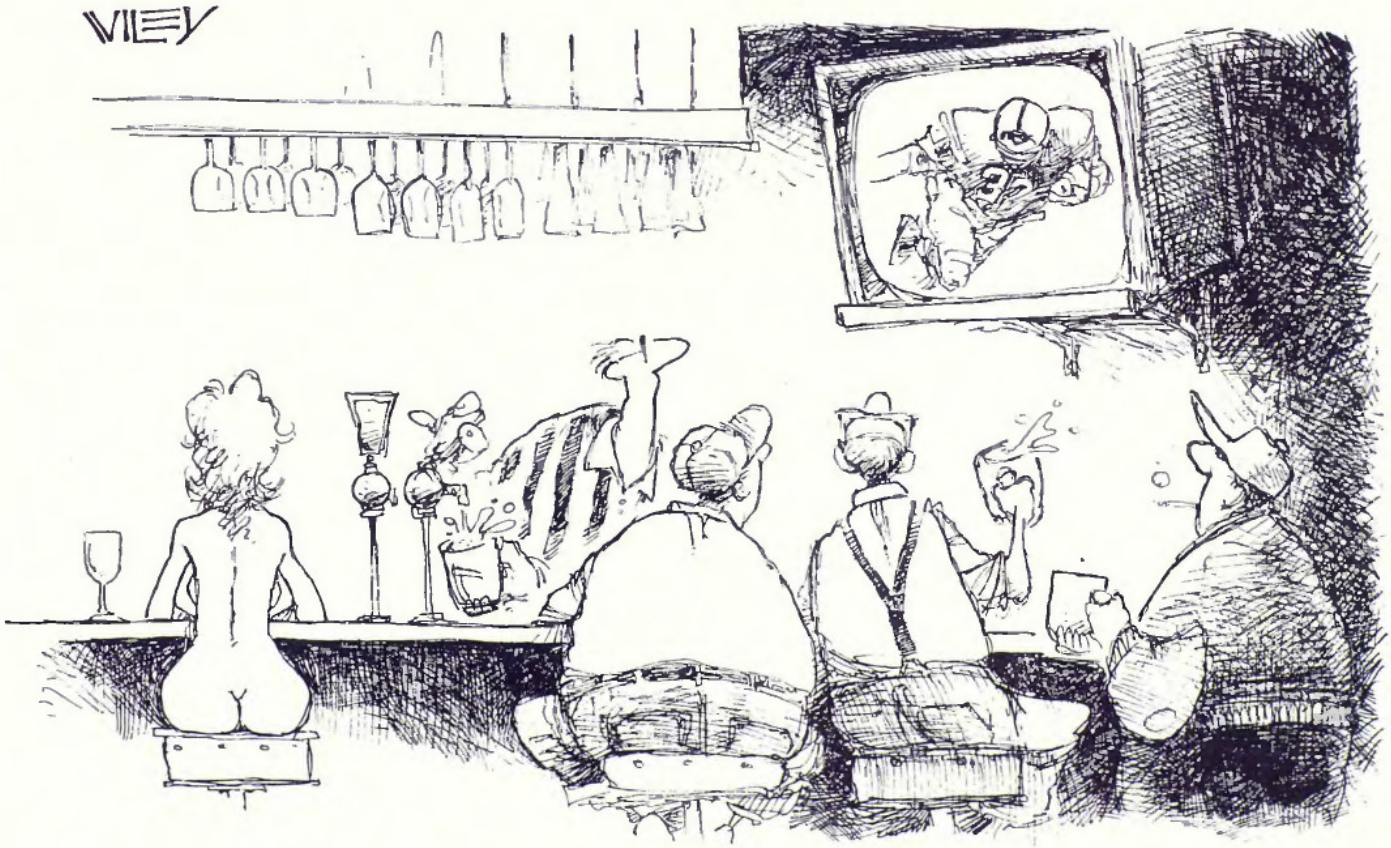
The rain comes a little harder. He speeds up his windshield wipers. The talk turns to Knight, who has won three national championships to Brown's none. Knight, who has coached U.S. Pan-American and Olympic teams (Brown has never been asked), and is said to control the choice of his successors at the helm of U.S. international teams. Knight, whom the new, improved Brown has prayed for, but who still haunts the long night of Dale Brown's soul.

"I was never jealous of his success, contrary to what anybody would think. I am separated from wanting to get in a room with him naked for a wrestling match. But it seemed like when he said a guy could coach a team, he could coach. If he didn't Knight them, they couldn't. Who gave him the power to Knight somebody? But the straw that broke the camel's back was when I felt he intimidated the referees to the point where they choked. He thought he was holier than the game."

Coach Brown squeezes the steering wheel.

"I went into the arena looking for him. I wanted to pin him up against a wall and tell him, 'Try me on. I represent all the small guys. Try me.' I wanted to whip his ass. . . . I couldn't find him. . . ."

He drives fast for a satisfied man.



HOW TO TELL WHEN A BAR IS *TOO* SPORTS ORIENTED...

Cars of Rock & Roll

(continued from page 126)

1955 FORD V8 CUSTOMLINE (*Maybellene*)

In 1972, when role reversal and the Eagles' *Take It Easy* bath caught on, the gal's car was a Ford truck. Naw, as the Ford/Cadillac battle of the sexes graws nearly as ancient as the regular one, it deserves same traditians. Countless lyrics show the way: Wamen get ta cruise in Cadillacs, fellows in Fords. Therefare, we'll take *Maybellene*'s 1955 "V8 Fa'," equipped with a Fordamatic transmission, Turbocharge sparkplugs and Trigger Tarque power. Given the chaice, we prefer to overtake aur Cadillac-powered wamen in raad rack's classic Fard, even if it daesn't say much about our wallets.

ROAD TEST

Acceleration (0–60 mph):	14.5 seconds
Top speed:	95.2 mph
Horsepower:	162 bhp
Average mpg:	13.4
Stopping distance (at 60 mph):	178 feet
Sex appeal (on a scale of 1–100):	25
Weeks on charts (*Maybellene*):	14

1961 CHEVROLET IMPALA SS 409 (*409*)

The Impala SS 409 represents Chevy's big break from thase Presbyterian-picnic automobiles that Dinah Share sang about and Don McLean drave to the levee. The first indicatian af this was Chevrolet's revival af the bad-ass SS designatian (for Super Spart), which had been dropped by car makers during the war after the Nazis picked it for their *Schutzstaffel*. But as the Beach Bays described their Impala SS, with its floor-mounted faur-speed transmissian, faur-barrel carb, positractian (a limited-slip differential that the road rockers sang about aften) and a 409-cubic-inch V8 engine, it couldn't be tauched.

ROAD TEST

Acceleration (0–60 mph):	7.8 seconds
Top speed:	125 mph
Horsepower:	360 bhp
Average mpg:	11.5
Stopping distance (at 60 mph):	NA
Sex appeal (on a scale of 1–100):	85
Weeks on charts (*409*):	10

1963 JAGUAR E-TYPE (*Dead Man's Curve*)

Raad rock has always been sort of ambivalent about foreign cars. Janis Japlin implared the Lord for a Mercedes-Benz and Ronny & the Daytonas' Angla-American Cobra wins, but an E-Type Jag (ar XK-E) buys it in *Dead Man's Curve*. Even warse, raad rack considers the Saab taa buttoned up to mention, while in Robert Friedman's *My Frontyard's a Junkyard (Funkyard)*, a Mercedes, a Volva, an Alfa and twa Rovers sit rotting in the weeds unrust-praafed.

Like Ferraris, Jaguars had the kind af advanced performance and handling traits that allowed them to win in Eurapean rallies and raad races but didn't necessarily help either aff the line or in the quarter mile. So at the drag strip, domestic muscle cars cauld shut down their lordly Eurapean competitian, but it was a little like *Lost, Lonely and Vicious* trouncing *Banjaur Tristesse* at a drive-in-movie festival.

ROAD TEST

Acceleration (0–60 mph):	6.9 seconds
Top speed:	150 mph
Horsepower:	265 bhp
Average mpg:	20
Stopping distance (at 60 mph):	NA
Sex appeal (on a scale of 1–100):	97
Weeks on charts (*Dead Man's Curve*):	11

1964 THUNDERBIRD (*Fun, Fun, Fun*)

Sa what if the little deuce coupe will "walk a Thunderbird like she's standin' still"? By 1964, the T-bird had gotten sa fat that standing still was more in its nature. That's why we figured that the T-bird in the Beach Bays' 1964 hit *Fun, Fun, Fun* that taak "an eighty-five curve like a Roman chariat race" had to be an older model. Then we thought again. After all, chariats were pretty sloppy in the turns, and those buggies we saw in *Ben-Hur* were awfully reminiscent of *Motor Trend*'s description of the 1964 Thunderbird: "Hard cornering faund the car wallawing, shawing toa much bady lean and scuffing its tires. . . . At anything above narmal speeds, the car's frant end wauld plaw sideways in a carner, giving off a tremendaus amaunt of tire squeal and even some white smake."

The perfarmance of its early days having gone to the happy proving ground, by 1964 the Thunderbird had become a girl car that wauld pravide na threat at the Pamona strip. In *Fun, Fun, Fun*, it did carry on the road-rack tradition of the matorized jive turkey who leads guys "on a wild gaase chase." Of course, this time we know that it's all going to stop once Dad gets back fram his Vertex Magneto sales canvention.

ROAD TEST

Acceleration (0–60 mph):	11.2 seconds
Top speed:	105 mph
Horsepower:	300 bhp
Average mpg:	11.1
Stopping distance (at 60 mph):	174 feet
Sex appeal (on a scale of 1–100):	70
Weeks on charts (*Fun, Fun, Fun*):	9

HOT-ROD ROAD ROCKERS

Pretty much the creation of Brian Wilsan and Rager Christian, hot-rod rock is a category of raad rock that was perfarmed by such Southern Califarnia graups as the Beach Bays, Ranny & the Daytonas and Jan and Dean. With hat-rad rack's birth in the "woodies" mentianed in surfer tunes such as *Surf City*, its titles soon began appearing an the B sides of the big surfer hits. Fascinated with Sixties muscle cars, hat-rod rackers didn't give a damn abaut Cadillacs, which were then beginning their wallaw inta the muck af dinasaur status. Instead, hot-rad rock's Stingrays, Pontiac GTOs and Chevy 409s sametimes went up against the Jaguar XK-E, a minor player that offered a nice tauch of foreign competition.

Hat-rad rockers wauldn't invest their cars with cultural significance any more than they wauld laad their trunks up with cement. Ta understand this, yau have to remember the time, the place and the people with whom we're dealing. This stuff was abaut Pomana, not Altamant—and it featured sun-bleached motarhead tunes sung by guys wha probably thought *Valare* was a good car song. Since all they wanted was to go fast, get girls and get laid, their music was usually a simple tribute to the car that beat athers so that girls cauld be gatten. You wanna try screwing same cultural significance at the beach? Hey, dude, whatever turns yau on, OK?

BURGLAR WHO DROPPED IN *(continued from page 128)*

"'Unfortunately, "ELVIS STILL DEAD" is not a headline that sells papers.'"

She took the Scotch with her. I poured out what remained of my own drink, finished unpacking, took a shower. I got into bed, and after 15 or 20 minutes, I got up and tried the door between our two rooms, but she had locked it on her side. I went back to bed.

•

Our tour guide's name was Stacy. She wore the standard Graceland uniform—a blue-and-white-striped shirt over navy chinos—and she looked like someone who'd been unable to decide whether to become a stewardess or a cheerleader. Cleverly, she'd chosen a job that combined both professions.

"There were generally a dozen guests crowded around this dining table," she told us. "Dinner was served nightly between nine and ten P.M., and Elvis always sat right there at the head of the table. Not because he was head of the family but because it gave him the best view of the big color TV. Now, that's one of fourteen TV sets here at Graceland, so you know how much Elvis liked to watch TV."

"Was that the regular china?" someone wanted to know.

"Yes, ma'am, and the name of the pattern is Buckingham. Isn't it pretty?"

I could run down the whole tour for you, but what's the point? Either you've been there yourself or you're planning to go or you don't care, and at the rate people are signing up for the tours, I don't think there are many of you in the last group. Elvis was a good pool player, and his favorite game was rotation. Elvis ate his breakfast in the Jungle Room, off a cypress coffee table. Elvis' own favorite singer was Dean Martin. Elvis liked peacocks, and at one time, more than a dozen of them roamed the grounds of Graceland. Then they started eating the paint off the cars, which Elvis liked even more than peacocks, so he donated them to the Memphis zoo. The peacocks, not the cars.

There was a gold rope across the mirrored staircase and what looked like an electric eye a couple of stairs up. "We don't allow tourists into the upstairs," our guide chirped. "Remember, Graceland is a private home and Elvis' aunt Mrs. Delta Biggs still lives here. Now, I can *tell* you what's upstairs. Elvis' bedroom is located directly above the living room and music room. His office is also upstairs, and there's Lisa Marie's bedroom, and dressing rooms and bathrooms, as well."

"And does his aunt live up there?" someone asked.

"No, sir. She lives downstairs, through that door over to your left. None of us have ever been upstairs. Nobody goes there anymore."

•

"I bet he's up there now," Holly said. "In a La-Z-Boy, with his feet up, eating one of his famous peanut-butter-and-banana sandwiches and watching three television sets at once."

"And listening to Dean Martin," I said. "What do you really think?"

"What do I really think? I think he's down in Paraguay playing three-handed pinochle with James Dean and Adolf Hitler. Did you know that Hitler masterminded Argentina's invasion of the Falkland Islands? We ran that story, but it didn't do as well as we'd hoped."

"Your readers didn't remember Hitler?"

"Hitler was no problem for them. But they didn't know what the Falklands were. Seriously, where do I think Elvis is? I think he's in the grave we just looked at, surrounded by his nearest and dearest. Unfortunately, 'ELVIS STILL DEAD' is not a headline that sells papers."

"I guess not."

We were back in my room at the HoJo, eating a lunch Holly had ordered from room service. It reminded me of our in-flight meal the day before—luxurious but not terribly good.

"Well," she said brightly, "have you figured out how we're going to get in?"

"You saw the place," I said. "They've got gates and guards and alarm systems everywhere. I don't know what's upstairs, but it's a more closely guarded secret than Zsa Zsa Gabor's true age."

"That'd be easy to find out," Holly said. "We could just hire somebody to marry her."

"Graceland is impregnable," I went on, hoping we could drop the analogy right there. "It's almost as bad as Fort Knox."

Her face fell. "I was sure you could find a way in."

"Maybe I can."

"But——"

"For one. Not for two. It'd be too risky for you, and you don't have the skills for it. Could you shinny down a gutterspout?"

"If I had to."

"Well, you won't have to, because you won't be going in." I paused for thought. "You'd have a lot of work to do," I said. "On the outside, coordinating things."

"I can handle it."

"And there would be expenses, plenty of them."

"No problem."

"I'd need a camera that can take pictures in full dark. I can't risk a flash."

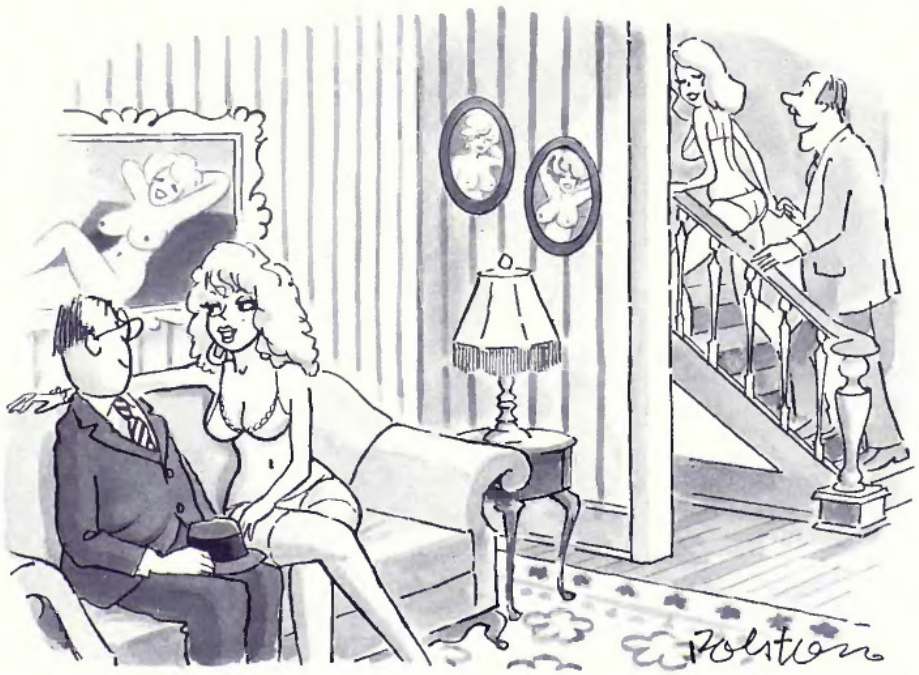
"That's easy. We can handle that."

"I'll need to rent a helicopter, and I'll have to pay the pilot enough to guarantee his silence."

"A cinch."

"I'll need a diversion. Something fairly dramatic."

"I can create a diversion. With all the



"Maybe you'd like our President Bush special. It's kinder and gentler. . . ."

resources of the *Galaxy* at my disposal, I could divert a river."

"That shouldn't be necessary. But all of this is going to cost money."

"Money," she said, "is no object."

•

"So you're a friend of Carolyn's," Lucian Leeds said. "She's wonderful, isn't she? You know, she and I are the next closest thing to blood kin."

"Oh?"

"A former lover of hers and a former lover of mine were brother and sister. Well, sister and brother, actually. So that makes Carolyn my something-in-law, doesn't it?"

"I guess it must."

"Of course," he said, "by the same token, I must be related to half the known world. Still, I'm real fond of our Carolyn. And if I can help you. . . ."

I told him what I needed. Lucian Leeds was an interior decorator and a dealer in art and antiques. "Of course, I've been to Graceland," he said. "Probably a dozen times, because whenever a friend or a relative visits, that's where one has to take them. It's an experience that somehow never palls."

"I don't suppose you've ever been on the second floor."

"No, nor have I been presented at court. Of the two, I suppose I'd prefer the second floor at Graceland. One can't help wondering, can one?" He closed his eyes, concentrating. "My imagination is beginning to work," he announced.

"Give it free rein."

"I know just the house, too. It's off Route Fifty-one across the state line, just this side of Hernando, Mississippi. Oh, and I know someone with an Egyptian piece that would be perfect. How soon would everything have to be ready?"

"Tomorrow night?"

"Impossible. The day after tomorrow is barely possible. Just barely. I really ought to have a week to do it right."

"Well, do it as right as you can."

"I'll need trucks and *schleppers*, of course. I'll have rental charges to pay, of course, and I'll have to give something to the old girl who owns the house. First I'll have to sweet-talk her, but there'll have to be something tangible in it for her, as well, I'm afraid. But all of this is going to cost you money."

That had a familiar ring to it. I almost got caught up in the rhythm of it and told him money was no object, but I managed to restrain myself. If money weren't the object, what was I doing in Memphis?

•

"Here's the camera," Holly said. "It's all loaded with infrared film. No flash, and you can take pictures with it at the bottom of a coal mine."

"That's good," I said, "because that's probably where I'll wind up if they catch me. We'll do it the day after tomorrow. Today's what—Wednesday? I'll go in Friday."

"I should be able to give you a terrific diversion."

"I hope so," I said. "I'll probably need it."

•

Thursday morning, I found my helicopter pilot. "Yeah, I could do it," he said. "Cost you two hundred dollars, though."

"I'll give you five hundred."

He shook his head. "One thing I never do," he said, "is get to haggling over prices. I said two hundred, and—— Wait a darn minute."

"Take all the time you need."

"You weren't haggling me down," he said. "You were haggling me up. I never heard tell of such a thing."

"I'm willing to pay extra," I said, "so that you'll tell people the right story afterward. If anybody asks."

"What do you want me to tell 'em?"

"That somebody you never met before in your life paid you to fly over Graceland, hover over the mansion, lower your rope ladder, raise the ladder and then fly away."

He thought about this for a full minute. "But that's what you said you wanted me to do," he said.

"I know."

"So you're fixing to pay me an extra three hundred dollars just to tell people the truth."

"If anybody should ask."

"You figure they will?"

"They might," I said. "It would be best if you said it in such a way that they thought you were lying."

"Nothing to it," he said. "Nobody ever believes a word I say. I'm a pretty honest guy, but I guess I don't look it."

"You don't," I said. "That's why I picked you."

•

That night, Holly and I dressed up and took a cab downtown to the Peabody. The restaurant there was named Dux, and they had *canard aux cerises* on the menu, but it seemed curiously sacrilegious to have it there. We both ordered the blackened redfish. She had two rob roys first, most of the dinner wine and a stinger. I had a bloody mary for openers, and my after-dinner drink was coffee. I felt like a cheap date.

Afterward, we went back to my room and she worked on the Scotch while we discussed strategy. From time to time, she would put her drink down and kiss me, but as soon as things threatened to get interesting, she'd draw away and cross her legs and pick up her pencil and note pad and reach for her drink.

"You're a tease," I said.

"I am not," she insisted. "But I want to, you know, save it."

"For the wedding?"

"For the celebration. After we get the pictures, after we carry the day. You'll be the conquering hero and I'll throw roses at your feet."

"Roses?"

"And myself. I figured we could take a

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suite at the Peabody and never leave the room except to see the ducks. You know, we never did see the ducks do their famous walk. Can't you just picture them waddling across the red carpet and quacking their heads off?"

"Can't you just picture what they go through cleaning that carpet?"

She pretended not to have heard me. "I'm glad we didn't have duckling," she said. "It would have seemed cannibalistic." She fixed her eyes on me. She'd had enough booze to induce a coma in a 600-pound gorilla, but her eyes looked as clear as ever. "Actually," she said, "I'm very strongly attracted to you, Bernie. But I want to wait. You can understand that, can't you?"

"I could," I said gravely, "if I knew I was coming back."

"What do you mean?"

"It would be great to be the conquering hero," I said, "and find you and the roses at my feet, but suppose I come home on my shield instead? I could get killed out there."

"Are you serious?"

"Think of me as a kid who enlisted the day after Pearl Harbor, Holly. And you're his girlfriend, asking him to wait until the war's over. Holly, what if that kid doesn't come home? What if he leaves his bones bleaching on some little hell hole in the South Pacific?"

"Oh, my God," she said. "I never thought of that." She put down her pencil and note pad. "You're right, damn it. I *am* a tease. I'm worse than that." She uncrossed her legs. "I'm thoughtless and heartless. Oh, Bernie!"

"There, there," I said.

•

Graceland closes every evening at six. At precisely 5:30 Friday afternoon, a girl named Moira Beth Calloway detached herself from her tour group. "I'm coming, Elvis!" she cried, and she lowered her head and ran full speed for the staircase. She was over the gold rope and on the sixth step before the first guard laid a hand on her.

Bells rang, sirens squealed and all hell broke loose. "Elvis is calling me," Moira Beth insisted, her eyes rolling wildly. "He needs me, he wants me, he loves me tender. Get your hands off me. Elvis! I'm coming, Elvis!"

I.D. in Moira Beth's purse supplied her name and indicated that she was 17 years old and a student at Mount St. Joseph Academy in Millington, Tennessee. That was not strictly true, in that she was actually 22 years old, a member of Actors' Equity and a resident of Brooklyn Heights. Her name was not Moira Beth Calloway, either. It was (and still is) Rona Jellicoe. I think it may have been something else in the dim dark past before it became Rona Jellicoe, but who cares?

While a variety of people, many of them wearing navy chinos and blue-and-white-striped shirts, did what they could to calm Moira Beth, a middle-aged couple in the Pool Room went into their act. "Air!" the man cried, clutching at his throat. "Air! I can't breathe!" And he fell down, flailing at the wall, where Stacy had told us some 750 yards of pleated fabric had been installed.

"Help him," cried his wife. "He can't breathe! He's dying! He needs *air*!" And she ran to the nearest window and heaved it open, setting off whatever alarms hadn't already been shrieking over Moira Beth's assault on the staircase.

Meanwhile, in the TV Room, done in the exact shades of yellow and blue used in cub-scout uniforms, a gray squirrel had raced across the rug and was now perched on the jukebox. "Look at that awful squirrel!" a woman was screaming. "Somebody get that squirrel! He's gonna kill us all!"

Her fear would have been harder to credit if people had known that the poor rodent had entered Graceland in her handbag and that she'd been able to release it without being seen because of the commotion in the other room. Her fear was contagious, though, and the people who caught it weren't putting on an act.

In the Jungle Room, where Elvis' *Moody Blue* album had been recorded, a woman fainted. She'd been hired to do just that, but other unpaid fainters were dropping like flies all over the mansion. And while all of this activity was hitting its absolute peak, a helicopter made its noisy way through the sky over Graceland, hovering for several long minutes over the roof.

The security staff at Graceland couldn't have been better. Almost immediately, two men emerged from a shed carrying an extension ladder, and in no time at all, they had it propped against the side of the building. One of them held it while the other scrambled up it to the roof.

By the time the security man got there, the helicopter was going *pocketa-pocketa-pocketa* and disappearing off to the west. The man raced around the roof but didn't see anyone. Within the next ten minutes, two others joined him on the roof and searched it thoroughly. They found a sneaker, but that was all they found.

•

At a quarter to five the next morning, I let myself into my room at Howard Johnson's and knocked on the door to Holly's room. There was no response. I knocked again, louder, then gave up and used the phone. I could hear it ringing in her room, but evidently she couldn't.

So I used the skills God gave me and opened her door. She was sprawled out on the bed, with her clothes scattered where she had flung them. The TV was on and some guy with a sports jacket and an Ipana smile was explaining how you could get cash advances on your credit cards and buy penny stocks, an enterprise that struck me as a lot riskier than burglarizing mansions by helicopter.

Holly didn't want to wake up, but when I got past the veil of sleep, she came to as if transistorized. One moment she was comatose and the next she was sitting up, eyes bright, an expectant look on her face. "Well?" she demanded.

"I shot the whole roll."

"You got in."

"Uh-huh."

"And you got out."

"Right again."

"And you got the pictures!" She clapped her hands, giddy with glee. "I knew it," she said. "I was a positive genius to think of you. Oh, they ought to give me a bonus, a raise, a promotion. Oh, I bet I get a

"I never cheated on my wife until she deserved it!"

Where and How to Buy

To buy the apparel and accessories shown on pages 80-87, check listings below to locate the store nearest you. You may also contact the manufacturers directly for information on where to purchase their merchandise in your area.

Page 80: Suit, shirt and tie by Hugo Boss, 212-935-5353. Clappers, Riverside, New Jersey; British American House, NYC; Steigler, Los Angeles.

Page 81: Suit by Luciano Soprani, 212-629-6100. Luciano Soprani Boutique, Los Angeles; Jeraz, Chicago; Allure, Philadelphia. Shirt and tie by Lazo, 212-371-2040. Charivari, NYC; Mario's, Portland, Oregon; Kilgoure Trout, Cleveland.

Page 82: Vintage Rolex at Time Will Tell, NYC, 212-861-2663. Agenda by De Vecchi, 212-758-9770. Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Esquire watch by Movado, 212-397-7800. All Sak's locations. Leboeuf fountain pen available at Chiuzac Gallery, NYC, 212-832-2233. Cuff Links by the LS Collection, NYC, 212-307-5090. Stainless-steel watch by Ebel, NYC, 212-888-3235. Alligator agenda by De Vecchi, 212-758-9770. Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Antique fountain pen available at Chiuzac Gallery, NYC, 212-832-2233. Sterling-silver watch by Bulgari, NYC, 212-486-0086.

Page 83: Three-piece suit, shirt and tie from Polo by Ralph Lauren, 212-603-2911. Suit: Polo/Ralph Lauren NYC, Chicago, Beverly Hills. Shirt and tie: Polo/Ralph Lauren West Palm Beach, Birmingham, Sacramento. Pocket square by Ferrell Reed, 717-299-1547. Available at fine men's stores. Pocket watch available at Chiuzac Gallery, NYC, 212-832-2233.

Page 84: Suit, shirt and tie by Bill Robinson, 212-972-2800. Bloomingdale's, NYC. Pocket square by Ferrell Reed, 717-299-1547. Available at fine men's stores.

Page 85: Mustard-suede shoe by Giorgio Armani. Giorgio Armani Boutiques; Maroolo Shops, 212-869-0499: NYC, Beverly Hills; Barney's, NYC. Brown leather, tan canvas shoe by Charles Jourdan Monsieur, 212-421-4250. Charles Jourdan, NYC. Brown leather shoe by Cole-Haan, 207-846-3721. Available at fine men's stores. Chestnut calf/oatmeal shoe from Aldo Bruè by Nancy Knox, 212-674-9287. Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco; Perkins Shearer, Denver; Garmany, Redbank, New Jersey.

Page 86: Sports coat and shirt by Shamask, 212-398-1210. Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; Macy's; I. Magnin. Trousers by Verri, 212-772-0777. Verri: NYC, Montreal, Los Angeles. Tie by Alcione from Giacomo, 212-245-4015. Tie bar by Anne Klein Men, 212-977-9260. I. Magnin, San Francisco; Sak's, NYC; Marshall Field, Chicago.

Page 87: Sports coat, trousers and tie by Freedberg of Boston, 212-246-4400. Jacket and tie: Louis, Boston, NYC; Daniel Taylor, Dallas; Nieman Marcus Stores. Pants: Jay Worth, Los Angeles; Rober Todd, Boston. Shirt by Joseph Abboud, 212-586-9140. Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco; Sak's, NYC; Marshall Field, Chicago.

company Cadillac next year instead of a lousy Chevy. Oh, I'm on a roll, Bernie, I swear I'm on a roll!"

"That's great."

"You're limping," she said. "Why are you limping? Because you've got only one shoe on, that's why. What happened to your other shoe?"

"I lost it on the roof."

"God," she said. She got off the bed and began picking up her clothes from the floor and putting them on. "You know, when I saw them race up the ladder, I thought you were finished. How did you get away from them?"

"It wasn't easy."

"I bet. And you managed to get down onto the second floor? And into his bedroom? What's it like?"

"I don't know."

"You don't *know*? Weren't you in there?"

"Not until it was pitch-dark. I hid in a hall closet and locked myself in. They gave the place a pretty thorough search, but nobody had a key to the closet. I don't think there is one; I locked it by picking it. I let myself out somewhere around two in the morning and found my way into the bedroom. There was enough light to keep from bumping into things but not enough to tell what it was I wasn't bumping into. I just walked around pointing the camera and shooting."

She wanted more details, but I don't think she paid very much attention to them. I was in the middle of a sentence when she picked up the phone and made a plane reservation to Miami.

"They've got me on a ten-twenty flight," she said. "I'll get these right into the office and we'll get a check out to you as soon as they're developed. What's the matter?"

"I don't think I want a check," I said. "And I don't want to give you the film without getting paid."

"Oh, come on," she said. "You can trust us, for God's sake."

"Why don't you trust me, instead?"

"You mean pay you without seeing what we're paying for? Bernie, you're a burglar. How can I trust you?"

"You're the *Weekly Galaxy*," I said. "*Nobody* can trust you."

"You've got a point," she said.

"We'll get the film developed here," I said. "I'm sure there are some good commercial photo labs in Memphis that can handle infrared film. First you'll call your office and have them wire cash here or set up an interbank transfer, and as soon as you see what's on the film, you can hand over the money. You can even fax them one of the prints first to get approval, if you think that'll make a difference."

"Oh, they'll love that," she said. "My boss loves it when I fax him stuff."

•

"And that's what happened," I told Carolyn. "The pictures came out really

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beautifully. I don't know how Lucian Leeds turned up all those Egyptian pieces, but they looked great next to the Forties Wurlitzer jukebox and the seven-foot statue of Mickey Mouse. I thought Holly was going to die of happiness when she realized the thing next to Mickey was a sarcophagus. She couldn't decide which tack to take—that he's mummified and they're keeping him in it or that he's alive and really weird and uses it for a bed."

"Maybe they can have a reader poll. Call a nine-hundred number and vote."

"You wouldn't believe how loud helicopters are when you're inside them. I just dropped the ladder and pulled it back in again. And tossed an extra sneaker onto the roof."

"And wore its mate when you saw Holly."

"Yeah, I thought a little verisimilitude wouldn't hurt. The chopper pilot dropped me back at the hangar and I caught a ride down to the Burrell house in Mississippi. I walked around the room Lucian had decorated for the occasion, admired everything, then turned out all the lights and took my pictures. They'll be running the best ones in the *Galaxy*."

"And you got paid."

"Twenty-five grand, and everybody's happy, and I didn't steal anything. The *Galaxy* got some great pictures that'll sell a lot of copies of their horrible paper. The readers get a peek at a room no one has ever seen before."

"And the folks at Graceland?"

"They got a good security drill," I said. "Holly created a peach of a diversion to hide my entering the building, and that fact should stay hidden forever. Most of the Graceland people have never seen Elvis' bedroom, so they'll think the photos are legit. The few who know better will just figure my pictures didn't come out, or that they weren't exciting enough, so the *Galaxy* decided to run fakes instead. Anybody with any sense figures the whole paper's a fake, anyway, so what difference does it make?"

"Was Holly a fake?"

"Not really. I'd say she's an authentic specimen of what she is. Of course, her little fantasy about a hot weekend watching the ducks blew away with the morning mist. All she wanted to do was get back to Florida and collect her bonus."

"So it's just as well you got your bonus ahead of time. You'll hear from her again the next time the *Galaxy* needs a burglar."

"Well, I'd do it again," I said. "My mother was always hoping I'd go into journalism. I wouldn't have waited so long if I'd known it would be so much fun."

"Yeah," she said.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing, Bern."

"Come on. What is it?"

"Oh, I don't know. I just wish, you know, that you'd gone in there and got the real pictures. He could be in there, Bern. I mean, why else would they make such a big thing out of keeping people out of there? Did you ever stop to ask yourself that?"

"Carolyn——"

"I know," she said. "You think I'm nuts. But there are a lot of people like me, Bern."

"It's a good thing," I told her. "Where would American journalism be without you?"

"Now, that would never get out of committee!"

JOHN LARROQUETTE

(continued from page 105)

LARROQUETTE: A good supply of artichoke hearts and a dark and stormy night. [*Smiles*] I can see you want me to explain. He uses the artichoke hearts as an aphrodisiac. It's an ancient English custom. And the dark and stormy night is because that's probably the light he would feel best in.

9.

PLAYBOY: What sexual warnings did you get at Catholic school that you've since discovered were valid?

LARROQUETTE: Before I answer that, let me comb the hair on my palm. Unfortunately, I won't really know if they were right about most of the stuff until I die. Grammar school was all nuns, and we never talked about sex. They didn't even seem much like women to me, so it never entered my mind that they would know anything about it. When I got to Holy Cross, which was all Holy Cross brothers, they concentrated on violence more than sex—by demonstrating the best way to bruise an arm or to tweak an ear, or to cause welts to form on a ten-year-old boy's throat. The hand, not the ruler, was the weapon of choice. I had a math teacher who with the nails of his ring finger and thumb would grab the smallest amount of skin he could on your ear lobe and just start squeezing and asking [*in a whiny voice*], "Why didn't you do your math homework? That's not very good." I'm sure there was some sort of subliminal programing going on: They could tell you anything in that state; it would lie in your unconscious mind, and at some point in your life, you might wind up in a bell tower and wonder why.

10.

PLAYBOY: You lost your virginity in a New Orleans park, and you had the Heimlich maneuver performed on you in Toronto. Compare and contrast the two.

LARROQUETTE: The difference was that on the former occasion, I was in the rear position, and on the latter, I was in front.

11.

PLAYBOY: Do you know what it means to miss New Orleans? How did you react when you could get blackened food at places like Denny's?

LARROQUETTE: The answer to your first question is yes. It means that at four o'clock in the morning, you can't go out and get a great po' boy. You can't walk fifty feet from your apartment and be in a place where some one-hundred-year-old black guy is making love to a saxophone, and you can't sit for an hour as the sun comes up and listen to him talk to himself through his reed. It also means being able to take a shower, towel off and stay dry.

I was glad to see the city's unique culture recognized, even though you could get a

blackened taco at Taco Bell. But generally, I was very cynical and, at times, violent in restaurants that claimed to be Creole or Cajun. My wife refused to go out with me after a while. This was years ago, when I was still drinking. I would set myself up for it. I would go in and order food to be an asshole. It was my plan to show people how stupid they were. Of course, most of the Cajun food you could get in Los Angeles was like Creole gone MGM. It was all beautiful and pretty—but too spicy. As with Vietnamese food, with Cajun food, the spices are put on the *table* and you can help yourself. There's something about the water, too. You can't duplicate the mud from the Mississippi, and that really has a lot to do with the way things taste.

12.

PLAYBOY: Describe a hangover in the most complete terms possible.

LARROQUETTE: It would be like the story of a man waking up in bed, nude, with his eyes resting on his cheekbones, turning over in bed and seeing another man. Trying to push his stomach back down from his throat, he wakes the other man up and says, "I don't know where I am; I don't know why I'm here; I don't know what I did, but I have to ask you a question: Last night, did I perform a homosexual act?" And the other man looks at him and says, "No. Liberace performs a homosexual act. You just sucked my cock."

13.

PLAYBOY: What's *your* most memorable line?

LARROQUETTE: In *Stripes*, when I was looking through my binoculars at the ladies' shower, I said, "I wish I was a loofah." Ivan Reitman, the director, said, "What's a loofah?" Yet it stayed in the film. Now people regularly walk up and say, "I wish I was a loofah." Humor is often just how a word sounds, regardless of its meaning. In a movie I did last year, I even named a secretary Loofah.

14.

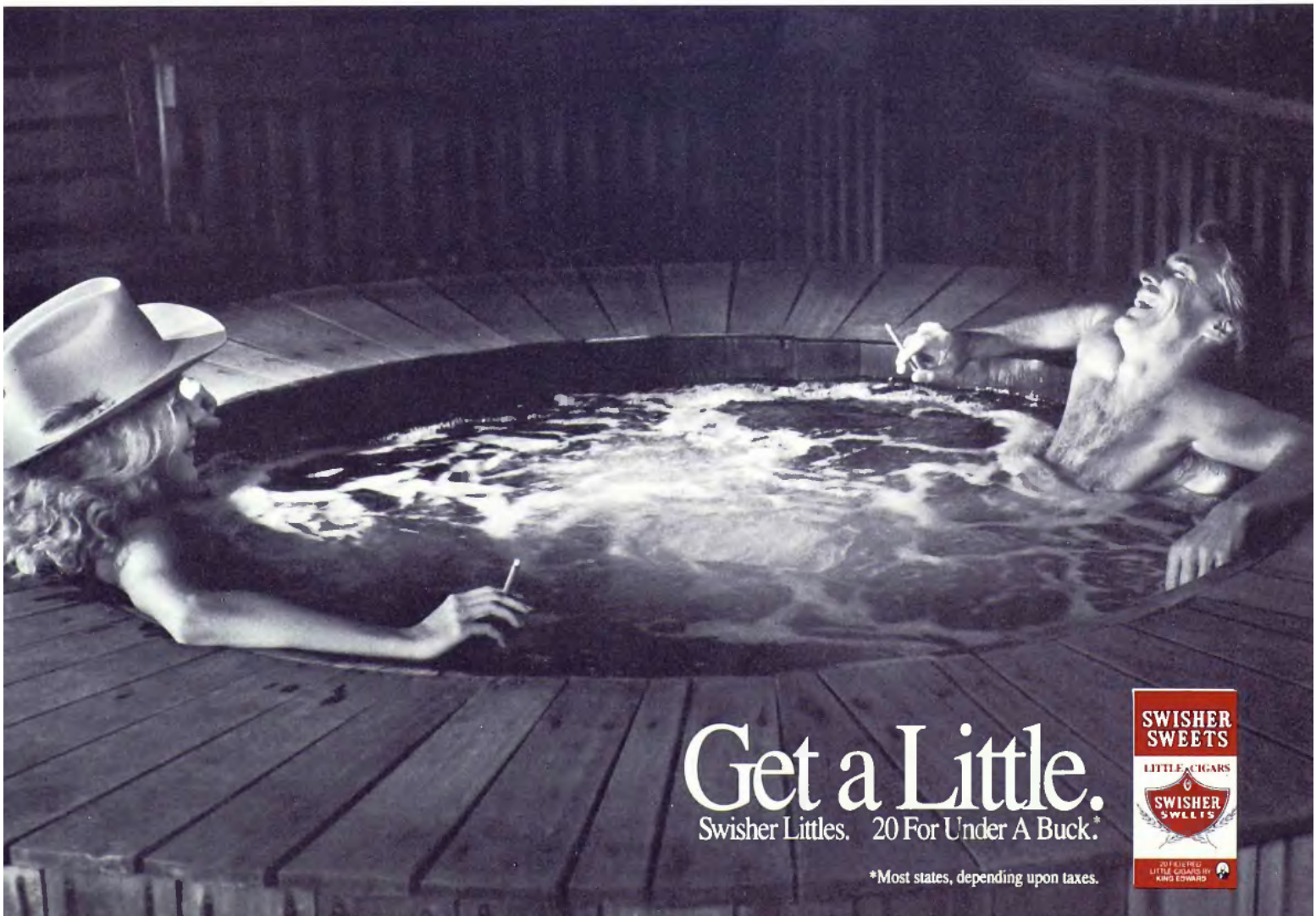
PLAYBOY: You collect rare books. Tell us how you go about it.

LARROQUETTE: I collect mostly modern first editions. I pick particular authors and try to get an entire collection of their works. I find myself buying some stuff just because it may be a good price at the time, or I see something signed that's nice. The person I have a fairly definitive collection of now is Robinson Jeffers—almost all of his stuff in galley form and very rare first forms. A lot of his stuff is so old and wasn't made very well, except the special publications. And it seems like I concentrate—unintentionally—on authors whose names begin with the letter B: Samuel Beckett, Charles Bukowski, Anthony Burgess, William Burroughs. Samuel Beckett is the author who started me collecting. I was doing a play and happened to see a collection of his works by Grove Press, a limited edition they put out in 1970 of all of his stuff.

15.

PLAYBOY: How do you wake up?

LARROQUETTE: Reluctantly. When I'm first waking up, it's like floating up through that M. C. Escher world. I haven't really emerged from under the surface yet. Anybody could stick ice picks in my nose, and I wouldn't be able to stop him. On location, I always make my wake-up call a half hour before I have to get up. At home, it's easy to wake up when my two-year-old has the first two knuckles of his index finger up my cranium. I roll back over and I just, you know, cuddle myself. I love being in that state of half-consciousness. I spent most of my teenage years that way, so it seems appropriate that I would have a penchant for it. What usually happens is that I will sleep until the last possible minute, and then in a panic jump out of bed, get into the shower, get ready and leave. Even then, I will not really be awake. I prefer to wake up with my wife's coming upstairs in the morning with a huge pot of Darjeeling or English breakfast tea, some scones and strawberry



jam and butter, the morning paper and just a little petroleum jelly.

16.

PLAYBOY: When's the last time you bit the hand that fed you?

LARROQUETTE: Probably as a d.j. in New Orleans in the late Sixties. I didn't have the most well-defined work ethic at the time. I had a job at a radio station, and I decided that I wanted to go to Colorado and I didn't inform them of such. I finished my show, said good night to the relief jock and said, "I'll be in early in the morning, because I have some commercials to do before my show," and the next morning got into my car and left for Colorado. I owe them an apology. So to Joe Costello at WRNO in New Orleans: "Sorry, Joe, I won't be in for my show today."

17.

PLAYBOY: What would you title your autobiography?

LARROQUETTE: A working title has been *I Didn't Mean It, Really.* Sid Caesar already took one that was apropos: *Where Have I Been?* But now I have a new one. I was standing with my wife one night with a group of people—my agent, my publicist, my assistant—who were all females. My wife looked at me and said, "This is when you're happiest, isn't it, when you're surrounded by all your tarts?" So I thought a good title would be *Parts and Tarts: One Actor's Life.*

18.

PLAYBOY: How do you measure success on a good day and on a bad day?

LARROQUETTE: On a good day, I measure success by being able to finish the day realizing that I didn't truly offend anyone and I didn't take advantage of anyone, and I gave some part of myself to whatever process I was in that day—be it work or play. And on a bad day, I measure success by the number of zeros on the check.

19.

PLAYBOY: Describe Dan Fielding's dream date.

LARROQUETTE: Probably a cross between Brigitte Nielsen and an industrial vac.

20.

PLAYBOY: Your mom was in labor for seventy-two hours when she had you. What do you get her every Mother's Day to say thanks?

LARROQUETTE: New underwear and diamonds.

"Not tonight, Jimmy. I'm wearing my 'No nonsense' panty hose!"

LIQUID ASSETS

(continued from page 100)

premium blends with exotic, regional names such as Laphroaig, Auchentoshan and Usquaebach.

When customers began ordering such Scotches, upscale bars and restaurants started stocking them as they might rare old Bordeaux and Burgundies. New York's Windows on the World, for example, offers more than 80 Scotches of the approximately 175 sold in the United States.

Many factors go into making one Scotch more prestigious than another, but pedigree and age are the most prominent. Aging in oak barrels imparts various individual flavors to the whisky that enhance the basic taste of the malted barley. The most exotic of these Rip van Winkles is the Dalmore 50-year-old, which was put into casks back in 1926 (while America was still in the grip of Prohibition). Currently, there is only one bottle of it in the United States, at Dugan's Restaurant in Atlanta; if you can get your hands on another bottle, it will set you back about $3500. And those few connoisseurs who have tasted Ballantine's 30-year-old ($275) concur that it is one of the finest spirits in the world.

Somewhat more affordable for the average imbiber is Pinch 15-Year-Old premium blend (about $20), in the distinctive dimpled bottle, and Royal Salute ($75)—a 21-year-old blended whisky first made by Chivas Regal in 1953 to commemorate the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II.

Some Scotches have taken on near cult status because of their rarity and expense. Johnnie Walker, well known for its Red and Black Label brands, makes a mellow, distinctive Scotch named Swing ($28) that is seldom even advertised, yet *aficionados* seek it out and buy up every bottle they can get their hands on. The Macallan Highland Single Malt 25-year-old retails for $125 and up (double that figure for the crystal-decanter bottling), yet there is never enough to slake the world's thirst for this beautifully balanced, full-flavored whisky.

Last of all, there is a trend to drink "vintage" Scotches—an idea until recently disdained by distillers who prided themselves on the art of blending whiskies from many years' production. But the current desire for more unusual bottling has turned vintage dating into an effective marketing tool, and the more descriptive the label, the more *aficionados* seem to love it. The labels on Knockando single malts not only tell you the season of the distillation but give you the year of bottling, too. Its Extra Old Reserve 1964 goes for about $100 a bottle. And for the first time in its history, the renowned Highland producer Glenmorangie (whose fine ten-year-old single malt sells for about $23) last year released a 1963 vintage that, unique in all the world, was matured in two different wood casks—first for 22 years in American oak bourbon casks, then for 18 months

in casks used to age Spanish oloroso sherry. Its price tag is about $150.

IRISH WHISKEY

There has been quite a turnaround in interest in Irish whiskey since the days when it was thought best used for Irish coffee. Today, most of the Irish whiskeys once sold in this country have long departed these shores. In their place, expensive premium Irish whiskeys have taken on real clout among connoisseurs, none more so than Jameson 1780 12-year-old ($23), Bushmills ($15) and the gloriously rich and complex Black Bush ($27), which more resembles a fine cognac than it does a traditional Irish whiskey. And Midleton Very Rare sells for about $100. Only 1000 cases are made annually for world-wide consumption and each bottle is dated and numbered and signed by the distiller.

BOURBON

Bourbon sales have been dropping for years, but there is renewed, growing interest in Kentucky corn liquor as producers work to come up with premium bottling of this all-American spirit. The first was a small but historic distillery out of Loretto, Kentucky, named Maker's Mark ($15), which made a smoother, less biting bourbon in small, controlled batches. Its sales have soared, and others have quickly jumped onto the premium band wagon: Jim Beam has brought out a seven-year-old 90-proof bourbon (three years older than its regular bottling) on a limited basis; while Blanton has launched a single-barrel bourbon, meaning it is not blended with any other bourbons and may come from a cask that is ten or 12 years old.

TENNESSEE AND CANADIAN WHISKIES

For years, Jack Daniel's Old No. 7 and George Dickel Old No. 12 pretty much split the small Tennessee whiskey market between them. Then, two years ago, Jack Daniel Distillery shook things up by introducing a new spirit called Gentleman Jack ($23), the only whiskey in the world to be mellowed through charcoal twice (once before and once after the aging process) to achieve a rounder, richer taste, with less hotness on the throat. Gentleman Jack is already so sought after that people drive directly to the distillery in Lynchburg and beg for a bottle.

Canadian whiskies, long regarded as good mixers, are now also coming into their own as spirits to be savored slowly. Canadian Club Classic ($17), a genteel, well-bred spirit with velvety undertones, is best appreciated unsullied by anything but water or ice or served in a snifter. Crown Royal, too, has a loyal following.

RUM

Light rums still sell well in the United States, mainly as ingredients in piña coladas and daiquiris. But what sophisticated Caribbeans have long known, Americans are now waking up to—the very distinct, robust, almost chewy flavors of aged rums. And their variety, from island to island, country to country, is amazing. The rums of Jamaica are as different from the rums of Puerto Rico as the sports cars of Germany are from those of Italy. Star Reserve 15-Year-Old Barbancourt Rhum ($24) is dark, smoky and faintly sweet, bespeaking its Haitian origins. Venezuela's Pampero Ron Anejo Anniversario ($25), which comes wrapped in a leather sack, has a depth of aroma and flavor to rival a vintage Armagnac. Appleton Estate of Jamaica makes two superb, new premium rums—Appleton Estate VX and Appleton Estate Extra. Bacardi's Anejo and Barrilito's Three-Star from Puerto Rico have achieved a status among rum drinkers few others can match. And for the truly esoteric, there's a new Australian white rum named Stubbs that retails for about $15.

TEQUILA

Tequila has gone way beyond its image as a fast-draw liquor to be knocked back with a lick of salt. These days, people are sniffing out exotic tequilas with individual flavors, refinement and nuance, with none of that grit-your-teeth rawness that characterizes run-of-the-mill bottling. Elegant tequilas such as Jose Cuervo Reposado and Sauza Tres Generaciones (about $20 each) are selling well; while the legendary Chinaco ($30), of which only 2500 cases a year are made, is rarely found north of the border. One place to look is the Cadillac Bar & Restaurant in San Francisco, which stocks 30 tequilas and where at least 70 percent of the customers order theirs by brand.

The best tequilas are made with a high proportion of the blue agave plant, double-distilled to drive out impurities and then aged. This is the process for Herradura Anejo ($20), aged two years in white-oak barrels before bottling, resulting in an enormous depth and breadth of flavors.

VODKA

Vodka, to most people, may be the ultimate and most amenable mixer among spirits, because, by its very definition, American vodka must be a colorless,

"Too tall to be a jockey and too short to play basketball, I turned out to be exactly the right height for an account executive."

odorless, tasteless spirit. But the upscale trend is clearly toward more full-bodied, luxurious, boldly flavorful vodkas, especially those from abroad, such as Absolut, Denaka, Tanqueray Sterling, Icy and Finlandia. Indeed, some of the most interesting vodkas are actually flavored with ingredients such as lemon and peppers.

Of course, many connoisseurs consider only Russia and Poland the true repositories of vodka lore and legend, carried on by such vodkas as Luksusowa, Zytnia, Wyborowa and Stolichnaya. Stoli's new Cristall ($21), which is said to be made from only the finest winter wheat and filtered for great purity, already has its devotees. Tarkhuna, a neutral spirit from Russia with a distinctive grass-green color, fine aroma and wonderful herbal taste, is a delicious new entry in the market.

GIN

Gin is basically a flavored alcohol, dependent for its flavor on botanicals that impart delicacy and balance. So the better the quality and mixture of ingredients, the better the gin, exemplified in Bombay Sapphire Gin ($21), which is made with almonds, grains of paradise, lemon peel, licorice, juniper berries, cubeb berries, orris, coriander, angelica and cassia bark.

COGNACS AND ARMAGNACS

Both cognac and Armagnac, though distinctly different brandies, are distilled from wine grapes, and the extraordinary range of styles evident in the hundreds of both made exclusively in France is the result of centuries of tradition and master blending.

Top-of-the-line cognacs, such as Delamain's Tres Venerable ($117), Hennessy's Paradis ($180), Remy Martin XO ($80), Hine Triomphe ($125) and Martell's Cordon Bleu that comes in a Baccarat crystal decanter ($350), are selling extremely well around the world, and the extravagance of special bottling such as Remy's Louis XIII in a Baccarat crystal decanter ($610) seems no extravagance to many people. There are even some vintage cognacs showing up in the market, led by Hine's Triomphe Extra Rare and a bottle of Hine 1914 packaged together for $950. And Chicago's Paterno Imports is offering rare prephylloxera bottles of 130-year-old Hardy's Cognac Perfection, the oldest known unblended Grande Champagne in existence. The price: $3500 a bottle, including an oak case.

Armagnacs, too, have taken on a great deal of chic in the past few years, especially those that are vintage dated. Indeed, the rarer and more expensive the Armagnac, the more people seem to want it. Retailers have no problem unloading De Montal 1962 at $60 a bottle, Sempé 1928 at $575 or even Larressingle 1928 at $375.

SPANISH BRANDY

Spanish brandies used to be afterthoughts to French cognac, but last year, with the establishment of a formal appellation for Brandy de Jerez, discriminating drinkers are regarding them with a new appreciation. Made according to strict rules and regulations in a limited region where the best grapes are grown, these brandies are of the highest caliber and reflect centuries of tradition. So Americans are now willing to pay $30 and up for a smooth Carlos I Imperial from Pedro Domecq, which is aged a minimum of 25 years, a mellow Cardenal Mendoza Gran Reserva and the beautifully balanced Conde de Osborne, packaged in a bottle designed by Salvador Dali.

GRAPPA

It's hard even now to imagine that grappa has become the trendiest of all spirits, for this once-white-hot Italian answer to moonshine has taken on a sophisticated allure that seems to go hand in hand with the current infatuation with Italian style in clothing and food.

Some of the best wine producers in Italy have turned their attention to grappa by using premium grape varieties and modern technology to turn out a digestive that has a wide range of flavors, from the voluptuousness of Bruno Giacosa's Moscato D'Asti ($42) to the spiciness of Nonino's UE di Traminer ($60). You can even pick up a five-pack of exquisite Jacopo Poli grappas in slender Venetian glass bottles set on a glass tray for about $150.

However high your expectations for a bottle of liquor, it seems a good bet that there are ample options to meet, and in most cases exceed, those expectations. The best, it seems, is getting more difficult—and more expensive—to pin down all the time, but it certainly is fun trying.

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JAMES SPADER (continued from page 98)

"We asked one of the theater teachers, 'Will he make it?' The teacher shook his head: 'Not a chance.'"

those infamous road trips. "Our negotiations took place from pay phones at gas stations," he says. The U.S. map on Graham's wall is marked with Spader's favorite routes.

He likes to leave the driving to himself. Andrew McCarthy, who starred in three of Spader's films and who once drove with him to Las Vegas, complains, "I drove for twelve minutes, he drove for five hours."

Spader doesn't feel there's much point in extolling the joys of road-tripping to the uninitiated. "The first time I took a long road trip," he says, "someone told me, 'You'll arrive in New York and feel like you've never accomplished anything in life that compares with this. But no one you speak to will be able to understand or relate.' And it was absolutely true. Driving across the salt flats, listening to Hendrix full blast, nothing but you and maybe an elk in the middle of the road—you want to grab people by the lapels and say, 'This is a fucking speedball! It blew my mind!' But people who haven't gone through that experience don't get it. You feel like slapping them silly."

•

Spader and his wife have been virtually inseparable for nearly a decade—his entire adult life. Naturally, talking about her makes Spader fidgety, but she is his most frequent companion on his long car trips and travels with him on location. She served as the set decorator on *sex, lies, and videotape* and understands both his career needs and his eccentricities. According to Harley Peyton, "Jimmy had his wild years in New York when he was much younger. But now Jimmy and Vickey are this incredibly close couple; they really don't do much without each other. They're one of those couples who are completely joined at the heart and the hip. It's not one of those relationships that are based on a kind of odd dependence; I think they just prefer it that way. They nurture each other."

"Jimmy and I used to love to go out and get drunk together and terrorize things and rip things apart," adds Harrington. But now, having entered his 30s—and especially with the arrival of Sebastian—Spader increasingly spends his nonworking hours at home.

"He's the last person in the world to go to a screening or an opening or a party," says Peyton. "I couldn't drag him."

A night out usually involves "great, huge, decadent dinners at the Ivy or Dan Tana's," according to actress Jennifer Jason Leigh. "They last five hours and you leave feeling sick. Jimmy's great at hanging out—not always having to be on the move. He can sit five hours and just talk, and I admire that."

Spader claims that he went through the formality of marrying Victoria—as he always calls her—mainly to start a family. Nothing has altered his life more than the birth of Sebastian last summer. While his wife slept at the hospital, he says, "I called up Harley and we headed to Dan Tana's—I hadn't eaten in forty-eight hours. Then we decided it was a good idea to go to the Seventh Veil for the last time. Then we showed up at Gerald's at three A.M. and sat and talked to him for a bit. I had been working on *Bad Influence* for six weeks and hadn't seen anybody; it was my first night off. Then I dropped Harley off and popped in on my neighbor at four A.M., told him I had a baby boy, and then I went to the Valley and showed up at a friend's house at dawn.

"One of the criteria for picking friends," he concludes, "is that the hour of day is not of great importance."

•

Spader's parents are retired teachers. His two older sisters became teachers. He grew up on a prep school campus. Unsurprisingly, Spader found classrooms boring and when he went to Phillips Academy in Andover, Massachusetts, he left his mark not as a student but as an actor.

Charles Schueler, now a Cablevision executive in Boston, remembers Spader's "devastating" abilities as a mimic: "Andover was crawling with children of prestigious and status-conscious people, but Jimmy would hang out with the janitor in the gymnasium or the middle-aged, wisecracking switchboard operator. To this day, he can re-create these personas—not in a cruel or malicious way but in a way that is just hilarious in its accuracy."

Spader developed a reputation as a fearless actor. His first public exposure, so to speak, was as a Chinaman in a school production of *Anything Goes*. "I lose my clothes in a poker match, and I have to run through the audience in boxer shorts," he says. "I hadn't learned the trick of pinning the fly shut; so I found myself halfway up the aisle with my dick hanging out."

With his parents' blessings, Spader dropped out of prep school and moved to New York when he was 17. "He has the healthiest relationship with his parents," says his former classmate (and fellow actor) Chris Clemenson, who plays his brother in *Bad Influence*. "When he left school, whatever qualms they felt, they kept to themselves. They said, 'Jimmy, you have to do what makes you happy.' Since then, he has done more to educate himself than anyone I know. I think he's one of the few people for whom not going to school was a great idea."

"When Jimmy left Andover and moved to New York," remembers Timothy Regan, who now studies film production at Boston University, "we asked one of the theater teachers, 'Will he make it?' And the teacher closed his eyes, shook his head and said, 'No, not a chance.'"

Who was that teacher, I ask Spader, and where is he now?

"Exactly," Spader replies.

•

We hike along at a steady pace, the sky gradually purpling in anticipation of

"Up to now, this new virus has attacked only computers."

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sunset. A couple of approaching female hikers greet Spader with a smile. I ask him if he gets recognized more since the release of *sex, lies, and videotape*. He claims that the hikers recognize him not as an actor but as a familiar face on the trail. "I see those two all the time," he says. Then—at last!—he tells me a story.

"I was driving to a rock concert in Virginia," he begins. "I hadn't shaved in a week; I was looking real grungy and roadweary. And I stopped in a diner in this teeny town. I was sitting there, having a cup of coffee and a smoke, and I noticed that this family at another table was looking at me. I figured it was because I looked real derelict, you know? I was walking out of the place and the mother grabbed me and said, 'We know you! We just rented one of your movies last night!' And I thought, What a weird fucking thing to have happen. Rent some slob's movie, and the next day the slob shows up in your diner."

We walk along in silence. Later, after I've tracked down his friends and gathered odd anecdotes to ask him about, Spader will open up a bit more. For now, unfortunately, he's reserved.

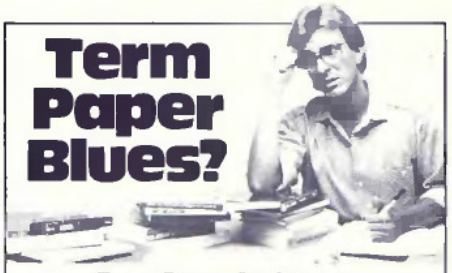
Eric Stoltz laughs at the mere concept of a taciturn Spader. "He's the kind of roommate who uses the phone more than anyone else. One time, he was on the phone for hours, and I decided to do a little experiment. I called the operator to do an emergency breakthrough from CAA—my agent—and he would not release the line. Then I tried again, saying it was William Morris—his agent. He immediately got off the phone."

His friends tell me he spends hours perched on his front porch with a postprandial Marlboro—and a remote phone.

"One morning, my phone rang as I was getting into the shower," says Andrew McCarthy, "and he started talking to the answering machine: 'Andrew? Jimmy! You won't believe what just happened!' It was too early in the morning to deal with him, so I got into the shower, figuring I'd call him back later. I get out of the shower and he's still talking on the machine."

But today, Spader is playing a role he doesn't much like: He's having to play the publicity game like a movie star and make nice to the media. Since *sex, lies, and videotape* and the Cannes award, he has been forced to meet the press more often. With two big movies—*Bad Influence* and *White Palace* with Susan Sarandon—coming out this year, he'll be answering even more questions. He deflects questions graciously, but on this hike, at least, his discomfort is palpable. And yet, when we trudge back to our cars, James Spader—who volunteered little and evaded much—seems slightly disappointed that the interview is over.

He lingers for a moment. "You know," he says, "I feel like we've barely scratched the surface."



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COMPANY OF MEN *(continued from page 102)*

"No one will inquire into your sincerity, your history or your views, if you do not choose to share them."

Leisurely reflection would have revealed to me and the boys that women do not, on the whole, get along with women, and that efforts by men to be more like women would give those actual women yet another batch of objects with which to indulge in the—forgive me—intrafemale activities of invidious comparison, secrecy and stealth.

So there we were as, *disons le mot*, Dagwood Bumstead, and wondering why both we and our women were vaguely discontented without being in the least starry-eyed.

Well, then, for the moment, to hell with women; and to hell with the battle of the sexes and its current and least charming aspect of litigiousness.

C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.

Men get together under three circumstances.

Men get together to do business.

Doing business is not devoid of fun. It gives us a sense of purpose. We run around in ways the society at large has determined are basically harmless, and every so often, we get a pay check for doing so.

Men also get together to bitch. We say, "What does she *want*?" And we piss and moan and take comfort in the fact that our fellows will, at some point, reveal that, yes, *they* are weaklings, too, and there's no shame in it. This is the true masculine equivalent of "being sensitive." No, we are *not* sensitive to women, but we are sensitive to our own pain and can recognize it in our fellows. What a world.

The final way in which men get together is for that fun that dare not speak its name, which has been given the unhappy tag "male bonding."

Now, let's talk turkey for a moment. Let's look at this phrase. What does it mean? We know, first of all, that it is not a description of a legitimate good time, and that "male" seems to be a derogatory modifier of an activity that in itself seems to be either an approximation or a substitution.

For who, friends, do we know who would suggest that we all spend a nice afternoon "bonding"? What is bonding? It means this: the tentative and somewhat ludicrous reaching toward one another of individuals who are neither prepared to stand on their own emotional feet nor ready, for whatever reasons, to avow their homosexuality. And if I'm lying, I'm flying. Male bonding is an odious phrase meant to describe an odious activity.

Whatever happened to "hanging out"? What happened to "spending time with the boys"? What happened to the lodge, hunting, fishing, sports in general, poker, boys' night out?

What happened to men having fun with one another? Because we *do*—though we may have forgotten—have quite a good time with one another, in the above-mentioned and other activities; and although the talk is many and, perhaps, most times of women, the meaning of it is: Isn't it *great* being here together? Now, perhaps one might think this is latent homosexuality. If so, so what? And if you're sufficiently liberal as to hold that overt homosexuality is no crime, then perhaps you might extend your largess to its latent counterpart and, perhaps, further, we might look at our impulse to brand the need of men to be together with various types of opprobrium and just say, It's all right.

Because it is all right.

It's good to be in an environment where one is understood, where one is not judged, where one is not expected to perform—because there is room in male society for the novice and the expert, room for all, in the poker game, the golf outing, the Sunday watching football, and room and encouragement for all who wholeheartedly endorse the worth of the activity. That is the true benefit of being in the company of men. And the absence of this feeling of peace ("Maybe she will think it's silly") is one of the most disquieting and sad things that a man can feel with a woman (it means "Maybe I'm no good").

I have engaged in many male and specifically masculine activities—shooting, hunting, gambling, boxing, to name a few. I have sought them out and enjoy them all vastly. They are times that I cherish.

I was sitting last October, bone cold, with some old-timers in a hunting shack, and they were passing around ginger brandy to pour into the coffee and reminiscing about the cockfights that their dads used to take them to back before World War One. Is this corny? You're goddamned *right* it is, and I wouldn't trade it for anything. Nor the hanging out at Mike's Rainbow Cafe—rest in peace—with a bunch of cabdrivers and bitching about the police; nor leaning on the ropes and watching two guys sparring while a trainer or two yells at them; nor 25 years of poker games, going home flush, going home clean; nor doping the form out before the first race.

I love hanging out at the gunshop and the hardware store. Am I a traitor to the cause? I have no cause. I am a card-carrying member of the A.C.L.U. *and* the N.R.A., and I never signed up to be sensitive.

In the company of men, this adage seems to operate: You will be greeted on the basis of your actions; no one will inquire into your sincerity, your history or your views, if you do not choose to share them. We, the men, are here engaged in this specific activity, and your willingness to participate in the effort of the group will admit you.

Yes, these activities *are* a form of love. And many times, over the years, I have felt, at three or four o'clock in the morning, sitting out a hand in the middle of,

"My associate! My client! My billable hour!"

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perhaps, a vicious game, that beyond the fierce competition, there was an atmosphere of being involved in a communal activity—that by sitting there, we were perhaps upholding, perhaps ratifying, perhaps creating or re-creating some important aspect of our community.

You may ask what it was about our passing money back and forth that was important to the community. And I am not sure that I know, but I know I felt it. And I know that it's quite different from business, and from the competition of business, which is most times persecuted for the benefit of ourselves as breadwinner, as provider, as paterfamilias, as vestigial and outmoded as you may feel those roles to be.

I was shooting partridge, and I watched the dog on point in the frosty morning, and I said to the other fellow, "Isn't that beautiful?" and he said, "That's what it's all about," and it certainly was. That day's shooting was about things' being beautiful. And the trainer saying, "You got no friends in the ring" was about things' being true, like the one player who says, "Don't call; I've got you beat" and the other one who pushes his stack in and says, "Well, then, I guess I'm just going to have to lose."

Is this male companionship about the quest for grace? Yes, it is. But not the quest for a mythical grace, or for its specious limitations. This joy of male companionship is a quest for and can be an experience of *true* grace, and transcendent of the rational and, so, more approximate to the real nature of the world.

For the true nature of the world as between men and women is sex, and any other relationship between us is an elaboration, an approximation or an avoidance. And the true nature of the world as between men is, I think, community of effort directed toward the outside world, directed to subdue, to understand or to wonder or to withstand together the truth of the world.

I was sitting at a bar in Chicago many years ago. It was late at night and I was drinking. An old waitress came over to me and correctly guessed the root of what she correctly took to be my state of the blues. "Look around you," she said. "You have more in common with any man in this room than with the woman you'll ever be closest to in your life."

Perhaps. But in any case, to be in the company of men is to me a nonelective aspect of a healthy life. I don't think your wife is going to give you anecdotal information about the nature of the universe. And perhaps if you are getting out of the house, you may be sufficiently renewed or inspired that she will cease to wonder whether or not you are sensitive; perhaps she will begin to find you interesting.

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PLAYBOY ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

—THE INSIDE STORY ON WALLETS—

STEVE CONWAY

Wallets are like an American Express card: You don't leave home without one. And the latest styles for hip or breast pocket are slimmer and trimmer than ever. Leather selections range from exotic ostrich to farm-raised crocodile. Some have metal corners for reinforcement; antique ones open like a cigarette case and often sport silver or gold crests that look crafted for a British nobleman. (If you hide a condom right behind the crest, the ring won't show, we've been told.) Wallets with coin cases also are gaining in popularity. The case enables you to keep your change together and eliminates the jingle-jangle-jingle of double-pleated pants and a pocketful of coins.

Left to right: Handmade breast-pocket ostrich wallet that's available in whiskey or black, from Mark Cross, Chicago, $495. Crocodile hip-pocket wallet with 18-kt.-gold corners, from Alfred Dunhill of London, Beverly Hills, California, $910. Antique crocodile wallet circa 1880 with sterling-silver crest and calfskin interior, from Butler & Wilson, West Hollywood, California, $458. French-made billfold with coin case and metal corners, from Cartier, Chicago, $190. Italian-made lizardskin wallet, from Bottega Veneta, Beverly Hills, California, $270.

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Working Hard for the Money

LAUNA MORRISON has been everything from a Miss Coors Extra Gold 1989 to a Los Angeles Raiders Raiderette. You've also seen her on *Hunter*, *Who's the Boss* and *Quantum Leap*. Launa shows how hard work pays off.

The Eye Has It

Those lips, that eye; we recognize KIM BASINGER even when she's hiding her face. Since *Batman*, Basinger has bought an entire town, started work on the sequel to *9½ Weeks* and made a video and an album with Prince.

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Baubles, Bangles and Bones

Singer SCREAMIN' JAY HAWKINS, currently performing in Europe, has an eerie, haunting voice. When he sings *I Put a Spell on You*, it's just possible that he did. He's a genuine American original.

Oo la la! *C'est Magnifique!*

Keep an eye out for the American debut of French performance artist/dancer GUESCH PATTI's album. She's the rage in Europe. Look out, U.S.A.!

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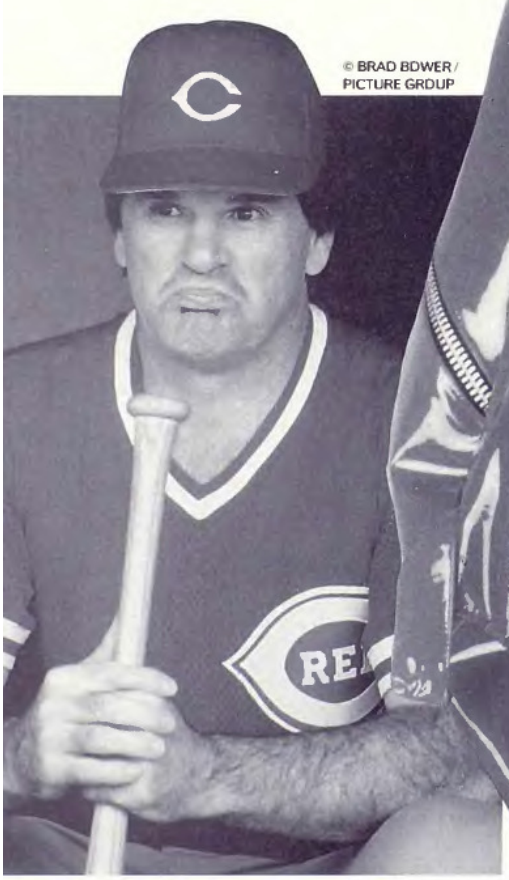
JEFF KRAVITZ

Take Two Aspirins and Call Me

Here's the latest likely twosome in Hollywood. EDDIE MURPHY actually looks like he's taking a little advice from DR. RUTH. Murphy is working on the sequel to *48 HRS.* and Dr. Ruth is going to *play* a doctor on a network sitcom. Meanwhile, Eddie is going to watch his language, or else!

Unzipped to the Hip

Actress SHANELLE MATTHEWS will appear in *Ford Fairlane*, starring Priscilla Presley and Andrew Dice Clay. Maybe you caught her in Scorpion's music video. But not like this.



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Coming Up Roses

This is not a happy face, especially not at the start of spring training. Will PETE ROSE land on his feet? We hope so, for the sake of his place in baseball history. For now, Charlie needs to do a different kind of hustle.

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CALLING ALL COUCH POTATOES

The expression boob tube has an entirely new meaning after you've taken a gander at The Original Home Video Strip Kit that NoMor Video sells through novelty and video stores and lingerie shops for $29.95. (NoMor's number for phone orders is 800-367-6500, in case you're really horny.) The kit includes a 30-minute VHS video, a *faux*-pearl necklace, a leg garter, play money and a graduation certificate. On the tape, two professional dancers portray housewife and teacher as they share secrets on how to strip stylishly. There are also make-up information, hints on how to choose lingerie and a look at striptease artists of the past. Bum-titty-bum!

A NEW FISHING HOLE

Captain John's sport-fishing-tournament board game Limits centers on a national tournament held by a fictitious fishing club. The object is to be the first to catch one's limit of sport fish—four northern pike from Canada's Lake Temagami, three Chinook king salmon from Lake Michigan, five walleyes from Lake Erie and five largemouthed black bass from Florida's Lake Okeechobee—and return to collect the accumulated Limits Pool jackpot. Now the bad news: There are plenty of penalty fish in those deep waters and getting home with a perfect catch isn't easy. Limits Unlimited, P.O. Box 481, Wickliffe, Ohio 44092, sells the game for $32, postpaid. If your hook comes up empty, just don't call us. We've gone fishing.

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From Maxit Designs in Carmichael, California, comes Bandits, a spun-polypropylene and Lycra headband that absorbs moisture and gives you a raffish Rambo look. Bandits come in a variety of colors—red, white, black, navy and royal blue. A quick call to 800-556-2948 gets you one for only $5.50, postpaid. Tie one on before heading behind enemy lines.

HOWLING SUCCESS STORY

Who's afraid of the big, bad wolf? Certainly not the people at Wolf Haven America, a nonprofit organization at 3111 Offut Lake Road, Tenino, Washington 98589, that's dedicated to saving the wolf from extinction. An adoption and membership cost $35, and for that, you get a picture of your wolf and notices of summer Howl-Ins, plus more. If you grow hair and fangs when the full moon shines, we suggest you take a pass.

CARTIER COLLECTION

In last August's *Potpourri*, we previewed *Rolex: Timeless Elegance*, by George Gordon, a coffee-table book that celebrates the history of Rolex watches. Now comes *Cartier, A Century of Cartier Wristwatches*, also by Gordon, which is the stuff that anyone-who-has-ever-hankered-for-a-drop-dead-wrist-watch dreams are made of. *Cartier* has hundreds of color photos, plus information on Cartier watches and more. The price: $225, postpaid, sent to Timeless Elegance, One Old Country Road, Suite 330, Carle Place, New York 11514. When you've got it, flaunt it—on your wrist.

PETERSON'S SEVEN-PIPE SOLUTION

For all you armchair puffers who enjoy a good smoke and a good mystery, Peterson Pipes of Dublin is offering through tobacconists a set of seven briar pipes (with hallmarked silver bands) with names derived from Sherlock Holmes stories, including The Original, The Baskerville, The Baker Street, The Deerstalker and others. The pipes—one of which will be introduced every six months—are $175 each. The hardwood rack that holds them is $200. Smoke up!

PRIDE OF THE YANKEES

Baseball historians generally agree that the 1927 New York Yankees were the greatest team of all time, what with Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig and other serious sluggers in the line-up. To commemorate them, Hammacher Schlemmer—which has stores in New York, Chicago and Beverly Hills—is offering scrupulously detailed reproductions of the original warm-up jacket and player's cap. The $329 jacket, which comes in even sizes 40 to 46, is made of Merino wool, with suede sleeves and a wool/acrylic-blend lining. The $34.95 cap comes in sizes 7 to 7⅝ and has a shorter bill than today's model. Just don't wear them in Boston.

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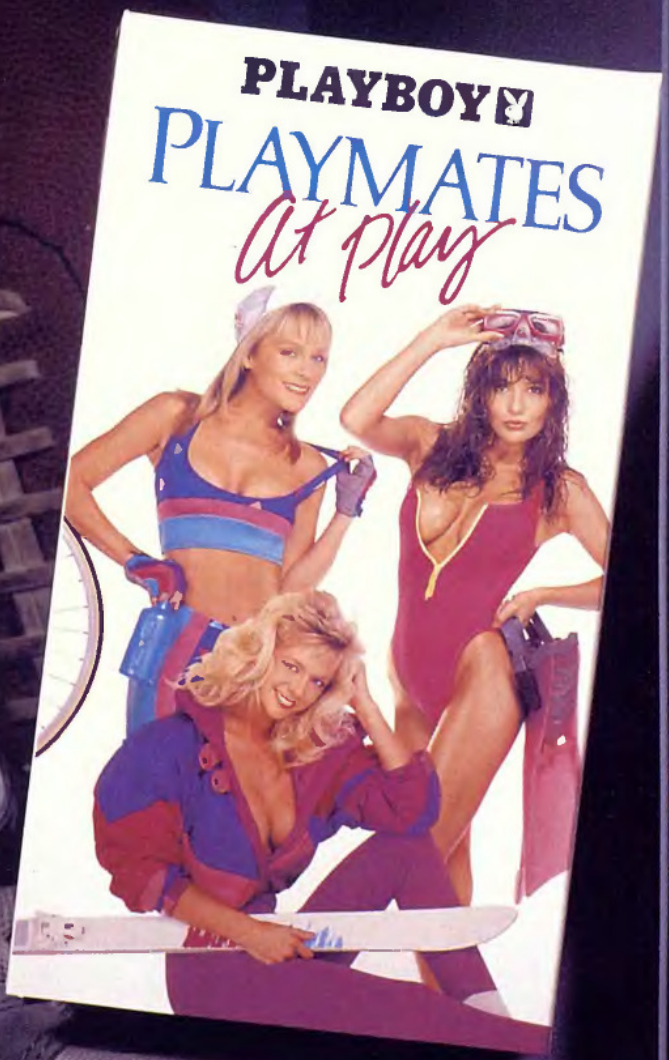

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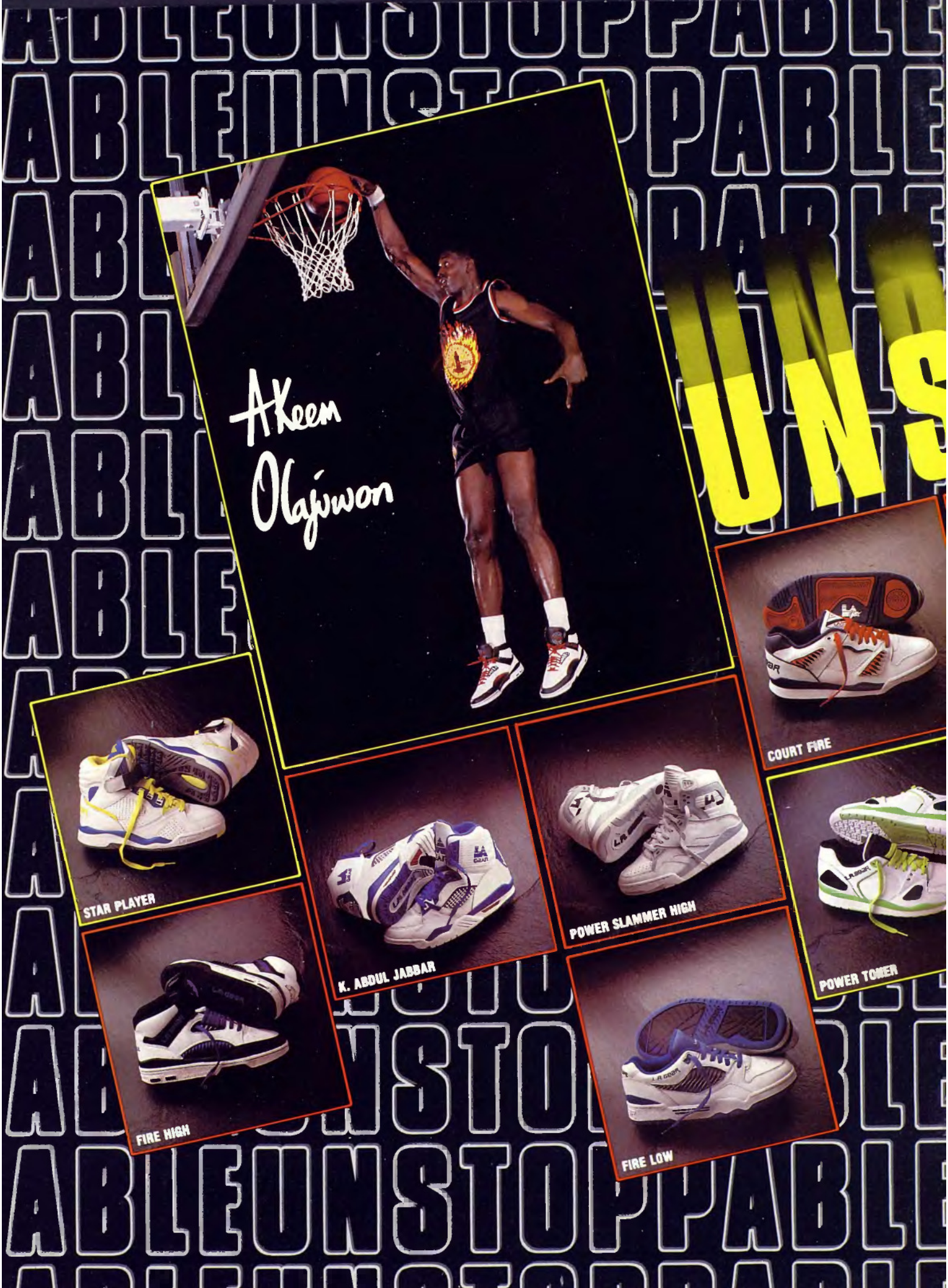
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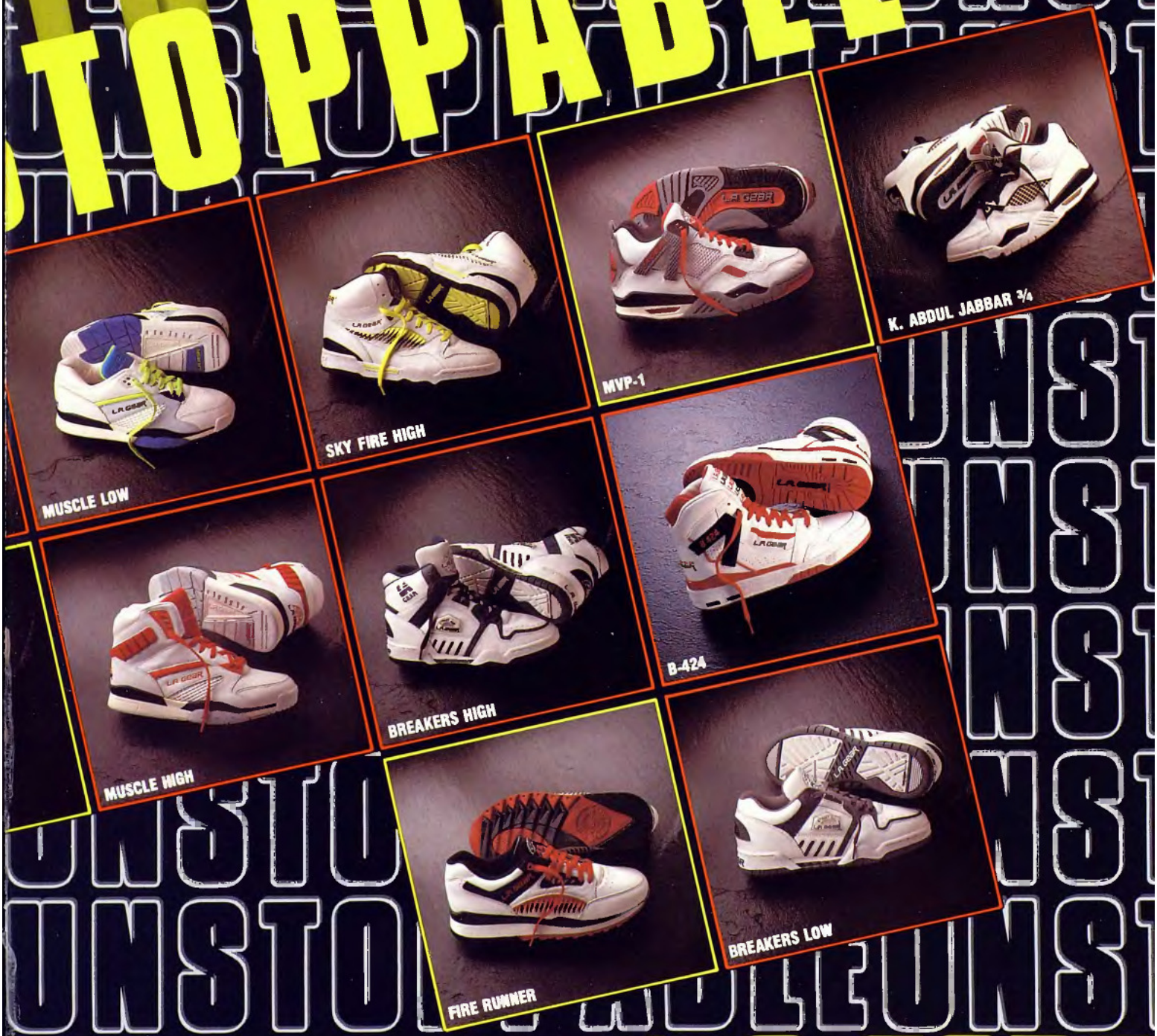

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Regular: 10 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine—Menthol: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.